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THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE

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HOPI TALES

BY ALEXANDER M. STEPHEN.

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PREFACE.

These tales were recorded on First Mesa by Alexander M. Stephen. Tales 1—17 were recorded in 1893, tales 18—28, ten years earlier. These earlier tales, although heard from some of the same informants as the later tales, seem in many ways different in character, almost giving the impression at times of a different culture. This is perplexing to the editor who suggests that it may be due largely to the recorder's comparative unfamiliarity with the Hopi people and their language at the earlier period, perhaps to his greater familiarity with the Navaho, for the narrative has something of a Navaho character, perhaps also to the form his inquiry may have taken, along the lines of historic origins. Like all Pueblo peoples the Hopi have no historic sense, in our meaning. The myth of the Emergence puts an end to their own questions about cultural beginnings and, as to what happened after the Emergence until the final settlement, a few pattern outlines of wanderings caused by wickedness — sexual misbehaviour,¹ disobedience to the chiefs or feud, neglecting their ceremonial — of localization through finding certain signs or omens, notably the tracks of Masau, and of consolidation with other Hopi speaking groups from encounter with a stray hunter, such are the stories the old men would tell, when pressed, I conceive, for the *truth* of where they *really* came from. Compilers of these stories as recorded by Stephen, notably Mindeleff and Fewkes, attempted to give them historical verisimilitude by omitting features that could not but be taken as legend and by emphasizing topographical and archaeological description. We do not learn, for example, that a certain migration started after feud following upon the death of the chief which was caused by a wizard blowing in his ear, thus causing his head to swell until it burst; we learn only that these people (Horn clan) came from a mountain range in the East, possibly from the head waters of the Rio Grande, or from southern Utah.² Nor do we learn that Eagle clansmen are chosen as scouts because they are swift like the eagle or that Eagle clan and Deer clan are linked together because an eagle and a deer were seen drinking from the same spring or that a migration is determined by Spider woman who points out the region belonging to Masau for which the travellers are destined and to which they may be guided by Turtle-dove.³ Instead, water courses, springs and ruins are charted as places of early clan association and even Palatkwabi, the home of the Horned Water Serpent, is put down on the map.

¹ Cp. Matthews, Washington, Navaho Legends, 64. MAFLS. V. 1897.

² Mindeleff, V., A Study of Pueblo Architecture, 18—19. Eighth Ann. Rep. Bur. Ethnology, 1886—7; Fewkes, J. W., Tusayan Migration Traditions, 582. Nineteenth Ann. Rep. Bur. Am. Ethnology, 1897—8.

³ See, too, Parsons, E. C., The Pueblo Indian Clan in Folk-Lore. JAFI, 34: 210—211. 1921.

And so it seems opportune to publish the original records on which the misapprehensions of Hopi history were based, not only as folk tale material, if not folk tale proper, but as a corrective to the misinterpretative theory of migration by clan that has persisted in Pueblo ethnography for many years.

The bibliographical references are to Hopi and Zuñi records, or to special points of comparison, particularly Navaho. In lore, as well as in ceremonial and general life, the relations between Hopi and Navaho are appearing more and more significant. The general bibliography will be found in the concordance of Southwest tales in course of publication by the American Folk-Lore Society.

E. C. P.

I. THE EMERGENCE.¹

In the Underworld all the people were fools². Youths copulated with the wives of the elder men, and the elder men deflowered virgins. All was confusion, and the chief was unhappy. He thought, and at sunset proclaimed that on the morrow all the people should assemble around him. On the following morning all came into the court. They said, "We heard you announce, you have sent for us. What is it you wish, perhaps you wish to tell us something." "Yes," said the chief, "I want to tell you that I have been thinking much and I am saddened by your evil actions. Now, I announce that tomorrow morning early, all the women, maids and female children and infants, all females, shall remain here in the village (in this house-place), and all the men, youths and male infants, all males, shall cross the broad river and remain there on the other side." Neither the men nor the women were much displeased at this proposal, and discussed it over night. "Now it will be determined who the lazy ones are, perhaps the women, perhaps the men, we shall see." On the following morning the males all swam the river, carrying the infants on their backs, and leaving the women in the houses, which belonged to them. Before

¹ Told by We'he, of the Kachina clan of Tewa, chief of Pendete, one of the two Tewa kivas, and in charge of the fetiches of the Twins or war gods.

Cp. Parsons, E. C., *Tewa Tales*, MAFLS 19: 169—170. 1926; Voth, H. R., *The Traditions of the Hopi*, 10. Field Columbian Mus. Pub. 96. Anthropol. Ser. VIII, 1905.

² We'he had been talking of human folly in more recent times: The extreme Northwest (Kwini'wi) is Oraibi, and Tawile (Taos), a Towa town, is the extreme Northeast (Hop'oko). Both are *ka'hopi* (fools), but all are Hopi who dwell between these limits. That the people of these two villages are fools, witness the Taos slaughter by the early Spaniards and the slaughter of the Oraibi by the Navaho. The people of Taos and Oraibi drink *kwum'ap kii'yi* (black water) and talk and do as fools. When Oraibi flourishes, Taos declines. When it is well at Taos, it is ill at Oraibi. It has always been thus.

swimming the river, the men and women divided all kinds of seeds between them, all the store of seeds was divided.

The men carried their hunting weapons with them and caught deer and antelope. They nursed the infants by cutting up small bits of venison which they gave to the infants to suck, and it was as good as mother's milk to them, they grew fat and strong. The women planted, so did the men, both were alike industrious, neither were lazy, and there were abundant harvests on both sides of the river. The women regretted the lack of flesh food, and longed for copulation and child bearing, but the men had plenty of flesh food and were indifferent. This continued for three years, then the women's gowns had grown ragged and their fields were poorly cultivated. On the fourth year the men had again abundant harvests, but the women obtained little or nothing from their fields, and they were hungry and unhappy. *Okiwa sikwi nawakina* was their constant cry. On the morning of the fifth Shoyaluna (Winter solstice ceremony) after separation, the woman chief (*moñwi wuhti*) came to the river brink and called across to the men, "I want to tell you something," and a youth heard her and told the elder men and one of them went to the river bank and called, "What is it you want to say?" The woman chief was all in rags and looked miserable. She said, "I have been thinking, let all the men and youths assemble on your side and all the women and maids on this side and let us discuss," and this was agreed to, and they thus assembled. The woman chief spoke first: "We are all in rags, and we have only a few ears of corn left to eat. We have no flesh food, no copulation, no child-bearing. We are sad." "*An'chaai*," "true," said the chief. The woman chief said, "Let some men come over here." "*So'oni*," said the chief, "let the women come over here." The women were all glad of this permission and ran into the river and swam across, and the men received them gladly. The men had built fine houses and these they gave to the women. They had also woven many fine gowns and girdles and these they also gave to the women, and there was abundance of corn, and plenty of the flesh of elk, deer, bear, and antelope.

At that time, at sunrise the sky was wide, the horizon was far around, but at noon the sky vibrated, it alternately compressed and distended. The horizon was not so far around as it is in this world. In the daytime, in the Underworld, it was beautiful, there was bubbling water in commotion, all around the landscape; but at night the sky contracted and it was disagreeable. There were both sun and moon at that time. Then the bubbling waters increased and encroached upon the dry land and pressed close up towards the people. They became sad. The chief thought and said, "Perhaps there is a *hü'chi* (hole doorway) in this *to'kpela* (sky)."

There were four mountains, at the cardinal points, and at the mountain at the Northeast lived Spider woman and *Pyüükañhoya* and *Palüñahoya*. The Hopi War chief (*Kaletakmoñwi*) made a war prayer-stick (*hüzrü*

paho) for Spider woman and a *ta'chi*¹ or *püvwebshûñni* (nodule club) for the Twins, and prayer-feathers, and sent a youth with these to the mountain. Spider woman thanked the youth for the prayer-stick and prayer-feathers and asked what he wanted. The Twins danced with glee on receiving their presents. "What do you wish for these things?" asked Spider woman. The youth said, "We are surrounded with bubbling water and it is covering all our land. Where is the good place to go to, the good houses, perhaps you know." "Yes," she said, "I know. In the above is a good place, tell all your people to hasten and come here." The youth returned and after the elders assembled and smoked, he told all that had occurred. Women prepared food for the journey, and then all the people started, carrying the altar slabs (*ponya kohü*) on their backs, and went to the mountain, the house of Pyüikañhoya. They all went up the mountain to its summit, and the water followed close behind,² covering everything, but the mountain grew a little faster than the rise of the water and after a time the mountain summit was almost touching the sky. Spider woman planted *salab'uyi* (spruce plant) and it grew up against the sky, but the sky was hard and the spruce could not penetrate. Again Spider woman thought, — perhaps reed will pierce through. So she planted a reed, and it grew four days and reached the sky and found a small crevice which it penetrated.³ Badger climbed the stalk and reached its tip, but he could not get through to see anything, so he returned, saying, "I am very tired, I could see nothing but earth." The elders thought. "What man knows? Perhaps Locust (Ma'hü)?⁴ So they asked him and he said yes, he knew. Locust is very brave, he never winks his eyes. (They are like the eye glasses of the American.) So he climbed the stalk and went through and reached the tasselled tip of the reed, and looked around, and there was water everywhere. Locust carried a flute, slung on his back; he drew it out and began to play upon it, and at the Northwest (Kwin'iwi) the Yellow Cloud chief appeared. He was very wroth and darted yellow lightning at Locust which went close past the eyes of Locust, but he never winked, and went on with his flute playing. Yellow Cloud said, "What kind of man have we here? For sure he is brave, *pasha'ni taka*, for sure he is a man!" Next to the Southwest (Tev'yüña) Blue Cloud appeared and he too was wroth and flung his blue lightning at Locust and it passed through him from side to side, and he only continued to play as before, and Blue Cloud said the same as had Yellow Cloud. Then at the Southeast (Tatyüka), Red Cloud came up very wroth and darted the red lightning which passed through Locust from belly to back, and he

¹ Ball of buckskin-covered cotton, fastened to a stick.

² Flood as the cause of the Emergence is also Navaho. (Navaho Legends 64, 74—75).

³ Cp. Cushing, F. H., Origin Myth of Oraibi, JAF 36: 164, 1923; Parsons, E. C., The Origin Myth of Zuñi, JAF 36: 137. 1923.

⁴ Cp. Navaho Legends, 65, 74—75, 76.

continued playing as if nothing had occurred. Red Cloud expresses his wonder and admiration as the preceding Clouds had done. At the North-east (Hop'oko) White Cloud arises and casts white lightning which passes through Locust from head to tail, and he continued playing as if nothing had happened to him. The four Cloud chiefs drew together and came close to Locust and talked with him, demanding to know from whence he came. They said, "This is Cloud land; what do you here? You are a good man and brave, perhaps you are an orphan?" "No," said Locust, "I have many people behind me in the Below." "It is well," said the Cloud chief, "You are brave and deathless; your heart and those of your people must be good; go tell them to come and all this land shall be theirs." "*Kwakwai*", "thanks", said Locust, who then returned and told his people¹. Then Badger went up and widened the crevice so that people could pass through, and while he was doing this, Locust told his adventures to the people, and said the place above was just like the place they were then at, all water. The people again were saddened at this, but the chiefs thought, and said, "Well, it is no worse than here, and may be better, let us go up and see." The people climbed up the reed for eight days, stopping each night at a joint from which a great leaf grew out and the people slept on it. That is why these leaves are called *to'tokya*, sleeps.

When all had emerged (*nüyüña*), the Twins who each had the resilient lightning, shot it in every direction and made cañons (*tüb'ka*) and through these the water flowed away.² The Twins then made all the rocks of mud, and made all the mountains,³ made everything that is of stone. *Pa'sha* (finished).

2. THE SIPAPU IS SOUGHT BY THE BIRDS.⁴

Before reaching this present world, people sat upon the leaves of the reed which grew in the daytime only. It remained stationary at night, and there the joint is, and there is where the leaves grew, and people slept on them, hence that joint is called *totokya* (sleeps). It is uncertain how many days the reed grew until it reached the sky. Its point was sharp and it penetrated a crevice and grew through the sky one day. People slept on it another night and next morning just as the sun rose the reed reached through the sipapu and people emerged.

Before people got on the reed the Lalakontu⁵ sent out the dove (*huwi*), and it flew around the sky seeking for the sipapu. It flew all around the horizon, but could find no opening and came back tired. The people reviled it and called it a fool. The *mochini*,⁶ which pertains to the Agave

¹ Cp. The Origin Myth of Oraibi, 167—168.

² Cp. Navaho Legends, 76.

³ Cp. The Origin Myth of Oraibi, 166.

⁴ Cp. Traditions of the Hopi, 10, 16—18.

⁵ One of the two women's societies.

⁶ A bird closely resembling the mocking bird, but it does not sing.

society, then flew around, but it already knew where to look for the opening and flew directly over head and found it. It came back and told of its discovery.

There was only a gray, dim light when people came out from the sipapu because there was no sun there.

3. THE EMERGENCE (THE DISTRIBUTION OF CORN; WITCH AND COYOTE ESTABLISH DEATH).¹

At the sipapü came up Pahano (White people), Hopi, Yota, Yochemu, Tashabu, (Navaho, their old name, Yotahuni) and Payutsi. A'tkyûka, the west, direction of the below, was where people first came up, far in the west. There are four great waters (*patüpha*) separated by sand, and on the land, on this side of the fourth great water, and close beside it, is the place of the sipapü; there the water is always in commotion.

Ma'hü (Locust) has unwinking eyes, is brave. Reed locust (Pakabma'hü) sat on the tip of the reed planted in the underworld; his eyes never close, hence he never sleeps. He sat on the tip of the plant and sang, and the reed grew up through the sipapü in one day. He looked around and there was water everywhere. The Clouds were angry because of this intrusion, and Yellow, Blue, Red, White, Black and All-colours successively launched their lightning (the lightning of each cloud of its own colour) at Locust, but he never winked an eye; the lightnings passed through him and harmed him not. And the Clouds said, "Surely you are brave, you have won; tell your fathers and mothers, your children, all your people to come up." Then Yaupa (Mocking-bird) climbed the reed and the people followed him, but they could not come up swift like Mocking-bird; they were four days climbing and wherever they slept at night, long leaves grew from the stem and on these leaves the people slept, and when people reached the surface, Mocking-bird was there to meet them. (Wikyatiwa knows the story of Masauwû (Skeleton) at the sipapü,² I do not. Masauwû linked his left arm under the right arm of each person as he emerged and thanked him for coming.) Mocking-bird knows all tongues and as the people emerged from the sipapü he taught them Hopi talk. After a while he ceased to speak Hopi and began teaching the emerging people American talk, then he ceased speaking that, and in turn taught other emerging peoples the speech they now use, Yota, Payutsi, Yochemu, Navaho. This is why peoples speak with different tongues, Mocking-bird thus taught them.³ Mocking bird taught the different societies (*wimkya*) their songs in the Below.

After all had reached this earth surface, who were permitted, the

¹ Told by Hoñi of the Cactus maternal family of the Snake clan, Crier chief.

² Cp. Hopi Traditions, 12—13, 18.

³ Cp. Hopi Traditions, 11; Tewa Tales, 170.

Americans built beautiful stone houses, large, rectangular and many-storied, and the Hopi imitated them, but the Hopi houses were smaller and ruder. The Yota made shade houses of willow; the Payutsi, wind breaks of sage brush and greasewood; the Navaho made the hogan, and the Yoche sought shelters among the rocks.¹

People brought no corn up the sipapü; there was no corn. People were constantly thinking and saying, "What shall we eat?" Mü'iyinwu² had six kinds of corn that he brought from the Below, and he laid the six ears in order, and these were yellow, blue, red, white, black and spotted. He laid these ears beside each other and all the peoples were gathered around them. The American was beside the largest ear and he took it, and Mü'iyunwu thanked him for doing so and said, "You shall have all knowledge." The Hopi was standing on the opposite side next the smallest ear, and, as the American had done, so did the Hopi, he took the smallest ear because it was next him. And Mü'iyinwu thanked him also and said, "You shall have the kachina and their knowledge," and in token of that he gave the Hopi an ear of sweet corn (*tüwakchi*), as that is the kachina corn (*tüwa kachina* i.e. Earth kachina.) This left three ears³ for the four remaining people, and Payutsi was constantly saying, "What kind am I to get? When am I to get an ear of corn?" but no one gave any heed to him. Then Navaho took the largest ear of the four, saying, "I have many wives and I need much food. I am roaming constantly; tonight I sleep here, where shall I sleep tomorrow? I encounter many and I am a fighter, and after the arrow pierces me to kill, when I fall on my back I will die kicking." "Alas," said Payutsi, "which ear am I to get?" Then Yota said, "I am constantly climbing the mountains in search of game and am always hungry and I need strong food," so he took the next largest one, and the Yochi took the one that was left. Then Payutsi said, "I don't want any corn, I can live very well on grass seeds and cactus fruit."⁴

Four days after people came up, Powako (Witch), who had followed the Hopi closely up the reed, killed the Hopi chief's daughter, perhaps with an arrow, I know not, he killed her with his wizardry. The people said, "Why did this bad fool come here, let us slay him," and the chief grasped him by the throat, but Witch besought the chief to refrain from killing until after he looked down the sipapü. And the chief and Witch went back and looked down the sipapü, and there they saw the maid seated and leaning her back against the door of a house close by the base of the reed. She was brushing her hair with a broom brush (*wuhsi*) and she looked up and smiled at her father.⁵

¹ Cp. Tewa Tales, 174.

² The Underworld male spirit of corn and vegetation. — E. C. P.

³ There is some inconsistency here, but it was my fault in not being able to follow Hofii.

⁴ Cp. Hopi Traditions, 21.

⁵ The Origin Myth of Oraibi, 167; The Origin Myth of Zuñi, 138.

Coyote is one of the pets of Witch, he followed him as a dog does a man. He was standing also at the sipapü and looking down, and he said, "Every one will die and go down to the Underworld again," and he threw down a large flat stone. Before this Witch had said that in four days the maid would return to this upper world, but when Coyote threw down the stone, Witch was vexed and said, "Now she can never come back." All the people were angry at Coyote for this and drove him away, because only for his foolish action people who died would have been able to revive and walk around on this world four days after death.¹

Mü'iyinwu gave the Hopi and the Americans all vegetation now cultivated, but he told the Hopi he could not accompany them, that the Americans had all knowledge and strength, and that the Hopi should follow their trail and would find good places to live in, for the Americans know how to choose. "It is easy to follow their trail," he said, "for the Americans have heels upon their shoes." So Mü'iyinwu went to the Underworld again and resumed his seat upon the flowery mound. The Americans, strong and wise, travelled straight and far to the eastward, and the Hopi elders said, "Let us look for the American trail," and the Hopi divided into different groups and spread out in diverging directions, south, east, north. They found traces of fire and dwellings where the Americans had staid, and the Hopi followed them far, but were never able to overtake them, so the Hopi turned again toward the west.

In the return journey the Bear clan were the first to reach Tusayan and they came up on this mesa at the steep sand drifts near the "Cape of the Lost Children," and from there travelled southwest and halted for a time at Tüki'novi where was (is) the (a) house of Spider woman. Afterwards they came down to this point of the mesa and built this house, this very house you (A. M. S.) live in.

When people diverged from the sipapü, my people, the Snake clan, travelled far and for a long time and halted at Tokonabi and built many houses there. After the youth brought the Snake woman who gave birth to all kinds of snakes and these snakes had bitten many children and killed them, the Snake clan migrated and travelled southward till they came to — , and there they stayed and built the big house (*wuko kihu*). They lived there a long while and then they travelled eastward and came to this region, and when they came to Müshoninovi they were halted by Masauwû who barred the trail. He made four lines of meal across it. He said, "There are people up yonder on the mesa point, they are the Bear clan. I know them, but who are you? All this region is mine and I do not like to see strangers entering here." The Snake clan built houses there, and one day they beheld something stalking toward them and what was it? It was large and terrible; there was no skin nor hair on its head,

¹ Cp. Tewa Tales, 171—172, 174; Hopi Traditions, 11—12, 19—20; Navaho Legends 77—78.

only a bloody skull sat on its shoulders. The chief of the Snake clan was sitting crouched on his heels (*chükükiyuta*), looking steadfastly at the approaching object, and when it drew near he saw that it was Masauwû, but he never moved, for our chief had no fear. Then Masauwû embraced him and said, "You are the brave man, your eyes show no fear, you have won, etc."

The Hopi obtained from Mü'iyinwu all their typical plants except the squash and *kokomkai* (black corn) and these Masauwû gave them. Masauwû *pashaadta* (his field), in which he cultivated these plants, is in the valley southeast from Walpi and not very far across the main drainage arroyo. It is now held and cultivated by me. I inherited it from my mother's ancestors of the Squash clan who won the field from Masauwû. All the *Masaawuki* (shrines) also belong to me as I inherited them also.

The Reed clan joined the Snake clan while yet at the valley house. The Reed clan came from Lemeba, the knoll on the east side of Müshoninovi where the traces of their houses are still to be seen.

4. THE EMERGENCE: BIRTH OF THE TWINS: THE TWINS SEEK THEIR FATHER, THE SUN, WHO TESTS THEM.

In bygone time all people lived in the Below, in the lower house; after a time they passed up to another house; after another lapse of time they passed up to a third house, and after more time had elapsed they again passed upward, by means of the reed, and emerged from the *si'papü* upon this fourth or upper house, this *tüwa'ka'chi*, land (earth) surface, upon which they now live. The four houses rest above each other, as you may see illustrated upon the rattle (*pa'aya*) of the Flute society (*Lenwimkya*), the four gourd discs of the Flute moisture rattle (*lenpa'aya*), these discs being called the *na'li'yüm kihü naach'vee*, the four houses situated above each other.

In the Below, people were numerous, men, women, and children. The women became angry with the men and were constantly reviling them for their laziness, declaring that the women had to do the greater part of the work, both in the fields as well as in the houses, and that the men neglected to weave gowns and girdles and other wearing apparel for them. The men retorted that the women were the lazy ones, that they did not stay at home and attend to their domestic duties, but idled in each others houses gossiping; and each accused the other of marital infidelity. After this evil state of quarrel had long continued, the men said it will be better for us to separate, let the sexes live apart, then it will be seen which of them has been at fault. The women readily agreed to this, and so the people separated, the men going away and leaving the women in possession of the land and houses. The village was near a river which was very wide and deep and swift flowing, and the men made a *wün'a shibvu* (slender-pole receptacle, wood vessel, box) in which they crossed the

river. All the males went across, men, youths, children and infants. The men nursed the male infants by giving them little bits of fresh venison to suck. The men built houses and planted, and at the end of one year gathered large harvests; the women had but little skill in field work and only obtained a scant harvest, and the men came down to the river brink and displayed their abundant field fruits and taunted the women. It was an evil time and both men and women were foolish, *kaho'pi*; when they became amorous they resorted to artificial means to gratify their desires. The women used a stick covered with buckskin, and also the peeled stem of the conical cactus called *o'ko*, and with these imitated copulation. The men used the liver of the deer and antelope, and also the squash and gourd. For this purpose the men plucked a gourd, cut a round hole in its side, and filled it with the blood of the hare (*so'wi*), warmed it before the fire, and imitated copulation. In six moons, one of these gourds gave birth to Taw'iya mana, Gourd girl, a very beautiful maid.¹ During this separation of the sexes, a young woman, not a maid, imitated copulation by using the primary wing feather of the eagle; she conceived and was carried to San Francisco Mountains, where she gave birth to Kwa'toko.²

Also during this evil time, a young woman, not a maid, was sitting in her house in great misery; her body was hardly covered, for her gown only hung over her in ragged shreds; she was very lousy and was picking the vermin off and scratching herself. While thus engaged her person was almost wholly exposed, and the sun-rays coming through a crevice in the wall, fell upon her vulva, and she moved with pleasure and then fell asleep. She told of this occurrence to some elder women, and it came on to rain, and the water began to drip through the roof, and the elder women said to her, "Lie over yonder and let the rain drops fall upon you," and she went over and lay down, spreading her legs apart, and the rain drops fell upon her vulva, and again she moved with pleasure and fell asleep. She conceived and gave birth to twins, the first born was Pyüükañhoya and the other Palüñahoya. In four days they were able to walk and run around, and they were foolish (*kaho'pi*) and full of mischief, breaking and destroying food vessels and cooking utensils; they were very dirty and their noses always snotty.

When the Twins had grown to be of the size of a boy about twelve years old, they frequently asked their grandmother,³ the Spider woman,

¹ Cp. Tewa Tales, 172.

² See pp. 20—25. For birth of monsters during separation of the sexes, cp. Navaho Legends, 81.

³ Enquiries failed to elicit direct intelligence as to Spider woman's relations with the Twins and their mother. I infer from what was said that the Twins applied the term grandmother to her only in a conventional sense. The old men spoke of her as a *wuhti hash kü*, i e. a decrepit old woman. They also spoke of her showing her house to the Twins, the house being described as the burrow of the trap-door spider.

who was their father, and where did he live. But Spider woman evaded direct answer, saying, "How should I know?" At last she told them that Sun was their father, that he lived at the place of Sunrise, and she would go with them and they should see him. She perched upon the helix of the ear¹ of Pyüükañ. She spurted some medicine and filamentous substance spread before them, making a smooth path to the doorway of the house of Sun. There sat To'hoo (Lion), Ho'nauwû (Bear), Chüa (Rattlesnake); and Ka'toya (the mythic serpent) sat on the hatchway. The Twins successively spurted medicine upon these watchers as they came to them, saying as they did so, "*Ita'kwa kaichivuyuta*," "Our friend, do not be angry," and each watcher at this in turn lay down quietly, and they passed on and stood looking down the hatchway (*nük'pana*). There were many beautiful young women and maids down there. They were the daughters of Sun. Some of them looked up and said, "Who are these dirty, snotty-nosed young ones, I wonder?" The wife of Sun said, "*Pa'kivitai*," "Come in, you two," and they went down the ladder. In the middle of the floor was a mound of turquoise and on its top was a large abalone (*kala'haiyi*) and this was the seat of Sun. Around the floor were many other smaller *chos'bushi tü'tükwi* (turquoise mountains, mounds) on which were seated the wife of Sun and his daughters. The wife of Sun grows angry at the Twins.² The daughters ask them who they are, and where they come from; but the Twins sit silent. Then the daughters say, "You may sit there, on these two mounds, and be brothers until our father comes home, then we shall know." Sun came home, from the below, coming up a ladder leading through a hatchway in the floor. He always comes with a great noise. As he emerged, he said, "What do I smell? There are some strange ones here." The daughters had put the Twins away in the *omauvoñya* (cloud altar) before Sun came home, and when he demanded that the strange ones should be produced, the daughters brought the Twins from the beautiful *omauvoñya*, in which they had been covered with beautiful clouds of all colours. The Twins run to Sun, claiming him as their father, but he says, "*Ha'ki, ha'ki* (wait a while)." Sun brought out his great pipe of turquoise, on the sides of which clouds are painted, and filled it with tobacco and, ramming it with a stick, he lit the pipe and gave it to Pyüükañ, and the Twins smoked it, passing it from one to the other. They swallow the smoke³ and by virtue of Spider woman's medicine the smoke appears in the sky as clouds.

After the Twins had smoked the pipe out they again claim Sun as their father, but again he says, "*Ha'ki, ha'ki!*" There was a high mountain, its top almost touching the sky; Sun showed this to the Twins and told them to go up to its top and sleep there. Spider woman tied a turkey

¹ Some say right ear, some say left, it seems a matter of indifference.

² Why, I can not make out.

³ Cp. Tewa Tales, 99.

feather to the right side of Pyüükañ and another turkey feather to the left side of Palüñhoya. They went up to the mountain top and the wind blew cold from the North, "*kwinivi püshümyüka*." The wind brought ice around them, and but for the feather wrappers they would have perished.¹ As it was, they were almost frozen, and sat there through the night with chattering teeth. In the morning Sun called up to them, "Are you dead yet?" and they came running down, and at the prompting of Spider woman said, "Oh, no, we had a fine sleeping place, only it was too hot, it made us sweat," at the same time they pretended to be wiping the sweat from their brows. "Now surely you know we are your sons," they said, but again Sun said, "*Ha'ki*!"

He led them to a place where there was a smooth path, and there were four large hollow spheres of metal (*shi'vwa*, flint?). In each of these spheres was a hot fire, and Sun bowled one along the trail and told Pyüükañ to run after it and catch it; he then bowled the other and told Palüñ to run and catch it, and then he bowled the other two at them, crying to them to be sure and stop them, which they did. He next called to them to pick them up and bring them to him. They were very heavy, but the Twins spurted medicine on them and they became very light, and they took them up in their hands and brought them to Sun.

Then Sun recognized them as his sons. He cleansed and decorated them, and his wife was no longer angry, and he sat each of them on a turquoise mound. He showed them beautiful clouds in one room, asking them if they wished to take some of these, but the Twins said no; he showed them beautiful shells, ornaments of all kinds and beautiful garments, and all manner of animals, these he proffered as gifts to them, but the Twins did not want them. "Well," he said, "you must desire something, tell me what it is." So they said they wanted weapons to destroy the monsters that ravaged their mother's land. Then Sun gave them bow and arrow, and resilient lightning.²

5. BIRTH OF THE TWINS.

A Hopi maid³ longed for copulation, because she had heard it was sweet, but she knew nothing of it, for sure she was a virgin. She was constantly longing, and one day while she was seated in her house she spread wide her legs, and drew up her dress, uncovering her person. She cried, "*Ta'wa! i'naa! pash anchai ühnümi kana'kwa*, Sun! my father! for sure you do not (love) care for me." There was a crevice in the house roof, and through it the sun rays penetrated and fell upon her exposed vulva, and the sensation was pleasant and she moved with delight. This

¹ Cp. Tewa Tales, 201—2; Hopi Traditions, 162, 164.

² Interruptions destroyed the thread of the story, which was told at Sichomovi.

³ No personal name is given to her.

was in the early summer when the corn was knee high. Clouds came up and the rain fell and the maid went under a projecting cliff for shelter, and again she longed, and she drew back her dress, exposing her person, and spread her legs apart. The falling rain collected in a pool on the edge of the cliff and flowed over in drops, and there fell upon her vulva, and again the sensation was pleasant and she moved with delight. Like the antelope, she gave birth to two upon the same day; the first born was the child of the Sun, Pyü'ükañhoya, the other twin was also the child of the Sun, but is also called the child of the Water, Pa'lüñahoya, Echo.¹

6. THE EARLY MONSTERS.

The early monsters are reckoned as consisting of four, viz. Kwa'toko, Cha'veyo, Wuko Cha'izrisa, Big Elk, Wuko Chubiyo, Big Antelope. The giant elk was of form like the modern elk, but of stupendous size, and exceedingly fierce; he slew many people with his horns. The Natash'ka are of infrequent mention because they were the young of Cha'veyo and seem to have remained at their home in the mountains, depending upon Cha'veyo to feed them; and his ravages, like those of Kwa'toko are always spoken of as having been for the purpose of procuring human bodies for food, especially bodies of children.² The giant elk also devoured the bodies of the people he killed, and goring and thrusting with the horns seems to have always been his method of dispatching his victims. The giant antelope also destroyed people and devoured them. Cha'veyo wore a skin mask. Bits of cedar wood strung together were laid over the top of the mask. He had large stone (?flint) arrow heads strung together in horizontal rows across his breast as a sort of mail or armor. His heart, as also was that of Kwa'toko, was of stone, just like the stone war axe. Kwa'toko had no weapons other than beak and claws.³ Cha'veyo received from Sun a *si'vwüwapi*, metal whip, sabre, which he carried in his right hand, like a staff, as he trotted along, listening for the footsteps of a possible victim. He was constantly looking for victims, men, women and children. He carried a deep burden basket (*hoa'pü*) on his back in which he placed the bodies of his slain. The edges of the basket were fringed with jingling olivella shells (*mosilili*), and these also fringed the outside of his legs, so that he made a jangling sound as he trotted along. He had breeches

¹ *Pa'lüñauüh* or *Pa'liñauüh*.

² The etymology given Stephen for Cha'veyo was: Chachaiyûmû, children, ve'yo, archaic term for hunter (current term being *makto*). The term is no doubt the same as Chapio, Tsabio, for the same monster or bug-a-boo, in the East. — E. C. P.

³ Etymologized as from *kwahü*, eagle, *tokpela*, sky, *o'vee*, high. To be identified with Achiyelatopa, Knife-wing of Zuñi, the woman stealer who lives high in the sky. He is represented on or rather hanging above the altars of Zuñi societies. — E. C. P.

of buckskin. He also had a bow and arrow, and the resilient lightning, but this he does not seem to have used in slaying, only the metal (flint?) pliable weapon. Children wept when they heard him trot by.

All the monsters were killed by the Twins with their resilient lightning.

7. THE TWINS SEEK THEIR FATHER WHO TESTS THEM: THE TWINS SLAY KWA'TOKO.

A long while ago we had neither bow nor arrow,¹ nor any flesh of deer for food. Püükoñhoya had a *ta'chi* (a nodule of iron ore, covered with deer skin and fastened with a pliant flap to a stiff short handle). Kwa'toko was a great eagle, as high as a man and the spread of his wings as wide as a large house. He swooped down and carried off men, women and children. He ate the maids, saying their flesh was sweet, and he also ate men and women. Püükoñhoya and his brother Paliñahoya are always together and Spider woman is their grandmother. (Sun is their father, but who is the mother?) Hüzrüñ wuqti (Woman of Hard Substances²), *se'ni*, but I don't know. The Twins went to Ta'wa *kihü*, Sun house (in the East), and said, "Alas! my father, Kwa'toko is daily devouring Hopi, Acoma, Zuñi, Tinneh folks, and we have no weapon but this *ta'chi*." In Sun's house was an iron fireplace (*sibva küëpkü*). It was like that American cooking stove, only much larger. There was a great fire in it, and Sun opened its door and thrust in both the Twins, and then through a hole in its top he poured a lot of water, and the steam hissed and bubbled, and he closed the door and there the Twins remained some time. Then he opened the door and out the Twins came bounding and dancing and, just as children do, they hugged Sun round the knees and Sun hugged them close to his bosom, saying, "For a truth you are my sons. I did this to try you. Now I know. Now glad am I to fondle my children!" Then he washed them with hot water in a large earthen vessel and made them beautiful, and then he asked them what they desired. It was then they told him of Kwa'toko and of his evil deeds and they begged Sun to give them weapons³ that they might slay him. In Sun's house at the northwest corner is the *kwiniwi yümo'kobi* (*hü'ta*, open the door). This is Cloud house, Omauwû *kihü*. In it are all the different kinds of clouds and in this chamber were two beautiful jars (*küyi'shibvu*), and Sun, Püükoñhoya, and Paliñahoya, in this order, entered the chamber and sat down before these jars. From the jar in front of which Püükoñhoya sat, Sun took out beautiful yellow lightnings and gave to him; and from the other jar where Echo sat, Sun took out beautiful blue lightning and gave to Echo. These Twins are mere children, little chubby boys, and they hugged the lightning in their arms and danced around Sun crying *kwakwai*!

¹ Inquiry concerning weapons elicited the story.

² Cp. Navaho Legends, 105.

³ Ib., 113.

kwakwai! thanks, thanks, just as any children do when they receive a gift that pleases them.

They slept in Sun house four nights and on the fifth morning Sun said, "My boys, come with me." He placed his shield, the sun disc we see, on his right arm and sat crouching, Püükoñhoya on his right thigh, Echo on his left thigh, and he embraced them with his left arm and maintained them in this position, pressing them close to his bosom. Sun ascended with a rushing noise, as he always does, and at noon he arrived over this region, about half way between Mt. Taylor and San Francisco Mountains, which are both called Nüvatikyauobi. And he asked the boys to look down and see if they knew where they were, where their home was. The Twins recognized the mountains and said one to the other, "Yonder is our house." And Sun said, "I am glad my sons are knowing ones (intelligent). Surely that is your home." Sun is father of the hawks, and he called one and said, "Here are your two brothers, take them on your back down to their home;" and they both got on the hawk's back and descended. As they touched ground, Hawk took off his feather shirt and wiped the sweat from his brow, saying, "Whew! how hot it is!" (Hawk marks his cheeks, diagonally, with his two finger tips dipped in black. Püükoñhoya marks his cheeks vertically with his two finger tips dipped in white.) Before calling Hawk at noon, Sun and his Twins ate food. Sun did not carry food with him, he finds it at houses on his road across the sky, which is like the travelled roads of the American. People live there in houses. This is why people now always eat at noon. After eating he called Hawk and the Twins got on his back, Püükoñhoya on his right shoulder, Echo on his left, and Hawk descended in circles and when half-way down he called to Eagle to come to his help, as he was very tired, and Eagle came rapidly and circling under Hawk received the Twins on his back where they occupied the same positions as on Hawk's back. Hawk turned half over as he transferred the Twins. Eagle descended in spiral flight and deposited the Twins at the house of their grandmother, Spider woman, about half way between Mt. Taylor and San Francisco Mts. And the Twins ran in crying, "Oh my! Granny!" She was crouching at her fireplace on her knees and elbows, her face almost in the ashes, and without turning her head, she said, "Sho! I have no grandchildren. Kwa'toko ate them some time ago." (This is repeated four times.) Then she looked up and recognized them and dried her eyes, for she had been crying, and hobbled toward them and hugged them. She asked where they had been and they told her, and she said, "Surely the Sun is your father. But, now, my children, do not wander far from the door, lest Kwa'toko seize you." Spider woman had not seen the lightning, for the youths carried it wrapped in a mantle slung across the shoulder just as Sand chief carries the prayer-sticks for offerings at the directions.¹ They staid four days in their granny's house.

¹ In the Snake-Antelope and Flute ceremonies. — E. C. P.

At this time rabbits were hunted only with the *müzri'ko*, the straight throwing club. On the fifth day (the tenth of the whole adventure) the Twins went on a rabbit hunt, and Kwa'toko sat on the peak of a high conical mountain watching them. He swooped down upon them, calling to them, "Get on my back and I will carry you." They got on his back and he soared high in air with them and when at a very great height above the peak, he turned over and let them fall to earth. There were five mountain peaks, or five conical, peaked mountains¹. They fell on the central peak and rolled to the bottom where they lay as if dead. Kwa'toko alighted on one of the peaks and called to his children who were in a cave house in the central mount, to come out and eat the Twins, "for," said Kwa'toko, "I know you must be hungry." But the Twins were not dead, only shamming and two young Kwa'toko went up close to Püükoñhoya and two others to Echo, and just as their mouths opened to bite, Püükoñhoya turned his head and called *ish ish!* and the young monsters drew back afraid. (The same incidents occur to each of the Twins.) Kwa'toko called to his children, "Why don't you eat?" The young ones said, "We are afraid of them, they make a noise." "You are foolish", says Kwa'toko "that is only a noise from their entrails. They are dead, go and eat them." Again the young ones tried. The Twins this time turn their heads and say *kai'mü*, no, and the young Kwa'toko called to their father. "For sure they are alive, for they speak." Then Kwa'toko turned his head toward the Twins and called to his young to essay again to eat them, but the Twins then turned over and, rising, opened out their mantles, and Kwa'toko was looking squarely at them. The Twins bestrode their mantles and gathered up their lightning and threw it at Kwa'toko and killed him, and the lightning darted from their hands to the object aimed at and returned again to their hands. The Twins then said to the young ones, "Your father is killed. What will you do now, how will you live, where is your mother?" And the young ones said, "She will return when *süv'wüyoki* comes," small drop rain, the soft gentle rains, the female. (*Wü'wükava yoki*, great drop rain, the male.) The Twins then said, "Go you to your house, we will remain here." The young ones went to the central peak and the Twins lay down and waited. After a time, clouds arose and the gentle rain fell, in spots first, and then it fell everywhere and Kwatokwuqti came hovering over the conical peak. At each peak was a Kwa'toko, two male, two female, and at the central peak the four young, two male, two female. Kwatok woman hovered over the central peak and her heart was broken. She called to her young when she alighted, "I know you are hungry, here is something sweet to eat." And what was it? Two young villagers, a youth and a maid. They were beautifully arrayed with necklaces, eardrops, fine white mantles, etc. and they were instantly devoured by the Kwatokhoyamu. In the Kwatok house

¹ Making a square with one in the centre.

the door was of wood, *wüna üchpi*, bones and skulls (*ü'yüka*) were lying around the mountain and all kinds of beads that had been worn by the victims, but there were no bones or other *débris* near the door. Then the anger of the Twins was aroused and Püükoñhoya rose up and cried Wu! and Echo repeated it, and Kwatok woman turned around and looked at them, and they launched their lightning and killed her. Püükoñhoya took hold of a young male and female, and they began to cry. "Hush!" said Püükoñhoya, "I will not harm you. You have no people now, Your father and mother both are dead. This will no longer be your home, but yonder, on the rock cliffs, *owa tüyüka* (rock cape), you shall live, and your name shall be *moñwü* (owl)." So these two winged their heavy flight. When they reached the cliff, the owls called back *huhu! huhu!* And the female's cry was the same, but shriller. Then Püükoñhoya sent the other two to a similar cliff, but in opposite direction and when they reached it they called back *kaka!* And these were the first crows.¹

After this Sun, who was the first maker of bow and arrow, gave them to Püükoñhoya so that he might hunt antelope and deer.

8. THE TWINS SEEK THEIR FATHER WHO TESTS THEM: THE TWINS SLAY CHA'VEYO AND GIANT ELK.

Pyüükoñhoya and Palüñahoya lived with their grandmother (*sho'o*) on the west side of Nüvatikyaobi (Mount Taylor, which has the same name as San Francisco Mountains). The Twins desired to go to the house of Sun, their father, and Spider woman, the grandmother of the Twins, gave them medicine, which was some kind of meal, and of this they were to chew a little and spurt upon the guards (*tü'tüwala*) at the door of Sun house. The Twins went far to the place of Sunrise, where Sun house is entered through a cañon (*tüb'ka*) in the sky. The guards are upon this side of the entrance (*pel'vee*) of the house of Sun. He keeps them near his doorway, just as the Pahano (Americans) keep dogs fastened near the doorway of their dwellings. They are Bear, Mountain Lion, Rattlesnake, and *tüb'ka na'mi piyüka*, cañon together closing and opening (rapid motion). The Twins were *nüküshhoya* (dirty young ones²), but Sun washed them with yucca and combed their hair with *tümo'ala* and they became bright skinned and handsome. This washing also gave them great strength and activity.

Tok'pela pash ani hüzru, the sky is very hard, and the sides of this cañon are vertical (reaching to the Above infinitely) and they are constantly opening and closing, and would crush anyone (unauthorized) who attempted to pass through into the house of the Sun, and the other guards

¹ Cp. Navaho Legends, 119, 120.

² When a boy is four or five years old, or during his "snotty-nose period," he is often called Püükoñhoya.

are always angry. This charm which Spider woman gave the Twins, they spurted upon these guards and quieted them, and they spurted upon the sides of the cañon, and it remained open long enough for them to pass safely through the sky into the house of the Sun.

When the Twins reached close to the sky, the path lay along a narrow *tü'wi* (terrace or ledge) on one side of which was a *tüh'pela* (face of a vertical cliff, a wall) and on the other a precipice, which goes sheer to the Below, the Underworld. An old man (*wühtaka*) sat there with his back against the wall and his knees drawn up close to his chin, and when Pyüükoñ was passing, the old man suddenly thrust his legs out, trying to knock him over the cliff. Püükoñ leaped backward and saved himself, and in reply to the protest of the Twins, Old Man said his legs were tired and he had thrust them out for relief. Then Püükoñ remembered the Spider woman's charm, and he spurted a little of it upon the old man, who then sat quite still with legs drawn up, and the Twins passed on toward the cañon, at the entrance of which were the other guards.

Entering the Sun house, the Twins were greeted by Tawa *nümaiadta* (Sun, his wife) who placed them, laid them down, in the *o'maupoñya*, cloud altar (which is described like a bed of mats in a recessed nook of the house). Sun after descending (going in through the sky), at the west, passed through the Below to his house in the east, and entered there, wiping the sweat from his brow, saying, *pashütü'hüü*, *pash a'ni nu mañwi*, how hot it is, and how tired I am. He sniffed around and said, "I smell strange children here. When men go away from their homes their wives receive the embraces of strangers. I believe you have children by some stranger. Where are they? Bring them to me." So she brought the Twins to him and he put them in a flint (metal) oven and made a hot fire. After a time he opened the oven and the Twins came laughing and dancing around his knees, and he acknowledged them to be his sons¹.

One day the Twins went to the pool near Mount Taylor and soon also came Cha'veyo. He stooped over on hands and knees and drank four times, emptying the pool at each draught. He then arose and smelt the Twins and approached them, and he flung his *shivvuwvapi* at them, but Pyüükoñ sprang in the air and as the weapon passed under him, he caught it in his hand. Cha'veyo then flung his lightning at them, and Pyüükoñ caught this as he had done the weapon. Pyüükoñ flung the weapon at Cha'veyo, but although it stunned him, it glanced off his flint shirt without piercing. Then Pyüükoñ flung the lightning which struck Cha'veyo and

¹ Here follow the bestowal of lightning and other weapons, and the return of the Twins to their grandmother.

Sun carries the shield four days, coming in at the east and going out at the west on the same path, at the same points. Taiowa relieves him, but takes another path a little removed, either north or south according to the season, holding the same path for four days, each holds the same path four days. The Sun house is really at the Northeast.

staggered him. Then Pyüükoñ flung his own lightning, knocking him down, and Palüñahoya flung his lightning and killed Cha'veyo outright.

Big Elk was one day lying down in a valley near Mount Taylor and the Twins went out against him. *Mü'yi* (mole) met them and said, "Do not go alone against him; he is very fierce and strong and may kill you; wait here and I will help you." Mole then dug four *ki'yüküli*,¹ one under the other, and made the Twins remain in the upper one. Mole then dug a long tunnel (*wupa ki'ta*), and, coming up under Elk, plucked a little of the soft hair from over his heart region, and Elk turned his head and looked down. Mole said, "Oh, do not be angry at me, I want just a little of your soft hair to make a bed for my children," so Elk allowed him to continue the plucking. But Mole took away enough to leave the skin quite bare over the entire heart region. Returning to the Twins, he told them what he had done, and each twin threw his lightning and wounded Elk, who then sprang to his feet and charged upon them. The Twins concealed themselves in the upper *ki'yüküli* and Elk gored at them, but could not harm them. Again he charges upon them and thrusts down at them with his horns, but they retreat to the second chamber; again he comes at them as before, and they retreat to the third chamber. They then retreat to the fourth chamber, and when Elk makes his fourth attempt to reach them he falls dead. *Ko'na* (chipmunk) then comes scurrying up and, after thanking the Twins, he tells them that he has come to show them how to cut up the monster's body, and with his sharp teeth he proceeds to do this. Pyüükoñ thanked Chipmunk, and stooping down he wetted the tips of the two fore fingers of his right hand in the blood that issued from Elk, and, drawing his finger tips along the body of Chipmunk, he made the marks which it still carries.

After all the monsters were slain, the village people became numerous.

9. PYÜÜKAÑHOYA SLAYS CHA'VEYO AND THE NATA'SHKA.²

Sun is father of Kwa'toko and Cha'veyo³. Kwa'toko had a wife with wings and feathers like himself. Haha'iyi wuhti⁴ was the wife of Cha'veyo, and the children she bore him were the Nata'shka,⁵ of whom there were

¹ This term applies to caverns eroded in rock fissures, entered from above; the same term is used also for ground story, or cellars, of a house group.

² Told by Sikyaventiwa of the Horn clan, and a member of the Powamu society.

³ Their mother is unknown. No interest seems to attach to the mother, the old man merely said *píi*, do not know. Later they said that Sun had not fathered Kwa'toko and Cha'veyo by generation; he made them of some substance probably mud. (For Sun fathering the monsters cp. Navaho Legends, 113. — E. C. P.)

⁴ The mother of the kachinas. In the Powamu ceremony she appears with the Nata'shka in a dramatization of their pristine, bug -a-boo roving. — Ed.

⁵ Elsewhere in Stephen's ms. the Nata'shka are said not to be of kin to the Sun, but to be of the Powaka, the witches.

four. Long ago, Cha'veyo and his four sons, the Nata'shka, lived in a house at Nüva'tikyaobi (San Francisco Mountains). They were constantly roaming and slaying any people they came upon, especially children.

At Pala'vaiyu (Red River, Little Colorado), Spider woman had a house, and Pyüükañhoya dwelt there with her, for she was his grandmother, and she knows everything. Pyüükañhoya desired to go to the house of Cha'veyo, and Spider woman told him how to proceed. She made him a piñon gum garment (*sha'na nab'na*) resembling the flint shirt of Cha'veyo. Pyüükañ put on this garment and crossed the river, and soon Cha'veyo and the Nata'shka met him and inquired where he was going. He said to see them; they expressed their gladness at this and invited him to come straight to their house, which he did. Spider woman perched on his ear, invisible, and directed him. Reaching their house, Cha'veyo dug a shallow pit and caused Pyüükañ to sit in it, and then piled a great quantity of wood over the pit and set it afire and went to his house. Mole dug under to the pit and brought Pyüükañ into the tunnel where he sat in comfort. After the fire had quite burned down, Cha'veyo and his sons went out and looked into the pit, and there sat Pyüükañ quite unharmed. "For sure this is the strong youth, the good youth," Cha'veyo said, and he brought him into his house. Cha'veyo and Pyüükañ then took off their garments, hanging them on the same peg projecting from the wall, and sat down and had food. Spider woman then stole the flint garment of Cha'veyo and made Pyüükañ put it on, and Cha'veyo went to the peg and took down the delusive gum garment of Pyüükañ and put it on, for it so closely resembled his own he did not perceive the deception. Cha'veyo then invited Pyüükañ to sit down beside him on a large pile of wood near the door and, when they were seated, Cha'veyo poked some embers under the wood pile and it was soon ablaze. When the flames got high enough the gum garment took fire and Cha'veyo burned with it, but Pyüükañ sat unharmed in the blaze, protected by the flint garment, and sat watching until Cha'veyo was quite consumed. Then Pyüükañ slew the four Nata'shka and with the flint (metal) whip (saber)¹ of Cha'veyo cut off their heads and brought them back to the Hopi at Red River. The Hopi saw the heads and made imitations of them, and those imitations were just the same as those which you still see worn by the Nata'shka kachina. The early Nata'shka looked exactly like that.

10. KWA'TOKO, THE WOMAN-STEALER.²

The ravages of Kwa'toko extended over all the earth. He preyed upon the Hopi, Tewa, Zuñi, Navaho, Yoche, Yu'ta, Pa'yutse, Kohonina, all peoples, *sosh'yûm shi'nyûmû*. He carried off women and maids and took

¹ This and his flint shirt he had received from the Sun.

² Told by Mashaiyûmtiwa of the Badger clan.

them to his house, in the Above. He slept with one four nights, then killed and ate her. This was his custom.

A Hopi youth went toward the San Francisco Mountains; on the piñon table lands near the base he came upon the Piñon maidens (*Tüva'ü ma'mantü*). Their mantles are of piñon bark, their skirts of grass. At that place were also Spider woman and Mole. After the ordinary salutations had passed, they asked where he was going and he told them that Kwa'toko had carried off his young wife and he was going to try to bring her back. "That is well," said Spider woman, "we will help you." At her prompting the Piñon maids washed themselves and gathered a lot of gum and washed it, and they made a garment in exact imitation of the flint shirt (*yo'ishivwa na'bna*) worn by Kwa'toko. They washed themselves and the gum so that Kwa'toko might not detect the imitation by its smell. When the garment was finished, Spider woman gave the youth a little of her medicine (which as usual was in the form of fine meal) and perched upon the helix of his right ear, invisible, and said that she would whisper him guidance in what was to come. Mole led the way to the mountain top, the youth following him, but the Piñon maids remained in their piñon tree dwelling place.

[When¹ they reached the topmost peak, Eagle swooped down and they got upon his back and he soared aloft with them. When he had carried them to a great height and began to tire, Kih'sa (Cooper's hawk) swooped close and they were transferred to his back, and he carried them upward. When he tired, Mas'ikwa'yo (Gray hawk) took them on his back and mounted till he tired, and then Pala'kwa'yo (Red hawk) received them, and thus for an immense distance upward, these birds continued their flight, relieving each other of the adventurers upon tiring. They thus soared to the very far above till the *hüchi* (doorway) was reached that led to the house of Kwa'toko], and there the youth and his two companions entered and went to a white house which was that of Kwa'toko. Before coming to the ladder leading up to its terraces, Spider woman prompted the youth and he gathered a handful of sumac berries (*siv'wipsi*) and gave them to Lizard (*Pachipkwasha*),² who thanked the youth and after chewing the berries gave them back to him. The youth (in all his actions he is prompted by Spider woman) then went to the house ladder, each rung of which was a sharp knife, which would cut in two the hands and feet of any who attempted to climb it. The youth rubbed the edges of these knives with the chewed berries and instantly their edges became dull,³ and he was then able to climb the ladder without cutting himself.⁴

¹ The portion included in brackets is not always narrated. I think it an interpolation from another myth.

² Literally, gown of buffalo-skin, the name of a small lizard.

³ Cp. Parsons, E. C., Pueblo-Indian Folk-Tales. JAF, 31: 238—239. 1918.

⁴ This blunting action is explained by the narrator who cites the well-known effect of these sour berries upon the teeth, "they take off their edges."

Entering the house, the youth saw the flint shirt hanging on a peg in a recess, and he at once exchanged garments, putting on that of Kwa'toko and hanging up the gum imitation in its place. He looked in another recess and saw Kwa'toko sleeping in the arms of his (the youth's) wife. He called to her, and said that he had come to rescue her. She said she was glad he had come, but feared he could not accomplish this, because no one ever left the house of Kwa'toko alive. He said, "Have no fear, I will soon have you again." The medicine of Spider woman prevented Kwa'toko from hearing this conversation, but he soon awoke and put on the gum imitation shirt without perceiving that his own had been stolen, and, seeing the youth in his house, asked what he wanted there. The youth said he had come to take his wife home. Kwa'toko said, "Let us gamble (*nan'avuya*) to decide that, and you must abide the consequences; if you lose, I shall slay you." To this the youth agreed.

Kwa'toko brought out a great pipe, larger than a person's head, and filled it with tobacco and gave it to the youth, saying, "You must smoke this entirely out, and if you become giddy or nauseated, you will lose." So the youth lit the pipe and sucked it, but he did not exhale any smoke, he kept the pipe full aglow, and swallowed all the smoke, and felt no ill effects, because where he sat the reed had grown, and Mole dug long tunnels to its roots, and bored them, and placed the hollow stump of the reed in the anus of the youth and as he swallowed the smoke it passed down through his anus and out through the bored roots, into the tunnels that Mole had dug. Kwa'toko sat in wonder and as the youth finished the pipe, Kwa'toko said, "Surely you are a wonderful man; tell me, what has become of the smoke?" Going to the door the youth showed him the smoke issuing as dense clouds at the four cardinal points. Then Kwa'toko was unhappy, for the youth had won.

Kwa'toko thought he could cheat the youth with a trick, so he brought out two deer antlers, saying, "We will each choose one and he loses who fails to rend the antler prongs apart," but the one on the northwest side was a real deer antler, while the one on the southeast side was an imitation antler made of the brittle stems of *chim'ona* (*datura meteloides*). The youth, hastily prompted by Spider woman, was quick to propose that he should choose first, and Kwa'toko opposing, said, "*So'oni*," "I must choose first," but the youth four times insisted on having first choice and finally Kwa'toko consented, so the youth chose the imitation antler and easily rent the prongs apart. Kwa'toko tried hard to rend the prongs of the real antler, but he knew it was hopeless, he could not break them, and he said, "Assuredly, you are a knowing man," and he was unhappy, for the youth had won a second time.

Kwa'toko had two fine large pine trees growing near his house, and they were his pets, so he said to the youth, "You may chose one of these trees, and I will take the other and whoever plucks one up by the roots shall win." Now Mole had burrowed under one of them and had gnawed

through all its roots, quite cutting them off, and had run back through his tunnel, and was sitting at its mouth, peering through the grass anxious to see the youth win, and Mole was glad to think that he had again outwitted Kwa'toko. The youth chose the tree that Mole had prepared and, helped by Spider woman, plucked it up and threw it over the cliff, and although Kwa'toko struggled with the other tree he could not move it. So he said, "For sure, you are the strong man," and he was unhappy at his third defeat.

Then Kwa'toko spread a great *tünüshvoñya*,¹ and said to the youth, "You must eat all of this food at one sitting, or else you lose." So the youth sat down and ate of meats, stews and porridge, emptying one food basin after another, and trays and baskets full of all kinds of wafer-bread, etc., and still his belly showed no signs of swelling, and Kwa'toko sat looking at him in astonishment. But Mole had burrowed under the youth, and all the food he ate passed through his anus, and Mole carried it all away into the large hole he had dug to receive it. And then for the fourth time the youth was the winner.

Kwa'toko then made a great wood pile (*ko'hüt koch'vala*), and said to the youth, "You must get up and stand on the top of this, and I will set it on fire, and if you are unharmed, then you may try me in the same way," and the youth climbed up the pile and stood erect on its summit. Kwa'toko then fired the pile at the northwest, southwest, southeast and northeast and it was soon all ablaze, but the flint arrowheads of which the garment of Kwa'toko was made, were also coated over with ice (*patüshüñwu*) and the heat of the fire melted it, so that water trickled down and prevented the flames from touching the youth, and all the wood burned down and left him unharmed. Kwa'toko was filled with wonder and said, "What a man you are!" and assuredly Kwa'toko was unhappy while he observed the youth making another great wood pile. Still Kwa'toko felt secure, thinking that he wore his own fire-proof garment, and mounted the pile, and the youth fired it at the northwest, southwest, southeast and northeast, and the pile was soon ablaze, but as soon as the first flame touched the gum imitation garment, it burned it with a flash and Kwa'toko was consumed.

Spider woman again prompted the youth and he went over to the ashes of Kwa'toko and, putting some of her medicine in his mouth, he spurted (*po'boya*) upon them, and *pashi'ichi loma' ta'ka ta'taii*, instantly a handsome man became visible. Then Spider woman said to him, "Will you for sure refrain from killing people and forsake all your evil habits; will you henceforth be a good man?" Kwa'toko assented with many fervent *anchai*, assuredly. Then Spider woman told him that hereafter

¹ A meal spread on the floor, or elsewhere, ready for the guests to eat; from *tü'moita*, to convey food to the mouth with the fingers; *nüsha*, to eat, or *nüsh'yuka*, food; *poñya*, in a circle (*poñokiyuta*, a circle).

the Hopi would pluck a feather from his arm, from his shoulder, from his thigh, and would make with them their prayer-feather when they prayed for rain. Then the youth ran to the house and hugged his wife, rejoicing, and opened all the "recesses" in the house and freed all the captive women of the Hopi and of the stranger peoples, and there were a great number. And the eagles and the hawks conveyed all these people down to San Francisco Mountains and they returned to their homes.

II. THE TWINS BRING THE BUFFALO TO THE HOPI.

Pyüükañhoya and Palüñahoya were hunting deer, and at sunset they made a fire and sat beside it to eat sweet corn meal (*kwibtosì*). Soon two beautiful maids came and also sat beside the fire. They had trays of venison with them and they spread food (*tüñüshvoñya*) and invited the Twins to eat. The maids were bashful, kept their faces concealed with the corner of their mantles, and turned their heads from the Twins. "Why don't you eat?" asked the Twins, "is the flesh not sweet?" — "Yes," they said, "it is good for men to eat, we do not care for it." The Twins then drew the trays of meat toward themselves, and gave the maids a tray of *kwibtosì*. The maids thanked them, and taking up the tray, they drank the *tosh'küyi* (sweet corn meal and water). After all had eaten, Pyüükañ invited them to come to his house and they asked him where it was. He said, "It is close by, in that sand mound (*pishach'mo*)." The elder maid was willing, but the younger said, "*So'oni*, perhaps it is far away, he may be lying to us." — "No," said Pyüükañhoya, "it is close by, you can see it from here." They left the food trays and in procession started toward the mound; first, the younger sister, then the elder, then Palüñahoya and Pyüükañhoya coming last.

They travelled but a short distance, perhaps a hundred paces, when the maids caused a rainbow to spring from the ground at their feet, arching far away to the northeast. The rainbow contracted, i. e. the end at their feet flashed away to the northeast and vanished, but had transported all four of them instantly a far distance to the northeast, where there was a kiva, and the maids invited the Twins to enter, and they all passed down the ladder. There they saw a great number of handsome men and beautiful women, maids and children, and they were Buffalo. The women and maids wore their hair in the same fashion as the women and maids of the Tewa (i. e. the front hair hanging over the face like a veil). The men and youths sat at one end of the kiva, the women and maids at the other end, and hanging upon the walls were skins of buffalo and horns. The Twins were welcomed and they sat down on the floor beside the chief and the women brought them food, *küchapiiki* (white wafer) bread and *toshküyi*, and after they had eaten, the chief took up his pipe and filled it with buffalo tobacco (*müshaizru piba*) which is the needles of spruce. After the chief had smoked, Pyüükañhoya took out his pipe and

filling it with Hopi tobacco began to smoke, and all the men said as they sniffed the smoke, "How sweet it smells!" and Pyüükañhoya passed his pipe to the chief and it went from hand to hand and all said, "*pashani kwañwa*," truly sweet. From a recessed chamber was brought a drum and a man began to beat it, and then two youths and two maids danced on the kiva floor, just as our young people do now when they dance Buffalo.

The youths had blackened faces, with specular iron on the cheeks; they had shirt and leg coverings of deer skins, like the Koma'nchi (i. e. red tanned and fringed); *tüi'hi pit'küna* (embroidered breech cloth); big belt and shell rattles (*mo'silili*); in the right hand, gourd rattle; in the left hand, lightnings; anklets of porcupine quill (*hon'hokyashmi*) and another anklet of porcupine quill bound around the forehead as a fillet. They were arrayed just as the Hopi youth is now when he engages in this dance. The maids had black dresses and white mantles, and each bore the sun on her back (*Tawa i'kwiyuta*), and in each hand a flat prayer-stick just as the Hopi maids now appear in this dance. They danced four times and then the chief spoke. "We eat no flesh, we eat nothing but maize and pollen, and I want some specular iron." — "*Anchai*," said Pyüükañhoya. In the morning the Twins and the two maids were transported back to the Hopi region by the rainbow, as before, and then the maids returned by the vanishing rainbow to their own homes. But the place where the Hopi lived then was not here (in Tusayan) but away to the northeast in the Tü'pka (Tse'gi, the great cañon in the Tunicha Mts. (Thonitsa), about thirty miles north from Fort Defiance). Somewhere in that region the Hopi then lived, I have never been there, but there are many ruins (*ki'yükoï*) there now; this is what is told in story (*tü'htüwichi*).

Pyüükañhoya told what he had seen, and then prayer-sticks were prepared, and a pouch of specular iron, and a Hopi man was sent with these to the land of the Buffalo. After many days of travel he came to a land of *shü'hü* (high grass) and there he "placed" the prayer-sticks, and lay down to sleep. Early in the morning he awoke, and a handsome man came and looking at the prayer-sticks said, "These are for us," and thanked the Hopi and invited him to the kiva. This handsome man was a Buffalo and before reaching the kiva he said to the Hopi, "Your smell will alarm our people. You had better wash, here is a pool of water." So the Hopi washed his body and was taken to the kiva where food was brought to him by the women. He then smoked and gave to the chief the pouch of specular iron. The chief thanked him and said, "Perhaps you want to borrow (*nasi'moki*) two of our maids, to go with you to your people and show them how to dance Buffalo." So two Buffalo maids returned with him homeward, and they travelled far. When they had reached the region of San Mateo, the Hopi went aside from the trail, and squatting to urinate, he heard Spider woman cry "hist! hist!" Listening to her, she told him that he had yet far to go, that the Buffalo maids could run much

longer than he could. Then she gave him some medicine. Putting some of this in his mouth, he spurted it upon his legs and body and rubbed them and then being quite refreshed he started off on a swift run, and the maids continued running close behind him. He came by the way of Tse'hotsoi (Fort Defiance) and when the sun was going down he reached the Tü'pka and was welcomed, and the maids were taken into his mother's house. There they ground meal for eight days, and then the Hopi men saw them; their front hair hung down over their faces, almost touching their breasts, and their back hair hung down over their hips. And the Hopi said, "Who are they, these must be Ha'no." That night (eighth) two Buffalo youths came to the Tü'pka and were welcomed and fed and on the next day the Buffalo youths and maids danced the Buffalo dance all day, just as you see our youths and maids do still, and on the following day the borrowed youths and maids returned home.

12. THE TEWA BRING THE BUFFALO.¹

A Tewa youth and his sister sat by a river. Their village was there. They prepared a prayer-stick and placed it on the stream bank. Kaau'pa (winged dragon) came in response and, looking at the prayer-stick, understood what the youth wanted. He wished to go to the Müshaizrü (Bison) people. The youth clasped his sister in his arms and Kaau'pa wrapped a long string around them, placed them on his breast (back?), and flew with them far to the east. A ladder projected and the youth going down found many people seated around an altar and bison skins hanging round on the walls. When these people put their bison skins on, they became real bisons; when they took the skins off, they became real people. He learned their songs, and when about to return, he took (got) a bison maid as a wife, and Kaau'pa brought her back with the youth and his sister. Bison maid danced the Müshaizrü. The Hopi people said, "She is from Oraibi or from some other Hopi village." They would not believe she was a bison.

Two real bisons came from the far east, halted at Keam's Canon and hung up their skins in a ledge recess and became youth and maid. They had many buckskins. They came to the villages. Bison (Buffalo) was danced, and the Bison youth exchanged the Bison maid for the Tewa youth's sister.² Bison youth and Tewa maid then went to Keam's Cañon, put on the bison skins and became real bisons and galloped back to the far east. Bison maid who had become a Tewa maid staid with the Tewa.

¹ Told by We'he.

² Cp. Parsons, E. C. The Hopi Buffalo Dance, *Man*, XXIII, 26, 1923.

13. THE JAMESTOWN WEED MAIDS (TOOTHED VAGINA¹).

The *Chim'ona*² *ma'mantu* (Jamestown weed maids) were white skinned like the Pahano, Americans, they were large and plump and beautiful. They had the fashion of the Tewa women of clipping the front hair even with the tip of the nose (mouth) (*püñyui'ta*). The *chim'ona* grew in front of their house; they passed through the plant to enter or leave their house. The site of this *chimon'ki* (Jamestown weed house) is a short distance south from the south end of Tewa, on a ledge or terrace, on the east face of the cliff, and about fifty feet below the summit.

A Hopi youth's heart throbbed tumultuously, he grew amorous³ and went to the house of the Jamestown weed maids; one of them peered through the plant and invited him to enter, which he did. He saw many beautiful women (*momo'yamû*) and maids. They were all naked except for a big belt which each wore round the loins, the ends of the girdle fastened at the back, its fringe hanging behind the legs. They welcomed him and set before him wafer-bread and other meal foods, for they had great abundance of corn. After he had eaten, the *mana moñwi* (girl chief) directed the others to sweep the floor and spread a dressed buffalo skin upon it. They made the youth lie down upon this skin and then all the women in succession copulated with him, the women lay atop of the youth, not in the usual manner. The vulva of these women was very large and had teeth. The last one to copulate was a maid and as she finished the act, with her vulva, she bit off, and ate (*so'wa*) with her vulva, the penis of the youth. He did not die from his injury, but when he went home to Walpi and told of the disaster, the people pitied him, the women lamenting the ill that had befallen so handsome a youth. The Hopi chief was unhappy and thought long, then he made a prayer-stick and prayer-feather and went to the house of Pachib'kwasha, near the little ooze springs on the cliff trail leading to the Gap, north from Tewa, the oozes called Kû'küchva (lizard spring). He was welcomed and on entering saw many men and youths. There were two chiefs there, one sitting on each side of the fireplace in the corner, and on the wall near each were hanging from pegs, pipes and tobacco. There were no women. These Lizard men gave the chief buffalo meat and fat, and after he had eaten, the two Lizard chiefs filled each a pipe with tobacco. The Hopi chief brought out his pipe and tobacco, and each smoked his own pipe. After they had smoked and knocked out the ashes, Lizard chief asked the

¹ As far as I know this is the only time this wide-spread Plains tale has been recorded for the Pueblos.

² *Chim'ona*, *datura meteloides*, Jamestown weed.

³ The narcotic has been given an aphrodisiac association at Zuñi. (Parsons, E. C. A Zuñi Detective. *Man*, XVI, 169—170. 1916.) Also an animistic character. (Ib. and Stevenson, M. C. *Ethnobotany of the Zuñi Indians*, 46. Thirtieth Ann. Rep. Bur. American Ethnology, 1915.)

Hopi chief what he had come for. The Hopi said, "I came to bring you this prayer-stick and prayer-feather. Lizard chief thanked him and passed them to the other chief who also gave thanks. "What do you wish in return for these?" asked Lizard chief. Said the Hopi chief, "The Chim'ona women are evil, with their vulva they have eaten the penis of one of our handsome youths." — "*Anchai*," said Lizard, "in four nights we will send one of our young men to the Chim'onki." So the Hopi chief thanked the Lizard and returned home. On the fourth evening, following the Hopi chief's visit, a Lizard youth went to Chim'onki and, being invited, entered and they set food before him, wafer-bread and corn food. The Chimon *wuhti moñwi* (woman chief) asked what he had come for, and he told them that in four nights there would be assemblage (*yüñyo'mani*) at the Lizard house and it would be well for the Chim'ona to have assemblage also at their house, and exchange visits. "*Eskwa'ili*," said the Chim'ona chief, and this was agreed to. On the fourth day the Chim'ona washed themselves at Sun spring and trimmed their hair anew, flush with the tip of the nose. This they did with a single pair of metal shears, which was the only pair they possessed.¹ This part of the hair that hangs over the face was then rolled tightly up on a twig, which upon being afterward unrolled hung over the face in beautiful wavy locks. The Lizards washed themselves at Yü'ñya'iva² and then the chief sent some of the youths to gather several pouches full of sumac berries. Others made *kwashi* of buckskin, and the sumac berries having been crushed on a mealing stone, the *kwashi* were filled with this berry pulp, making them red and these *kwashi* were hung around on pegs in the walls to dry, inside the Lizard house. This work being finished, all ate food in the afternoon, and the younger men admired the *kwashi* and said to each other, "I would like this one, or that one". The Lizards whitened the front of their bodies with clay, and with malachite made a blue stripe down each side of the belly. They made leggings of buffalo skin and wore them, like the Koma'nchi. Then with buckskin strings they fastened on the *kwashi*, and all sat down inside along the base of the wall on each side of the house. They sat *chü'kükiyuta*, squatted, listening for the approach of the Chim'ona. They also spread buffalo skins upon the floor. The Lizards squatted and listening heard cries of "*tu'vai yuh'yuhyu*!" which the approaching Chim'ona made, and when they reached the entrance of Lizard house, the Lizard chief urged them to enter speedily, which they did. There were a great many, among them being *wuhti*, *boli*, and *mana*. They were all naked excepting for the big belt around the loins and fastened behind; and they danced before the Lizards. The young men nudged each other and whispered their amorous desires to one another; these women were very large, white and beautiful, and their vulva were very

¹ This single pair of shears is often referred to by the Tewa.

² The spring on one of the cliff terraces in the bight north from the Gap.

large. The women at the close of each measure sang "ewe'yuliwa éééé" and then disposing themselves so as to form four sides of a square, faced toward the men, and stretched out their arms, with outspread palms, straight before them. After dancing for a while, the Chim'ona chief invited the Lizards to go to the Chim'ona house, and about half of the Lizards went there, the remainder staying in their own house to entertain the Chim'ona. Those of the Lizards who went in procession made a cry as they went *p''-p''-p''-yuh'-yuh!* and reaching the Chim'ona house were invited to enter and thanked for coming. The Lizards then went capering into the Chim'onki in an irregular group and danced and sang as Chüküwĩmkya; the women, naked but girt with the big belt, were sitting around against the walls looking on. The Lizards sang the Chüküwĩmkya song *ahè ahè*, keeping time to this strain by drawing the prepuce, with both hands, back and forth, and the women looked on eagerly and fidgetted amorously.¹ At the close of the dance one of the maids ran to the fireplace, and taking up a gourd of water dashed it upon the fire, extinguishing it and leaving the house in total darkness. Then all copulated promiscuously. This first copulation was with the artificial *kwashi* and the sour seeds with which they were filled took off the edge of the vulva teeth. The Lizards then slipped the strings with which these were fastened and cast them away, and copulated naturally, and assuredly it was sweet. This promiscuous copulation was maintained at both houses until all the women were completely exhausted.

14. HAWK AND ANTELOPE RACE.

Kih'sha (Cooper's Hawk) dwelt on the cliffs overlooking Kwakat'vee or as it is also called Kwaka'tibi². Chübiyo, Antelope, dwelt in the East valley at Chübki (a shrine is now there), between Coyote spring and Sun spring. The question as to which of these two was the swiftest once formed a topic of discussion among the people of the East Mesa, and they argued and wrangled over it a long while, for they were about equally divided, half of them deeming Hawk the swiftest, and the other half favoring Antelope, and the two factions betted profusely against each other. To bring the matter to an issue it was arranged that a chief from each side should go to these two and invite them to race together and thus decide the dispute. So a broad prayer-stick and prayer-feather were made by one chief and carried to Antelope, and a blue-green prayer-stick and prayer-feather were made by another chief and carried to Hawk. Each chief, going separately, laid the subject before his champion and

¹ To the vivid hued lizard called *manañaya* aphrodisiac power is ascribed. When an amorous Hopi youth encounters this lizard, he addresses it as his friend and asks him to help him with his sweetheart.

² The spring in the foothills in the East valley, about three-fourths of a mile northeast from the Gap.

after explaining the anxiety of the Hopi in this affair asked him to race and make his swiftness manifest. The two champions each thanked the chief who brought the prayer-sticks and said that in four days they would race together, so each chief returned thanks and came back and told the result of his offering. At the set time, Hawk and Antelope raced together for four days, but no one saw those races, and all the people were looking out over the valley in anxious expectation, but the champions were invisible. While they were gazing down upon the valley, about noon on the fifth day, they saw Hawk and Antelope start upon their race from Sun spring. The wings of Hawk were far spreading and beautiful and he flew with great speed to the eastward, but Antelope was only a *chübmāñya* (a young one), his legs were weak and after a short swift dash he lagged behind and the Hawk faction jeered and mocked the faction who had staked their possessions upon Antelope, and assuredly these were unhappy when they saw their sorry-looking champion.

The course of the race was from Sun spring to Owa'chmo¹ and return, and when the antelope fawn was turning around Rock mound, he cast aside the fawn skin and displayed himself as the true Antelope, with high arching horns, and he came dashing across the valley with great speed. But he could not quite overtake Hawk, so he spurted his medicine (*po'boya*) and the clouds came up from the northwest, southwest, south-east and northeast and assembling overhead poured down the heavy rain; and the wings of Hawk became wet and heavy and Antelope ran past him and won the race. The two champions then went to the shrine on the trail leading from Sun spring to Walpi, between three and four hundred yards from the spring, where each had laid his flint knife before starting, for they had made a compact that the winner should slay the loser. As Antelope took up his *yo'ishivwa*, Hawk said, "Before you slay me, listen to what I say and announce it. Let the Hopi youth who desire speed and courage come to this shrine and pray (*homoya*), for my legs are strong and my heart is brave." Then Antelope cut the throat of Hawk and cut out his heart and placed it in the shrine², which has ever since been called *üñu'ñtan paho'ki* (*üñu'ñwa*, heart; *taña'uita*, contained, containing).

15. BLUEBIRD SNARE KACHINA STEALS THE WIFE OF FLUTE KACHINA.

Long ago while the Hopi were still living at Kisakovi, Le'nûñ (Flute) kachina and his wife also dwelt there. Taho'va was a sweet spring at that time, the water then issued from the sand, not from the clay as now which makes it bitter. One day the wife of Flute kachina went to this spring for water and after she had filled her water bottle a man came to the spring also. He was handsome of person and attractively dressed and had *akau'oshi*, rose campion, tulips and other flowers inserted in his hair.

¹ Rock mound, about three miles east from Sun spring.

² At this shrine libations are poured on the initiates at Wöwöchim.

He sat down beside her and she filled her gourd with water and playfully poured it on his head, and then he filled the gourd and poured it upon her head¹. Then they fell into amorous dalliance and when they were copulating, Flute kachina chanced to come to the spring and saw them. He said nothing but walked back to his house at Kisakovi and began taking out his hoes, rabbit clubs, his ropes and other effects, and when his wife returned he told her he was to leave her and would go to live at his house at Sun spring. This place where he dwelt at Sun spring was not a walled house. It was a hole (*hüchi*), probably communicating with the underworld.

The handsome interloper went home with the woman to Kisakovi and when she asked his name he told her it was Choshü'hu'wa, Bluebird Snare. But he was not a Hopi, he was a kachina, as benign and powerful as Flute kachina; like all kachina these two also influenced the clouds and rain. Flute kachina cultivated the field now owned by Chasra,² and Bluebird Snare cultivated the field now owned by Supela.³ Bluebird Snare had his real home at Kishyuba⁴, but he told the woman he lived at Tükınovi, and he used to go to that place occasionally, and a rainbow would span from there to Kishyuba and across it he could pass with great speed to and from Kishyuba. He was very thrifty and industrious and went out hunting frequently in the proper seasons and kept his stolen wife well supplied with rabbits, antelope and deer meat. One day he was coming from his field in the valley and a heavy storm came on and Flute kachina obtained lightning from the thunder cloud and before Bluebird Snare reached Kisakovi, Flute threw the lightning at him (or caused it to dart at him from the cloud), and the lightning struck between the legs of Bluebird Snare and his legs immediately twisted together and remained so ever after. This was his punishment for stealing the wife of Flute kachina.

16. WHY CATS AND DOGS BELONG TO THE REED CLAN.

To the Reed clan (*Pa'kabñyümû*) pertain all cats and dogs, especially the dogs. The dogs are warriors and watchers. Long ago the Reeds lived in a village near Mushoñınovı. The Reed village was near the spring called Lem'aba or Lem'apabı. While they were living there one of their youths called Sikya'kükü went out in the winter to hunt; there was snow in the valley and he found a strange track which he followed out in the valley till he came near to a mound south from Shuñopovi. The track went under a large rock and he put his hand in and pulled out a cat (*mu'sa*) by

¹ Cp. Tewa Tales 221, 234, 246.

² Of the Patki clan, one of the fathers of the Kachina or assistant Kachina chief.

³ Chief in the Patki clan and chief of the Winter solstice ceremony.

⁴ Fifty miles northwest of First Mesa where live many kachina.

the leg; he tied its legs together and carried it home. He asked his father what the animal was, and he told him it was called *mu'sa*. He then asked his father what kind of food it ate, and he told him mice (*püsha*) and rats (*ka'la*) and flesh of rabbit. So Sikya'kükü went out in the valley and killed a rabbit and fed the cat four days, during that time keeping it confined in a niche in the house wall. The cat then grew tame and remained in the houses ever after.

At another time Sikya'kükü asked his father where other pets were to be found, and his father said that the *wüwüyomlavaiyi* (old men's talk) said at Nüvatikyanobi shü'nanta (San Mateo). Prompted by his father, Sikya'kükü made numerous prayer-sticks for several days, also prayer-feathers and offered prayer-feathers with prayer to Sun at yellow morning light, asking Sun for a pet animal. He then rolled up his prayer-sticks in an *atü'ü* and travelled eastward, via Poñsikya, Defiance, and Bear spring (Wingate). A little beyond Bear spring, Spider woman met him and perched on the helix of his ear and guided him to the San Mateo Mountains. He was travelling there¹ and met a man, who was a Hopi, a kachina man, and in response to inquiries Sikya'kükü told where he was going looking for pets. The kachina led him to a kiva near a pool of water. This kiva was above ground and had four doors opening to the cardinal points.² Going in there he found Haha'iyiwuhti who welcomed him and set food before him. She sent for the chief³ who came and welcomed him and asked what he wanted. Sikya'kükü said he had brought prayer-sticks for him, so Sikya'kükü slept there, and next day all the men assembled. Their chief was a dog (*po'ko*), a handsome man and a warrior.⁴ He had the *hazrünkwa* fastened on his scalp; his mouth was white and there was *yala'ha* on his cheeks; his belly was slender, and he had the *to'zriki* slung over his shoulder as a bandolier. He opened the blanket and expressed admiration at the beautiful prayer-sticks; these were like the papers you get from Washington. The Dog chief (*po'ko moñwi*) understood them. He said, taking one up, "This is for you," and gave it to Haha'iyiwuhti. She gave thanks. "This other is for you," and the man he gave it to was O'maüüh. In like fashion he gave prayer-sticks to the Chiefs of the Directions (Na'nativomoñmowitu) and to Sun and

¹ The place he was wandering over was a high mountain, among the clouds, called Shoch'ap *tük'wi*.

² The kiva was above ground, but was joined on all sides by dwelling houses, so that the kiva was entered by a hatch in the roof and by descending a ladder. The four doors led into dwelling houses, all kivas were like this in the old time, maybe.

³ This was the kiva chief.

⁴ The handsome warrior chief sat at the foot of the ladder and when the chief gave him a prayer-stick from the bundle of Sikya'kükü, the warrior chief thanked Sikya'kükü and called him his son, saying, "All the Reeds are warriors and I am their father."

Müiyiñwüüh. Then all the dogs (*po'p'kotü*)¹ assembled; there were yellow, blue, red, white, black, and all color dogs; some were very large and some were quite small; and they were countless. The chief sang and the dogs danced. At the prompting of Spider woman, Sikya'kükü had chosen a young bitch called and the song sung was to the effect that this dog was going to dwell at Lem'aba. Sikya'kükü was told by the chief to carry the dog part of the time on his way home because she was too young to travel far. Sikya'kükü reached home and after a time the bitch littered four pups and from these many dogs multiplied, and they went out in the valleys and hunted rabbits. The dogs were hunters of rabbits, deer, and even of antelope. They caught the legs of the antelope. The dogs also guarded the houses against evil hearted people and thieves, for there were no doors to the house doorways at that time. The dogs also watched the fields and drove away the coyotes who came to try to steal corn and melons. In the night time they yelped and barked and the Müshoñinovi people did not like them, they stole meat and the women were angered against them, so some of the Müshoñinovi youths killed some of the dogs, shot them with arrows, and the Reed clan left their village and came over and dwelt with the Walpi.²

17. THE HEHE'YA TRICK HÜIKI.³

At Kishyu'ba dwelt the Hü'iki kachina.⁴ The Hehe'ya are industrious, but they are *siwahova*.⁵ The Hüi'ki were one day working in their fields and the Hehe'ya came to help them. About noon, the Hü'iki being hungry said to the Hehe'ya, "Go you to the village and tell our wives to give you some food and bring some out to us," and as they were starting on this

¹ The Po'p'kotü were men and women and maids. All wore fine ceremonial garments just like Hopitü and spoke Hopi language (*lavaiyi*).

² Informants, Chasra and Wehe. Pauwati'wa (of the Reed clan) on being consulted says: The cat was not found by Sikya'kükü, but by a Müshoñinovi youth, and after the coming of the Spaniard. There is no kachina of the cat; it probably came with the Spaniard. Sikya'kükü brought back two dogs, a male and a female. Haha'iyiwuhti is the mother and Sun the father of the Dog kachina people. Sikya'kükü brought the two dogs to Tusayan long before the Spaniard came here.

Pauwati'wa being chief of the Reed clan and chief of the warriors, is also chief of all the dogs, all dogs belong to him. The dogs are (were) warriors, hunters, and watchers.

The Reed clan came from their sipapu in the west, near the great water, to Tusayan. They never went as far east as the Rio Grande.

³ For this European tale, see F. F., Communications, No. 74, 1563.

⁴ Hüi'kila, to growl. They are not a dog kachina; they are men, but they are always angry and growling.

⁵ A man that no woman will marry, *ho'vo*, hermaphrodite; *siw'a*, sister?; *sihü*, flower?.

errand the Hüi'ki said, "By what name are you people known, how shall we call you?" The Hehe'ya said, "We are called *i'ich chova* (hasten to copulate)." When they reached the village they found the women preparing wafer-bread and other food, and having delivered their message, the women set food before them, and made bundles of food for them to take out to the fields. After the Hehe'ya had eaten, they said to the women, "Your husbands also said that you should copulate with us," but the women said, "Surely you are liars; go away; take the food out to the fields, and do not speak so foolish." But the Hehe'ya had loitered so long that the men in the fields were growing impatient and began to call to them to hasten their return. The cunning Hehe'ya expected this, so they said to the women, "Surely we are speaking truth, but if you do not believe us, listen to your husbands." So the women listened and sure enough they heard the men calling from the fields, "*I'ich chova!*", and being thus convinced they yielded themselves to the Hehe'ya, who gave no more thought to carrying the food for the field workers. After a while the Hüi'ki came in to the village and, discovering the trick that had been put upon them, they lashed the Hehe'ya with yucca and drove them away.

18. THE SNAKES.¹

Many years ago the Fathers came up out of the west (in the west) and a portion of them went north. Turtle-dove met them. To him they said, "Go slowly, for we can not travel as fast as you," and he led them to the Pisisbyu (the Colorado river). Then they returned and brought the others. Close to the To'konabi² was their first stopping place (early dwelling). There was but little rain there, only fogs. They made their garments for the most part of yucca, their shoes were yucca and their ropes and cordage. From the rocks they made their hoes and axes. They had four kinds of corn, yellow, blue, white, and speckled blue and white, but the stalks only grew about the length of the hand, and the ears were only

¹ Told by Wiki of the Dove maternal family of the Snake clan, chief of the Antelope society, June 6, 1885. Ten years later Wiki told the Snake story again to Stephen, and this variant was published by Fewkes in the *Journal of American Ethnology and Archæology*, IV, 106—119. 1894. On comparing Wiki's variants, we get further evidence of that flexibility in Pueblo narrative which has recently been noted at Isleta and at Tewa (Goldfrank, E. S., *Isleta Variants: A Study in Flexibility*, JAFI, 39: 70—78. 1926. Parsons, E. C., *Tewa Tales*, 7. Mem. Amer. Folk Lore Society, XIX. 1926.)

Cp. also *Traditions of the Hopi*, 30—36; Voth, H. R. *The Oraibi Summer Snake Ceremony*, 349—353. Field Columbian Mus. Pub. 83. Anthropol. Ser. Vol. III, No. 4. 1903; Dorsey and Voth. *The Mishongnovi Ceremonies of the Snake and Antelope Fraternities*, 255—261. Field Columbian Mus. Pub. 66. Anthropol. Ser. Vol. III, No. 3, 1902.

² Black Mountain, Navajo Mountain?

a finger's length. They prepared their meal in the same way as we do today and used the same kind of mealing stones.

For reasons that are now forgotten, dissensions arose. There was continual discord among the people, so the elder ones gathered together and, consulting, said, "Let us seek a chief." They sought a certain woman who had a son and when they found him he had become a youth. He had no name with us, we speak of him only as Tiyo, the youth. He was constantly thinking, "To what place does the water of this river flow?" He was told "its feet (marks) carry it to the south." The youth said to his father, "You are fond of this water, do you never long to know where it came from and whither it goes?" And the father said, "It is true, my son, I long to know where is it cut off, where does it stop and where does it come from. In four days you shall go and explore." The youth hollowed out the trunk of a cottonwood tree and made himself "a box" which was of two pieces (longitudinal sections); when the edges were fastened together it resembled a drum. It was of sufficient dimensions within for the youth to lie down and sit up, and the outside was pitched over with the gum of the piñon tree. He made a small hole in one end through which to push a stick with a bowl attached, and in this way he got water during the voyage. (Today, before beginning the songs of the Snake ceremony, we pitch all the crevices on the top of our kiva with piñon gum to commemorate the manner in which this "box" was prepared.) The youth's elder sister prepared food for his journey. It was *kwipdosi* (corn roasted and ground into fine meal). For three nights prayer-sticks were prepared for the youth by his father. Three prayer-sticks were made bearing turkey feathers, the blue-green, the red, the yellow clay color, and one trimmed with eagle feathers, the Kohonino *suta* (maroon). One prayer-stick, the tip of which was painted blue-green and the point (butt) black was given to the youth by his father, and this he was to throw into the river just before starting. At the end of the fourth day the youth put the prayer-sticks and his food in the "box" and at night he slept and "regretted the coming of dawn." But the youth of his own accord got into the "box" and closed it so that no water could enter. He floated away against the current of the river till he came to a place "that like iron was fastened." It was surrounded with high rocks full of iron. Then he said, "Very far truly have I come." At this place a woman sat. "Come out from that box!" said she, and she was Kohkyanwuhti, Spider woman, (the angry spider tarantula, she was driven away from men because of her evil temper and she lived with the snakes). She has good breath, bad breath, and a breath. She can cause good or evil to happen or she can remain passive. She knows everybody and everything in the world and hence knew the youth and had been expecting him. "Listen to me, for these are the teachings of the old people!" Then she said, "You have brought to me that which is mine, the soft belly plumes of the eagle; *tumai*. come on, come out." And at this time it was sunset, and

the youth got out and gave her the eagle prayer-stick. She led the youth to the house of the Sun which was on the top of a mountain larger than San Francisco Mountain and it was to the west and north of the Navajo mountain. "At the back of his ear she perched." (This is a Hopitu phrase expressing that she had the youth's close attention.¹) "Listen to what I say," said she, and on the ways he told him many strange things: That "many old men's lives" before the youth was born, the Hopitu were divided. The "strong hearted" retained their dwelling places in the region to which she was now leading him, for they loved the snakes and held them as their brothers. The Hopitu who were fainthearted and feared them, the snakes hunted out and drove away to the south, and those fainthearted ones were the fathers of the youth's people. She was now leading him to the kiva of the snakes where he would see many wonders and learn much good, and should he prove strong of heart they would teach him their system of worship and its mysteries, which he should carry back to his people for their benefit (reformation). That a time would be when men with white skins and of strange tongues would come among the Hopitu and those who were of the Snakes (brotherhood) would be the first of the Hopitu to become friends of these white men and learn good from them. But the Hopitu were not to follow in the white men's footsteps, but to walk beside them, always keeping in the footsteps of their fathers.

So they travelled to the west and north till they came to a large rock where a great snake sat upright. Upon his head he carried a cloud and he sustained himself by sucking water from the cloud with his long forked tongue. Great Snake said, "*Umpiti!*" (Well you have come). And the youth took the yellow corn pollen from his pouch and sprinkled toward the snake who again said, "*Umpiti*, you have come from where the water flows, to the source of the water you shall go, enter!" And the youth entered the kiva guided by the snake, and many days he sat and listened. The walls of the kiva were smoothly plastered; the young women were many and they sat next the wall, and the youths and men stood in front of them, and hanging on the walls were the skins of many rattlesnakes. After many days they made the altar of the Antelope (which is the younger brotherhood of the Snake). When the altar was finished, the old man said to the youth, "You have opened for us the gateways, you have brought to us the daylight." Then the youth found a woman "who was stiff" (a virgin) and she said to him, "Do this way," referring to some ceremony, and the rain came not. This was the Chüa mana (Snake maiden). At another time the old man said to the youth, "When you return to your house, for four days you are to sit in the kiva and on the third day you are to make the first prayer-stick, in the direction of the Sun's house (the west). On the fourth day, you shall make a prayer-stick

¹ Ordinarily in Hopi tales this phrase is taken literally. — Ed.

and to the south you shall carry it, this shall be a signal for the gathering of the snakes. On the fifth day a virgin shall be selected who has not partaken of salt or flesh for four days, which will be a token that the hearts of the people are pure. Also on the fifth day you shall make a prayer-stick and on the sixth day and on the seventh. On the eighth day (the dance day?) you shall also make one which will be the compensation to the Snake maiden and will signify to the people that their children will be protected against the poison of the snake. The first prayer-stick shall reach from the wrist to the point of the second finger; the second from the edge of the palm; the third from the second line in the palm; the fourth from the third line in the palm; the fifth shall be the length of the second finger; the sixth half its length. They shall all be made of cottonwood. And this is the prayer-stick. The songs also shall be six in number, and they must be repeated in the order of the prayer-sticks. To the west shall the first song be sung; to the south, the second; to the east, the third; to the north, the fourth; to the sky above you, the fifth; to the earth beneath you, nadir, the sixth. These songs shall be sung each day, and on the third day the altar shall be made. (Here follow minute instructions.) There shall be four border lines, black, white, blue-green, yellow-brown, but where the *tiponi* sits, an open space shall be left, the lines unjoined. Inside of the borders shall sit four tiers of clouds, black, green, yellow, brown, except two of these clouds which shall be white. On the edges of the altar surrounding it shall be placed the *wipa* (great) prayer-sticks and the *gnwela* (crooks). Whenever a Snake chief shall die, a new prayer-stick shall be made, and set there at the festival. The pipe shall be smoked but by one man, and he shall be chief. There shall be a keeper of the west gate, the north and east gates, and they shall be the keepers of the songs. But many of the sacred mysteries that were there taught to the youth I can not reveal to you. They must not be spoken of except in the *kiva*.

Then the youth said, "I have chosen this woman. I to my home will return and take her with me," and this was the Snake maiden. Spider woman then said to them, "Go you to the west," and she followed them. They came to a great water into which Spider woman went and the youth and maiden followed her. Then Spider woman said, "To the east you must go, for the voice of your chief praying for your return comes to me. Now I give to you the power to establish a new dwelling place for your people." To the east they went, the youth leading the way. It was the season of the year when the sun travels in the south, and they went towards him. They came to the Colorado and Spider woman then said, "You are near your father's house, now I leave you. You are now the chief of the Antelopes. Through you shall come rain, and snow, and green grass. From you shall the songs proceed. To you shall the songs return. But nothing, no reward or personal benefit, to you or to me, nothing shall come," and she left him. They were on the top of the mesas, which

were higher then than they are now, and the youth and maiden sat for four days. Then they went to the house of the youth's father. When the sun went down, the old people went down into the kiva and there they listened to the youth, and they said to one another, "To whom shall we send our songs, to the Snake or to the Antelope?" Then they washed the Snake maiden and gave her the name of Chüa wuhti (Snake woman), saying that her children should be their children forever. Then they rubbed her face with the pollen of the yellow corn. This ceremony we have ever since observed at the baptism of our daughters, for it doubly typifies fruitful field and fruitful women.

After the youth had explained the mysteries of the Antelope, he placed in his father's hands the three prayer-sticks remaining of those which his father had given him when setting out on his journey. These his father planted in the west, the east, and the south. Snake woman then began to explain the mysteries of the Snake and its rites. She said to one, "This prayer-stick you take;" to another, "this rattle;" to another, "these feathers;" to another "this prayer-stick;" and to another, "this thunder prayer-stick." At the end of her teachings the youth gave his uncle the pipe and when he had smoked, Snake woman said, "Do you all look closely at me," and she gave birth to many snakes. At the end of four days the snake children were taken up out of the kiva and distributed to the west, the east, and the south.

Then the Fathers plucked cactus and it hurt them not, and some chose the yellow flowered cactus and some chose the red. Some chose the rattlesnake and some the turtle-dove. And the families of those men were ever after known by these things. The Snake was not our father, he is our adopted relation, our brother. This is the origin of our Snake brotherhood as I tell you, and these are the teachings of our old people. Only those of strong hearts can sit at the altar of the Snake. The celebration of the Snake ceremony is to instil courage, not the mere looking on at its observance, for a coward may look at it, but the participants are all strong of heart. The teachings of its priests are to make pure hearts.

We sing at this feast for rain also, for does not the Great Snake bear the clouds upon his head, and through the Antelope comes rain, and snow and green grass.

Our fathers' people grew numerous, and their children were many, and these at their play were many of them bitten by the snakes, and they swelled up and died. Our people then left that region, and after a long journey found a place and built there a great house.

After a time the women were celebrating a feast at this place, and Pyüükañhoya came also, but the women, not knowing who they were, took no heed of them and gave them nothing to eat. This angered the Twins and they drew their double-headed arrow in their bow and shot at the women's altar, and immediately the house fell, and all things became as rocks.

The place being thus accursed our people again began to travel, seeking a new land, and Turtle-dove flew far and wide searching for a good place. After many journeys he led them down the valley on the west of our present home. They found a place where were many footprints like this¹ and, in pulling grass, they found a water jar, and whose footprints were they that surrounded it? For four days our uncles searched for the maker of the footprints, and at the end of the fourth day our oldest uncle saw, coming over the south end of the West (Second) mesa, a "who was it," and our uncle went to meet the stranger, who was hideous and terrible, covered with blood and loathesomeness, and there was no flesh on his head. They kept walking toward each other and when they came together our uncle took hold of him, and behold it was Masau! Masau spoke first and said, "Surely it is you; you are strong of heart and know not fear. Good! Let us sit down." Masau then began to take his own head off; he began at his chin and turned his head back, and lifted it off (a mask? but Wiki says no, it was his head), and placing it upon the ground he sat upon it, and behold Masau had become a handsome youth. He produced a large clay pipe which he carried slung at his side and he filled it with tobacco and gave it to our uncle to smoke. (The Hopitu have always smoked clay pipes from the days of our earliest uncle till now.) Masau then said, "You and your people are strong of heart. Look at the grass around you, the rocks, and the woods, and you will find my footsteps there. All this is my home, but by your courage you have won it. All this I give to you, all this is yours forever, because you have met me and were not afraid. I will be your friend, whatever you wish, I will give you." Then our uncle came back to his people and told them these things. Then Turtle-dove searched for a place to build and in four days he led them to the top of this mesa, and they built their houses here where we still live to this day.

Our people were the first who came here, but in time others began to come; from the east they came first, then from the south, and these were Hopitu also for they had our tongue. And of these there were some who had lived in the great house of early time in the north.

Now this which I have told you is true, for the uncle of my uncles spoke with one tongue, and to his children this story he told, which we were to tell to our children, and I have told it to you.

*Variant.*²

There was a youth who had never known a woman. He was anxious to know where the great river came from. His people prepared a quantity of provisions for him, boiled corn, parched and ground into meal. He

¹ Diagram of concentric circles.

² Told by Nasñawebi of the Cedarwood (*kokop*) — Coyote clan, keeper of the west gate of the altar of the Antelope society, January 16, 1884.

travelled to the river and cut down a cottonwood tree and fashioned a prayer-stick from it as large as his leg. He threw it in the river and got upon it. He sailed up stream for four years until the *baho* struck into the bank. He pulled the *baho* out and thought he had found where the water came from. While examining this a beautiful virgin came to him and asked whether he had a wife. He said, "No, I have never known a woman." She said, "Come go with me." So he dressed himself in his best apparel, a figured (embroidered) breech cloth or kilt, put eagle feathers in his hair and painted his face. The virgin was beautifully dressed, wore her hair in disks, as the Hopitu virgins do, had a fine white cotton blanket, ear-rings and beads. The youth went with her to a great cottonwood log which was hollow. She led the youth into it and there they performed the sexual act. After this they ate together and while at their food another beautiful girl, similar to the first one came in to the log, and the youth and she also performed the sexual act. While the three were sitting eating after this, an old woman came in and also partook of the food. She asked the youth where he came from and where he was going. He told her he came from the south and was looking for the source of the great water. She said it was in her keeping, in her house. She also told him that she was the grandmother of the two girls and as he had had carnal intercourse with them he must henceforth become a member of her house and live with her. The youth said he was willing and went to the old woman's house and lived with his two wives there for four years. He then returned home by land and took the three women with him, and while on the way the first girl he had known gave birth to a numerous brood of snakes. They then halted and built a round tower, a snake house, and put all the little snakes in it. While this family lived there a great many Hopitu came and lived there also. On one occasion the snakes got out of their house and bit some of the Hopitu children and the children died. The Hopitu raised so great a disturbance over this that the Snake mother took her family and went off by themselves and built another round tower similar to the first, but smaller. Still the Hopitu would go up to see the Snake family, but at every visit some of them were sure to be bitten and die. Then all the Hopitu determined to leave that country, so they travelled to the south. Near what is now called Mesa la Vaca the Snake Hopitu met the Antelope Hopitu who were looking for water but could find none. A dove appeared to them and said, "I know where there is water, follow me." Then Mountain sheep appeared to them and asked what they were looking for. The Hopitu said, "Water". Then Mountain sheep said, "Come with me, I will show you water." This vexed the dove and made her sad and jealous, and she wept and made the moaning complaints which her children still cry. But the sheep laughed at her *ba—ha ba—ha* and so do his children still laugh. Sheep said, "Let us go to Wipho," Reed-rush-water (a spring about three miles north of Walpi), and the dove said, "That is the water I meant. I live near there and go there

to wash." So she was reconciled and rode on the sheep's horn. They travelled on till they came to a chasm which seemed too wide for the sheep to leap but the dove flew over and taunted him. He then put forth his mettle and sprang across but lighted upon his head, and ever since his horns have been the crooked things you now see them. After this leap he allowed Dove to be the leader, and they came to Wipho. But the people did not like to live at this place and Antelope appeared to them and said, "My house is close by, come and see my water." They followed Antelope across the mesa to the water now known as Kinnelba, about three miles north from Tewa. This was the water that Sheep was to have led them to, but the Hopitu did not like this place. Then Antelope again told them to follow him, so they recrossed the mesa to the place where afterwards Sikabki was built. Antelope said, "This is one of my waters. This is where I come to drink at night." While they were resting there, Masau appeared and asked what they were doing. They told him they were looking for water. While Masau talked to them he made four concentric circles in the sand. Then the people asked Masau what he was doing. He said, "This water belongs to my people and you can not stay here." Then said Antelope, "Come to the water I drink at in the morning, for no one lives there." So they travelled down to the lower spring on the east side of the first mesa. Masau followed them, and as he could not take Antelope's water from them he went to the west side of the mesa and again drew four concentric circles. The people again asked him the meaning of these, and Masau said, "I make these for my people who are coming soon. Here, where I make this sign, you can not stay, but you can live over at the other water. So the Snakes and the Antelopes became friends and they built a house together. Shortly after this the Youth's younger wife gave birth to a numerous brood of snakes. Immediately after this event there came a heavy rain, and the people were glad. The snake family of the younger wife crawled off and she said to the people, "You must go look for my children and bring them to me." So the people first searched in the west one day and returned without having found any. They next searched a day in the south, then a day in the east, and a day in the north. For four days they searched but found none. Then they said to her, "Your children have no houses and we can not find them." And Masau said, "No, the snakes have no houses, because they had bitten and killed Hopitu they should never again have a house, but should live under rocks and in holes in the ground. But he also said the snake houses (the round towers) which were built for them should never be destroyed and that all coming generations of people should know the snake's doom, never again to have a house. Then the people were sent out again, beginning their search as before in the west and continuing it for four days till they had searched in each direction. They looked under rocks and in holes of the ground and found the young snakes. When the snakes were all collected and they were gathered together at

night they took the first snake they had found and washed its head and gave it the name of Chüa (he of the earth) and decorated it with beads and ear rings. Then the Youth opened a bag and gave the people cotton and beads and said as the snakes had brought rain the people should now be happy and content, and on every celebration of the Snake festival good things would be given to them. Then the young snake mother died.

Supplemental variant.¹

After the Youth had got to the place that like iron was fastened and was again upon his return journey with Snake maiden, Spider woman still perched upon his ear. During their return journey it was hot and they were tired. They sought for water, but could find none nor any shade. So they cut branches of cottonwood and made a *kisi* (bower) and under this Spider woman scraped and water spouted out, but it was boiling hot. Spider woman then took the third prayer-stick and placed it toward the east and at the end of four days the water was ice, and to this day that spring is always ice. They melted the ice and drank some and went to the place where the kiva was. When they came there and made the altar, as I told you, and had learned how to make the altar, and the songs and the prayer-sticks, Snake maiden built a house like an egg. She used cottonwood boughs for the roof and the pine for rafters. They made four yucca ropes and secured the rafters with these, and lifted them to the top of the house. This is why Masau always carries yucca rope. After they built the house and moved in to it, the Youth became jealous of Snake maiden. He did not like the way she acted and told her they must move away. Snake maiden then got angry and turned her children loose and they bit the children of the people and then the people told them they must leave. So they got ready to go. Snake maiden went and got a wreath of cottonwood for herself and the Youth and brought a leaf for Spider woman. The priest took the Youth to the Chief kiva and for four days they sat there. The priest taught him how to make the rain prayer-stick and he painted the lower part of the Youth's face black. They (the priest and assistants) told him that the black on his face was Cloud and whenever he should do this, rain would come. They gave him a bag and he was told that from it he could draw food whenever he got hungry. He left with his wife and Spider woman and the snakes. At the end of every day's travel they made a bower of cottonwood. Spider woman always scratched under the bower and found water. Hence wherever cottonwood grows, water is to be found.

After the Youth, Snake maiden and Spider woman came to this place and lived in the village, the people who were living there took the young snakes and confined them for four days in the kiva and then turned them

¹ Told by Wiki, August 7, 1885.

loose and I say to you for a truth that no person was bitten. For four days after this the Youth and the priests sat in the kiva, and that is why we today stay in the kiva four days after the Snake dance is over. After the four days of purification the Youth painted a stone which he took with him and he and Snake maiden and Spider woman set forth. They went to the land of Akokabi (Acoma), an unknown land south of Laguna, and while the Youth sat there Snake maiden came and kissed him and said, "Let us go among the people. We are distressed, so let us search for the yucca fruit," and they travelled searching for it and came to the mountains in the east (Jemez?). There they met the Youth's brother, and they were lost many days.

Humming-bird came to them and said he was tired and hungry and needed rest. After resting, Humming-bird told them to the south were many Hopitu and he was going to the place where they lived. He asked them what he should take, and Snake maiden said to Humming-bird, "Take this *sipapüiny* (water that is given) that my people may drink of it." Next morning Snake maiden and the Youth and Spider woman went to the south and also there went a portion of Nashungawebe's people with them. They travelled to the Great River (Rio Grande) to the land of the Chamahai (an unknown people) and the Youth was asked what he sought for. The Youth said, "I am searching for the land of my fathers, teach me how to find it." After they had smoked, they sat still for a long while. Then the priests said to the Youth, "Be of good heart, you shall lack for nothing," and they gave him the bead (turquoise). After they had sat and smoked for four days, they said to him. "What have you been driven away for? Here you are among your own people, what are you doing here?" And the Youth said, "We were driven from the land of the Akokabi." They said, "You are here in your own people's land, be of good heart, we will take care of you. We have been waiting your coming, for the coming of the man who holds the painted stone (the male rock)." And he asked them what decoration was to be found painted upon it? They said on the centre was the great butterfly and on either side the snakes. "Yes," the Youth said, "I have the stone," and he produced it. They recognized the stone, and said that in four days they would all return to the land of the Akokabi. And at the end of four days they started back with the Youth, Snake maiden and Spider woman, and carried with them the pipe, the song and tobacco. Afterwards they all lived at Akokabi for some time and taught people who lived south of Isleta the mysteries of the Snake order.

Then the wars began again and the youth led them to this land we now live in. When they came here they were met by Masau who said, "You are strangers. You can not enter." Snake maiden said, "Uncle, you know me not?" But Masau said, "Surely I do. You are the young woman who gave birth to snakes in my country. I know who you are, but you lied to me. You promised to bring the *hosh'kaw'n* (yucca fruit) to me and

failed." She said, "No, I have brought it to you," and she took the blanket off her back and produced as much as seven men could carry. Masau took it up and placed it in the hole in his side and said to her, "You have done well. But who are those you have brought with you?" Then they painted themselves over the chins with black and then he knew who they were. (Who were they?)

When they left the Chamahai, the people bade them farewell and gave them two skins of the pine marten (?) and asked them to pray for the Chamahai to protect them against snake bites, for they knew they were surely the Snake chiefs. Chamahai also gave them the crook that the Youth might place it on the west (?) side of his village, that he and his people might know from this that the Chamahai would ever be their protecting friends. After the Youth planted the crook on the west side, for a truth came blessing to our people.

The Antelope were to be chief. They were to have the power of quelling all disturbances and all evil speakers. Hence the Antelopes have the bow, not only to represent the rainbow, but also the bow of power. Sometime after this, people said, "Why is it that this order (assemblage, *wimkya*) which is so little understood should be the chief assemblage?" And the Chamahai explained that the Antelope is the chief order to guard the waters and springs and can produce water upon dry places. They built four bowers (*kisi*) at the north, east, south and west, and in commemoration of this, at the Snake dance we build a similar bower, and black is the west, from there came we, so says my uncle. The bowers were built for the shelter of Snake maiden.

The Antelopes were the first to arrive here (Tusayan). They guided the Snakes here. Dove chose the places but Antelope made the trails. The Snakes followed the Antelope trail. The Snakes were followed by the Flutes, these by the Kachina, these by the Agave (Kwakwantu) and these by the Rain clan.

Eight days before Snake dance takes place, on the 18th of August, this year, 1885, the Antelope chief goes into the kiva alone. For twenty four hours he neither eats nor drinks. He sits there alone praying to his father, that is Snake maiden's father. The other chiefs then enter on the second night and pray and sing and perform certain rites. On the morning after the second night the altars are made, one in each of the two kivas, Snake and Antelope.

Variant.¹

Many years ago when the people were greatly scattered over the land, there lived in a house seven brothers who were said to be the best of all men then living for they did not of nights interfere with others nor did

¹ This is the popular tradition which is told at large (A. M. S.). The preceding variants are those told, presumably, at the night meeting of the Snake clan in their maternal family house. (See Parsons, E, C., A Pueblo Indian

they sleep with women. They were named Red corn, Blue, Yellow, White, Green, Spotted, and Black, corn. None of them married until the youngest, Black corn, had attained the age of manhood. He was then told by his older brothers to take a wife. This displeased him for among all the women of his tribe there was none he liked. He grew sad and said he would go away and not return until after he had found a wife. He started upon his journey, taking with him only four feather-sticks and a bag of sacred meal. After journeying many days, and nearly dead with hunger and thirst, he came to a large lake of water which lay to the west of his own house. He did not drink from this lake, but from a stream of water which issued from a hill at a little distance from the lake. Next day when he awoke, he went down to the side of the water and said to Sun, "Oh! Sun, Father, I have been sent from my home and my heart is heavy. I am weary, Father, give me rest. Give me a home where my heart will once more be filled with the joyous song of the lark and not with the sad song of the dove." Sun heard his prayer and told him to tie the four sticks together and place them on the water, which having been done, the sticks became great logs and the feathers a shade (umbrella like). He was then directed to gather certain roots, after eating which he would not be hungry for a long while. He was told that in four days he was to sail away upon this raft and after he should start he was not to come on land until asked ashore by a snake whose name was Wupa chüa (Big rattle-snake). On the fourth morning before sunrise he was awakened by the rocking motion of his raft and after the sun had risen he looked around, but could see no land. He was afraid, but Cloud comforted him, assuring him of safety. At sunset one evening, after his voyage had continued several days, a raven came and told him that in two or three days he would see land and cautioned him not to be afraid at anything he should see or hear. At the end of three days land came in view. He sailed two days in sight of land and at sunset on the fourth day the raft was thrown upon the shore. It began to grow small, compelling him to get ashore. In the morning Sun told him to pick up his feather-sticks which had now assumed their natural size. Sun then directed him to travel to the south-west, that he would be met by an old man who would guide him to a running stream where the Big snake kept watch and to whom he should give the feather-sticks and pouch of meal. He began his journey at noon and night came on while he was climbing a mountain. He continued his journey in the early morning as soon as the star rose and when the sun rose a very old man leaning on a crook came from behind a rock. This

Journal, 103. Mem. Amer. Anthropol. Assn. No. 32. 1925). For a still more secularized variant, see *Tewa Tales*, 187—191.

Of this popular tradition which was first published in 1888, JAF^L 1: 109—114, Washington Matthews wrote: "In its general form and much of its detail, it closely resembles rite-myths of the Navahos."

old man had eyes and ears but had neither mouth nor nose. He could not speak, but with his stick which was shaped like a crook he got the young man by the neck and led him along, stopping at intervals to let the young man rest, for the old man almost ran, so fast was his gait. At sunset he stopped and by signs told the young man that on the morrow his part of the journey would be done, that he had been a long time awaiting this young man's arrival. The old man said he was glad of his arrival for now he (the old man) could go home and die in peace. While the old man was making signs he was struck by a flash of lightning and rendered unconscious. Kwechatuyi, White corn,¹ was afraid and started to run away, but the old man opened his eyes and called him by name telling him to get a piece of black rock (obsidian) lying near and with it cut the skin on his (the old man's) face, beginning at a point between the eyes, and cut downward the length of one of the feather-sticks, then cut across the face the same distance. White corn did as he was directed and immediately the old man became a young man. In the morning they resumed their journey in high glee, singing and telling each other of their homes. At noon they stopped to rest and the young-old-man dug a hole in the sand and placing one of White corn's feather-sticks in it, he began to sing and dance and the hole filled with water from which they drank and resumed their journey. At sunset they came to the top of a hill from which White corn saw the long expected stream. So when he spoke of it he turned to look at his companion, but he had vanished. During the night White corn was afraid. At daylight he resumed his march and got to the stream before sunrise. He sprinkled meal upon the water and, hearing a peculiar sound in the grass, he turned round and saw a tremendous snake coming toward him with head raised several feet above the ground, its skin shining like beautiful stones. The snake halted at a little distance from him and began to talk, making inquiry as to where he came from and where going, but especially questioning to ascertain whether he was trustworthy. By the direction of the snake he again threw in the stream his remaining feather-sticks which, as before, immediately became a raft; he was directed to get upon it and remain until noon of the fourth day. After this four days journey he would reach a hill which he was to climb and would then receive further instructions. He accordingly got upon the raft and it at once began to move rapidly off, much faster than a horse could run; he was frightened and longed to jump off upon the river bank, but he feared injury, so he sat still and gazed in wonder until night when he watched the stars. In this way he continued until noon of the fourth day. He was startled on the fourth day by seeing an immense rock in front blocking up the entire passage of the river. While he was yet thinking how he could save himself, his raft was suddenly lifted by the roaring water and he and it thrown high up on

¹ The youth's name changes without explanation.

the hill beside the rock. He lay there buried and trembling for a long while and pondering over what course to pursue until he fell asleep. When he awoke in the morning the sun was well up and he hastened up the hill the summit of which he reached at sunset. He stood looking at a rock partly buried in the sand and observed it move slightly and soon a snake's head protruded from beneath. He sprinkled sacred meal and placed his feather-sticks before the snake which coiled around them and breathed upon each separate feather. The snake then returned beneath the rock and directed him to proceed with certain ceremonies. As directed, White corn placed the feather-sticks in front of the snake, then sprinkled corn meal in such a manner as to describe a circle, then in the area of this circle he sprinkled meal in three straight lines. The opposite ends of these three lines he named the places from whence the rain and good winds come. The snake was well pleased with this conduct and he concluded not to wait for morning but to take White corn at once before the great Snake chief and let him see what the young man did. The rock was suddenly lifted up and a large opening was exposed. The snake told him to follow quickly as it was growing dark and cold and that although the path was short it was very rough and in the dark would be attended by many falls. White corn immediately followed the snake and in a little while after getting in this cavern a mighty noise like thunder occurred. The snake told him not to fear as the noise was caused by rocks falling down to close up the entrance through which they had just come. This was to prevent any one gaining entrance except those selected and to prevent the escape of those after they had entered. They went on until they heard the sound of falling water and beautiful music filling the heart full of dreams of beautiful women bathing in streams (of liquid light?). His eyes were suddenly dazzled by a great light which disclosed, standing against the sides of a spacious cavern, men and women clad on their right sides with sunbeams and on their left sides with moonbeams. In the centre were many maidens dancing, tying around each other ribbons of fleecy clouds, these were clothed with the stolen rays of the stars and sparkling drops of rain falling, the spray of dashing water(?). In the midst of the throng sat an old man looking angrily at White corn.

While enjoying this scene he was suddenly "interrupted" and all of his happy thoughts spread like snow before the gale. The old man addressed him saying that for many days he and his children had been watching in the east for the approach of him who was to break apart the rocks which held them from the sight of the sun and the beautiful world, for the approach of him who was to impart to them a new life, but who was to go through the ordeal of the Snake order before being released or releasing others from this dark and lonely life. After many things had been told him, he was led by a Snake up to the falling water, the Snake then told him to cast his clothing aside and bathe in it. After bathing he was moving off from the water but his foot was drawn back. Then he noticed for the

first time that all of the other people had a peculiar skin like a snake's skin and that he himself was being enveloped with a similar covering. He was then brought before the old man again and told to get something to eat and to choose a maiden for a wife. He was unable to make a choice and asked the old man to select one for him. The old man reaching back took hold of a cloudy substance and began pulling when there emerged from it a beautiful girl called Snake maiden who was given to White corn for his wife. As directed, he followed her and got food. It is unknown how long he staid in this house but it was long enough for him to learn all the songs and ceremonials pertaining to the Snake order.

One day while they were all present before the old man, White corn told them that he had been with them for a long while and the time had now come for him to return to his own people, that his people were calling for him, that while he was enjoying plenty, his brothers were doubtless suffering, hence after ten sleeps he proposed to take his wife and start for his home. The people all laughed at him, but he said, "Never mind, the same god that brought me will show me the return path." All the inhabitants of the cave were sad except White corn and the old man who were together oftener than formerly and were in very secret confidences. One day (how they distinguished day from night is unknown) White corn was seen to take a bunch of feathers from a long rope hanging from the roof. He tied the feathers to a short stick. From a peg in the wall he took a stick with two feathers fastened to it. He gave the bunch of feathers to his wife. He bade good bye to all the people and the old man took him by a secret path to the earth's surface. The old man, wishing White corn a speedy journey, returned to his cave. White corn asked his wife if she could tell him the direction in which his home lay. She said that when the sun came up she would be able to tell as one of the *titski* or rays pointed directly to the home of his people. Next day at sunrise she pointed to a large mound and said from the top of it the mountains that were near his home could be seen. He ran to the top of this mound so glad was he to get away from the constant glare of the magical light and to think that in a few days he would again see his brothers and friends. They travelled fast for four days. On the fifth day the road led through such rough hills they were forced to turn toward the south. They found a well travelled trail leading to water around which were houses and places to keep sheep or horses; peculiar houses, too, almost round and very high (round towers?), in which were found many strange vessels and other utensils made of clay and horn, also funnel shaped baskets designed to be carried on the back. They made but a short halt in these places, fearing that the people who built them might return and harm or kill them. So they kept going until one morning, having ascended a very high mountain, the smoke of fire was seen in the valley. Telling his wife to keep a little ways behind, White corn went towards the fires, the first of which he reached at sunset. He found there his uncle and cousins who had been

searching for him but, deeming him lost forever, were now on their return home. White corn told his adventures and brought his wife to them. After a few days travel they all reached home.

At this time there was a great drouth prevailing and it was observed that whenever White corn's wife came before the altar and sprinkled meal, rain was sure to follow. So they called upon her husband to give them songs whereby they, too, might invoke the rain god of his wife's country. But she said, no, not until a son was born to her could the altar of her rain god be raised in a strange land. After there had been a severe storm it was observed that Snake woman was with child and this caused great rejoicing among the people for they wished her to bear a boy who would become their Rain chief. When the time came for her to bear her child, White corn went away with her to a high mesa on the west of the villages. After an absence of seven days they returned to the village, bringing with them her offspring consisting of five snakes. This enraged the people so that they would have killed them all, but an old man who was standing by said, "No, I will be their father, come and live with me." He took them to his house and that night the people were startled by loud and strange cries coming from the old man's house. A great smoke issued from the doorway and other vents where people on the outside could look in. No one but the old man, his wife and one son besides White corn knew what took place in that house during the night, for the next day the old man went off to the valley. In three days Snake woman took her snake children and the old man and went into the valley. In the afternoon the old man came back alone, but Snake woman has never been seen again.

19. THE TWINS DRAIN THE LAND AND CREATE VEGETATION.¹

Now the water covered the earth over and above the high hills, there were neither cañons nor valleys. When the Hopitu had come forth, the many rains which had been sent made a great sea and the people had no place to stay except upon the hills, and they were devoid of all things which grow. The people were sad, they were hungry and talked loudly. At this time Pyüükoñhoya and Paluñhoya, two brothers, twins, came forth and, hearing the great lamentations, felt moved toward the people and taking their bows and arrows went to the north, took the medicine bowl and mixed the holy water. They prepared the bowl of *naküi* (medicine water) from urine of virgin kachinas. While they were looking into the bowl, a figure of a hawk was reflected on the water. One of the brothers grew angry and shot the image. In a few moments the hawk

¹ Told by Pauwatiwa of the Reed clan, Chief of the Warriors' society. In his care are the war god images of the Reed clan. This tradition is told during the war ceremony of December.

fell at their feet, shot through the heart. This was a good omen and Pyüükoñhoya took the wing feathers and fixed them to their arrows. After the brothers had finished making arrows, they next made a great arrow and, remembering (continually thinking) how the people were oppressed with overflow of water, they shot this great arrow into the earth. Almost immediately the water began to form a current and flow towards the spot where the arrow was shot. In a few days a large cañon was formed, but at the foot of Nuvabikau (San Francisco Mt.) a ridge of hard rock interrupted the flow of water. The brothers again took an arrow and shot it into these rocks, splitting it so that the waters went through these gorges. In a few days dry land appeared, there were deep valleys and high mesas but no water. Then the people turned to Pyüükoñhoya and again complained that the land was too dry and their hearts made heavy thinking that nothing would grow. How could they find anything to eat? "Why are all the waters taken from us? Tell us what we are to do." Thus they prayed. Pyüükoñhoya said nothing. But on the morrow Pyüükoñhoya and Paluñhoya went to the mountain top and pulled out their hairs, crying to Shotukinunwa to give to the people what they needed and, pulling out their hairs, they cast them to the winds, calling each handful by the name of something growing out of the ground, as pine, piñon, cedar, oak, the grasses, etc., but of corn, wheat, and melons and such edibles they made no mention, for of these things no one but Shotukinunwa understood. However, when the people should become thirsty or should want water to use in quantity, they should pull up grass and in place of the roots water would come up. When they had used what water they needed, the grass should be put back in its place so that it would continue to grow and preserve the water from drying up.

After these things had been done, Pyüükoñhoya said to the men, when the moon had come and gone twelve times, and when it was so many days old in the thirteenth, they were to take of those youths of the tribe who had killed some enemy of the tribe either man or beast, and they should be taught of these things "which we have now shown to you, but if the young men so instructed tell of these things to any not called they must die. For if they talk of these things which are of us, how can we believe that when trouble comes they will not betray us, and those who do not like us will kill us."

20. THE EARLY GODS AND WAIK'NIWA.¹

Long ago, time was when the plains and mountains were resting from internal commotion. Then the earth was governed by several gods who wandered to and fro avoiding each other. When two of them met, they had a trial of strength, the victor in the encounter acquiring the control of the vanquished god's land, holding the territory until overthrown

¹ Told by A'nawí'ta of the Patki clan and chief of the Agave society.

by a stronger adversary. About this time Müiyiñwûh, while working in his cave, heard mighty noises in the dungeons beneath the hills as of a vast multitude in great distress. These sounds annoyed him and he endeavored to shut them out by increasing the thickness of the walls of his cave, but the noises still continued. He moved away to the north and, roofing over a small cañon, made it his house. He carpeted it with the choicest grasses and flowers and covered the walls with vines and opened (planted) a spring of water in a corner of his house. In front, he pulled the side of the cañon in and obstructed the entrance with rocks so that no one could enter. After he had finished this work he sat down to rest and enjoy himself, but was more annoyed than ever by the subterranean noises which now sounded close at hand. So he determined to discover the cause of this disturbance and went out and called all the gods together and told them his trouble. Masau was pleased when he heard this and he determined to rescue from the wrath of the other gods all of these confined people who would live in his land and furnish him with occasional nourishment. In those days the gods had the power of discerning the thoughts of others. Thus it became known to them that Masau was about to search for the noises. He had said in council that these cries came from people, not beasts, and he wished to befriend them, but the other gods wished to kill them. The gods knew Masau to be in earnest and thought if he discovered and befriended the strange people, he would grow more powerful than any of them and would rule the whole land and leave no place for them. It was then agreed to let Masau alone, but they also concluded to adopt any of the strange people who should come to them. Müiyiñwûh returned home and found that the noises had somewhat subsided, so he concluded that the noise had been caused not by people but by the internal fires and he again strengthened the walls of his house against the time of an outbreak. Masau however went over his domain, marking the boundaries distinctly and looking for a suitable place to build a house. Thus the time passed. Many, many days man remained confined in the "place below," Atkyabi, far away in the south,¹ just where no one knows. They increased until it was almost impossible to number them and they became greatly dissatisfied at being kept in so small a place and endeavored to escape by removing the great rock which covered it, but their efforts were useless. It had been placed there by Shotukinunwa and it could not be moved. Sühe'bi (cottonwood) planted himself beneath it and tried to lift it with his strong arms, but failed. Next came Bakabi (reed, *phragmites communis*) and planted himself in the crevices and broke the rock into many pieces and mankind came up in vast numbers and spread in every direction. This made Müiyiñwûh very angry because none wanted to live in any of his caves, so he caused

¹ On the altar the direction of the nadir is orientated at the South. — E. C. P.

all the grasses and trees to wither and die. The family of men that selected the country over which Masau reigned was named by him, after they came to his domain, Hopituh. They had selected the best portion and he promised them, as long as their hearts were good and their breaths pure, they would always have plenty. But that they must remember that Shotukinunwa was the great chief, that his house was the above where he could watch all things. After showing them where they could plant, Masau left them, going, no one knows where. This family of people being left without houses to live in, seeds to plant nor knowledge of fire, or the art of hunting, wandered away and separated, losing themselves on the great plains. They subsisted upon roots and herbs and plaited girdles and breech cloths to cover their loins. They wandered toward the south, thus keeping in the sun's warmth. As they advanced south they found fewer trees and grasses and the running streams soon became dry beds. Thus they wandered until they came to a land where the earth was of deep red and no vegetation except a strange bush which furnished them food. So the people began to die from hunger and thirst and the effects of the sun's heat.

All the people died except a youth of extraordinary strength and his grandmother. Shotukinunwa from his house in the above saw all this and did not interfere, but he perceived that man was unable to take care of himself and must have a chief. He had for some time observed the youth as he went out with his grandmother to dig roots. He had seen him staggering home weak and hungry with he roots on his back, refusing to eat until after his grandmother had eaten. He had seen him get out from the narrow burrow at night so that his grandmother might have a good night's rest. These good acts pleased Shotukinunwa and he said, "This youth shall be the first chief and father of the Hopituh." One day while the youth was away from his grandmother, Shotukinunwa caused Omau (Cloud) to bring a heavy rain and quench the thirst of the earth, and told Cloud to bring the youth to the above in a cloud. When Cloud told the youth that he had come to take him up to the house of the great chief, the boy was afraid and said his grandmother was old and could not see to dig roots and if he left her she would die. Cloud said, "Take some roots to her and in three days you will return and make her heart glad." So the youth did as he was told and returned to Cloud who covered him with a cloud and took him to Shotukinunwa. This was a beautiful place, trees, grass, corn, wheat, cotton, melons, squashes, beans, peaches, onions and many other plants were growing, and many people were there. He found his sisters, brothers, father and mother, and friends whom he had lost on earth. All these came to greet him and were glad and sang and danced together. All this pleased Shotukinunwa and made him like this youth the more, so he came among the people while they were dancing and told them he had sent for this youth that they might see who was to be the chief of their race on earth and that his name was

now Waiak'niwa.¹ He took the boy to his house and gave him wafer-bread and *shotukdoshi* to eat, at the same time cautioning him to eat sparingly until the morrow when by that time his stomach which knew not this kind of food would be in good condition and then he could eat as much as he liked. After Waiak'niwa had eaten, he was conducted by Shotukinunwa to the fields where he saw all things growing and he was taught the name of each, how to plant and how to use it, and how to dig in the sand to find water. After he had seen all this he was taken back to the house and ate a little more food and was then taken to a place where he saw all manner of beasts, reptiles, insects, to which he applied names as given him by Shotukinunwa. After all this he was placed in charge of the Chief of the warriors who as it became night took him into a house beneath the ground and instructed him in the art of making bows and arrows and whatever else it was necessary for him to understand. He was taught to make axes and hammers from stone and handles for them from twisted willow, and after being shown all this was again taken to Shotukinunwa's house and left to himself. After a while Shotukinunwa, calling the youth up to him, examined him as to what he had seen and learned since he had come up to his house, and Waiak'niwa gave him a full narration which pleased Shotukinunwa who told the youth he should return to his home on the morrow and tell his grandmother all that had passed. On the following day the youth received a sack of wafer-bread and a sack of parched corn and took his departure. After he had got some little distance from Shotukinunwa's house, Masau took him on his back, carrying him to where a large cottonwood tree was growing into the branches of which he placed the boy, telling him not to be afraid. Cloud caused a great cloud to envelop the tree, lightning continually darting from the edge of the cloud. In a short time the rain began to fall and then Cloud took up the tree and boy, carrying them back to the earth and planting the tree in the place where two days before he had found the boy. Speedily the sun began to shine and the boy came down from the tree and went to his grandmother to whom he related all that had occurred, gave her bread and corn, telling her how to use them, and said on the next day he would tell her all the great chief's talk and its meaning. On the morrow, when they had eaten of the wafer-bread and *shotukdoshi*, he said that the great chief had told him that ere long he was to be the first chief of a people who would soon come to that place, but that he must first return to the house of Shotukinunwa as there were yet many things he did not yet perfectly understand. He had scarcely finished his story when one of the kachina appeared and summoned him to go to the tree which had brought him from above as there was a message for him from Shotukinunwa. When he came to the tree he found a large multitude of people assembled there and the various

¹ He that wanders, goes back.

gods or chiefs. At one side of the crowd was a great pile of bags filled with all kinds of seeds. He heard all that was said and received from the different gods presents. Shotukinunwa gave him a domain; Masau, the secret of fire and uses of wood; Müiyiñwûh, the secret of the rocks and art of house building; Baholikona (Horned water serpent), where and how to dig for water; Cloud, pipe and tobacco, telling him to smoke whenever he wanted rain. When the gods had finished their talk with him, Shotukinunwa called him over to where the seeds were lying, telling him their names and how to plant them. He was then directed to select from the multitude the strongest and he gave to each a package of seeds, instructing them to carry tokens to certain places, the seeds of grasses and trees to the summits of the mountains and mesas so that he could readily cast them by the handful over the entire country. The seeds of wheat, corn, and edible vegetation he sent to the valleys. He then followed and sowed the seeds and commanded that when the wheat and corn should have reached a certain height all the men should dance and sing and smoke so that Shotukinunwa could see that the people were happy and content. He then taught the men how to break the rock which he had found and how to build them in a regular wall and how to make roofs of wood and grass. After the houses were finished, Masau brought to him deer, antelope, bear, turkeys, eagles, in fact all animals which live upon the earth or water or in the skies and placed them before him. Telling him the name of each and a brief history of the habits of its life so that it should be forever known and understood about all these things. Masau then left, but first told him that in two days the women would all come from the house of Shotukinunwa and plaster the houses and would make bowls and dishes (in which art they were well skilled). And all these things occurred as has been related by my fathers, the old men, and they can not lie.

21. MASAU, THE TRICKSTER.¹

He is the tutelary god of the Hopitu, next to Sun he occupies the thoughts of the people. He was made from nothing and came from nowhere. A very long while ago a number of gods came to this world, from where no one knows. They assembled in council near the San Francisco Mountains. They tried to make a partition of the land, but they could not agree and separated full of jealousies, each determining to hold all the good land he saw. Masau first travelled south, then circuitously to the eastward until he reached his starting point. He called this area his land. The exact limits are unknown, but it is surmised he started from a point about where Fort Mojave now is situated, thence south as far as the Isthmus of Panama, skirted eastward along the Gulf

¹ Recorded from conversations held in various kivas.

of Mexico and northward by the line of the Rio Grande up into Colorado, thence westerly along the thirty six parallel or thereabouts to the Rio Colorado, meandering along its tributaries and so on southward to his starting point at Fort Mojave. This was Masau's land originally, the land of the Hopitu.

Masau is a thief, a liar, and very jealous, also a persistent practical joker. He made trees grow gnarly and crooked and twists men's faces into ridiculous shapes so that he could laugh at them. He not only played tricks upon men and inanimate things, but upon the other gods also. He would watch for their meeting in council, then getting upon a lofty crag in their view would mimic their songs and dances and throw the gods into confusion and bring their ceremonies to a standstill. The angry gods would then chase him, but he could never be overtaken. He would first disguise himself before playing those antics, when on seeing the other gods starting to pursue him he would run a little way, then, dropping his disguise, would turn and meet them, asking what they were chasing and vowing he had seen no one, but if he found the sacrilegious one he would bring him to their hands.

One day the gods assembled in council and to sing and dance as was their custom at certain seasons. They were joined on this day by Masau who came carrying a bundle. The gods were surprised at his appearance but Masau soon disarmed all suspicious by his smooth talk; after much talking, one of the gods said that as the day was now well spent it was time they should begin to sing so that the ceremonies could be ended by sunset and permit the assembled gods to get some sleep as many of them had long journeys to make on the morrow. Masau at once began to sing and such was the soothing influence of his song that all the other gods immediately became drowsy and soon were all fast asleep. Observing this, Masau still continuing his song, carefully undid his bundle upon which he had been sitting and produced from it an effigy of himself which he arranged in a posture similar to the rest, with head on knees, fast asleep. Masau then went to the mountain top and putting on his former disguise began rolling stones down the mountain side. The noise soon awoke the gods but they were at a loss to account for it for there was the mischievous god sitting fast asleep. One of them presently endeavoring to awake the fictitious Masau disclosed the effigy. They were all enraged and their passion was increased when they discerned the disguised figure mocking them from the mountain top, but they were now assured that this mocking one was Masau. They determined to chase him and administer a severe punishment and for many days they followed him, but could not overtake him. One day, however, Masau, thinking himself far in advance and being very tired, lay down in the shade of a rock to sleep. The pursuing gods speedily coming up heard him snoring loudly and seized him. They stripped him and beat him and taking away everything he had on his person they left him to go where he would.

Masau's knowledge and cunning soon enabled him to get in good condition again and then he turned his thoughts on revenge. One morning he counseled with Sun, saying, "I am but one against many. I would like to have an active friend, a brother, to assist me against my enemies." Sun said he could not join him, but advised him to consult Shotukinunwa. Masau said he had but little knowledge of the god of the skies and asked Sun to carry his request to him, to which Sun agreed. After some days of talk, Masau making many promises, the god of the skies sent him a companion, a brother, to assist him. They then each got a club and a round stone and went forth and everyone they encountered was knocked down and robbed, none escaped. Some of the Hopitu who were lazy and wicked and refused to plant corn for Masau and his brother were visited by them and also knocked down and robbed. This continued for many years.

Today, however, Masau comes to us in the daytime and shows us by his pantomime how he used to treat his enemies and teaches us that he would treat us in the same way if we grew lazy and refused to plant his corn. This ceremony takes place just after the people have planted Masau's corn in the afternoon and continues till dark when he dismisses the people and goes to his home in the rocks where he stays for a year. Thence he returns to hear the people renew their vows.

22. SALYKO.¹

A great whirlwind once devastated the surface of the earth, this was in early days and people got water by pulling up a bunch of grass and the cavity filled with water. The tuft of grass was always replaced after drinking.

There came a little old man, a dwarf, who said that when Shotukinunwa instructed the boy, Waiak'niwa, concerning planting, the boy forgot the proper method. Dwarf said he would instruct them when the planting

¹ Told January 9, 1884. A very perplexing tale. Elements in it correspond to the ceremony: the figure of the boy chief, the initiatory flagellation, the comparatively long period of fasting, the making of prayer-sticks by all the men. On the other hand in the ceremony there are in the Zuñi form four Salyko (Salako, Shalako), four brothers, in the Hopi form, two, a brother and sister, giantlike figures, as well as much ritual on which the tale throws no light at all.

As the ceremony is performed today, sporadically, in the early summer, it is derived from Zuñi where as an annual early winter ceremony it is a much more important celebration than on First Mesa. The Zuñi celebration is probably highly syncretic in its rituals and in its participant ceremonial groups, and no general myth of dramatization has ever been given. Possibly this Hopi tale points back to an early form of the celebration and some etiological myth. — E. C. P.

time came. But the people were now perishing of hunger. They prayed to Masau, but he said he could not help them. He said, "Dwarf has two sisters married to Salyko. They perhaps may help you." They prepared an altar (*ponya*), each member of the tribe preparing a prayer-stick instead of the sticks being prepared as usual by the chiefs only. The altar was made on a sand dune as this was prior to houses. Masau's younger brother came to them and asked what they were to pray for. They said rain, but he laughed at them and said rain would do them no good if it came. The ground being bare, it would form a deluge and drown them all. They must pray to Dwarf's sisters for food, corn. Salyko could not come to them for when he came to earth wherever his foot touched a chasm was formed. Nashungewe, the oldest of the Hopitu, told them when he heard what Masau's brother said, "If the coming of Salyko will open the earth, let us prepare a rock for him to rest upon." A rock was then rolled in to the altar in the space left between the prayer-sticks they had set out for the sisters. Then Nashungewe said, "We know not what to sing, so let us get our rattles and stand in silence." All the men, women and children stood thus around the altar, but no one dared to start any ceremony till a boy ten years old went up and selected the largest rattle and sang a song which was strange to everyone. Suddenly a sound like rushing water was heard, but no water was seen, a sound also like great winds, but the air was still. The sisters' prayer-sticks had disappeared and a great hole had been made in the rock. The people were frightened and ran off, but the boy kept on singing. In a little while the boy shrieked and some of the old men went back and tried to bring him away, but he was fastened, so the old men again withdrew. The boy soon afterwards came to them and they saw that his back and legs were cut and bleeding and in the wounds were splinters of yucca and willow. The boy said he had seen the Salyko, but could not tell how Salyko looked, his wives were very beautiful and elegantly painted. They wore great headdresses displaying all the kinds of corn they were to give to the Hopitu — white, yellow, red, black, blue, blue and white speckled, red and yellow speckled, sweet corn, *chico* (a small sweet corn), *kwapi* (a seeded grass), and all these bunches of corn were wreathed around with clouds. The wives also were decked with beads around their necks and in their ears. They wore moccasins and wrapped leggings, fine white blankets and a bunch of turkey feathers on their foreheads, signifying good will and abundance. The boy went back to the altar and shook his rattle over the chasm from which there came a deep sound in token of assent to the requests the boy made for his people. The women then gave him baskets to set before the rock. The chief of the Hopitu then told the boy that he (the boy) should be chief of Salyko's altar and the boy said he knew that already because none but those who had been scarified as he had been could look upon Salyko. The boy told all the men to prepare each a bundle of eagle feathers. In a few days he told them to come with him

to Salyko's house (the rock). The boy put his hand in the mud and impressed his hand mark upon the rock and it dried instantly, four others tried, but the impressions remained wet. The fifth dried, and so the test continued until others were chosen. So they were whipped by Salyko with yucca and willow but they made no outcry. This pleased Salyko and he told them to go to the altar and abstain from salt and meat for ten days and at the end of that time he would appear to them with his two wives and instruct them in the rites they must perform when they sought his aid. At the appointed time they appeared and Salyko distributed five grains of each of the different kinds of corn to each of the initiated. The two wives distributed in the baskets of the women all kinds of garden vegetables. Then Salyko took off his mask and clothes and laid them on the rock, saying he would return soon, and so disappeared down the chasm. Baholikongya then appeared and told the initiated that Salyko had lied, that he could not return unless some one of the youths was brave enough to take his mask and clothes to the bottom of the chasm and give them to Salyko. Then the wives said if Salyko could not return they would stay with the Hopitu, but Baholikongya said that would be very wrong as soon they would be unfaithful to Salyko. So they also slipped off their clothes and left them on the rock and disappeared. When the time came for Salyko to return, none of the youths was brave enough to carry him his mask, so Nashungewe took it and as he stood over the chasm became transformed into Salyko, but all the youths were afraid to be initiated. Salyko was then offended and prompted Masau to steal the paraphernalia. This Masau did and disguised himself as Salyko and danced in mimicry over the mesas. Salyko was angry at this and pursued him, but could not catch him. Another time Masau and his two brothers came disguised as Salyko and his wives and led the people to perform many impious acts. This continued for a long while until it happened that Masau while masquerading as Salyko came bearing a branch of cedar in his hand instead of willow. Then the people saw they had been cheated and unmasked Masau but he got off with the mask. This enraged Baholikongya and he punished the people for not regaining the mask. And Muingwa withered the grass and corn and great distresses ensued. Finally the boy chief one day caught Masau asleep and so regained the mask. The Baholikongya withdrew the punishments, but said that henceforth Salyko would never more return, but that the boy chief should wear the mask and represent Salyko and his festival should only be celebrated when a proper number of novices were willing to be initiated.

The festival is still celebrated and the novices duly flagellated, the ceremonies occurring about once a year. The moral is that men should be proven ready to suffer pain and hardship with fortitude in providing food for the family and that the woman's province is to prepare the food and preserve a store of seed for future plantings.

23. THE KACHINA BRING THE TIPONI TO THE RAIN PHRATRY.¹

Many days ago the Hopitu lived in the south where the rocks and the earth are red and they lived happily there for many days, owning many sheep and horses and having many beautiful women. Also the art of making blankets, silver and gold ornaments, working the turquoise and many beautiful shells was far better understood than today. They manufactured many kinds of colored cloths from wool and cotton, using different kinds of dyes. Flowers were highly cultivated and used in many feasts and dances. It was while living in that country that the handsome cotton robe used by the high priest in the sacred duties of his office was made. It was highly figured by the weaving in of silver or copper threads, flowers, birds, vines of many kinds and the horned water serpent were to be found in the pattern. They also built houses not divided into rooms as today but each clan had had its own house with a store room attached into which was placed the whole harvested crop as a common store. The clan council house² was unknown, but each phratry had a large house in which the men would congregate (kiva), relate personal experiences, do little odd jobs of labor, or listen to the teachings of the chief. There were four of these phratry houses, the same as today,³ but with this difference that the men were in great numbers and today we have but few. These are the phratries (*nato'lyya*) and the clans (*nyumûh*) which composed them in the order of first and last:

Eagle (Quahu): Eagle, Willow, Sun, Turkey, Hawk, Field mouse, Greasewood.

Rain (Yoki): Rain, Corn, Sleep plant (*buli*),⁴ Badger, Asa,⁵ Oak, Road-runner, Bear, Parrot, Kachina, Cotton tail rabbit, Jackass rabbit, Tobacco.

Deer (Sowinwa): Deer, Antelope, Mountain sheep, Antelope grass.⁶

Snake: Chüa (rattlesnake), Yellow cactus, Red cactus, Coyote.⁷

And there there were several other clans now forgotten because my people are not so good now as they were then. In each of these four houses an altar was set up, before which on each morning the men would sing and ask for what they wanted. And when they called on Sun to

¹ Told by Müau wutaka.

² The house of the fetich-keeping maternal family of the clan. — E. C. P.

³ But there were and are seven kivas, five in Walpi, two in Sichumovi. — E. C. P.

⁴ Some error here as *buli* means butterfly, a family name in the Badger clan. — E. C. P.

⁵ Plant used for red dye. (Mustard).

⁶ Probably millet. — E. C. P.

⁷ Stephen himself enumerates the clans in 1888 as follows: Snake—Sand, Horn—Flute [Millet], Kokop [Cedarwood], Corn—Patki, Bear, Kachina, Badger, Eagle—Sun, Mustard (Asa), Tobacco.

For still another enumeration see Parsons 1:15.

increase their crops, he would grant it because then the people were good. When rain was wanted they called upon Cloud. When they wished to destroy an enemy, Shotukinunwa was called upon. But to Sun every kind of petition and prayer for success in any undertaking was addressed because he was a man and knew what it was they asked for.

The place where the people planted was in a deep valley and the houses were on a high cliff. There was wood and water on the top of this hill, the women were not obliged to carry water as they do today. In this valley after a time there occurred a great drouth because one of the chiefs burning a bad fire made Cloud angry and for three plantings nothing would grow. At last the people saw that it was on account of this bad chief that no rain came, so they killed him and tore his altar to pieces and burned it in the same manner as they did the chief. After this bad man was killed, Baholokonya came and told them that although they did well in killing the bad chief yet they must now leave the place. They must take only sufficient seed for one planting and no extra dishes or blankets or anything of household use, for the place to which he would lead them must be consecrated to the service of this people and everything which had been in anyway connected with the bad chief must be forgotten and never made known to the children. So they did as they were told and came to the north, travelling until it was the season to plant. They planted and secured good crops. They built houses and raised an altar, not the altar of the bad chief which they had burned. A new one was made to take its place and a new chief appointed who gave them new songs, and the people lived here a long time in peace.

After living here a long time, the Apaches, bad men who live in the mountains, came and stole sheep and horses, ravished women and young girls and killing them after thus outraging them. These Apaches would then steal away and after a time return to repeat these injuries until they became so bad and frequent that all the men went over and hunted the Apaches, killing men, women and children. But the Apaches would return bringing other Indians with them to kill the Hopitu. Matters grew so bad that the Hopitu could not plant for all the men were kept away from their homes excepting a few who persisted in staying, but they were either killed while at work or driven off. So it was determined to leave this bad land and go to the north, but this time they did not have the advice of Baholokonya, and had to rely upon their own efforts. They gathered their goods together and, leaving what they esteemed a cursed land, they journeyed in a straight line to the north, living on seeds and roots of many plants, carrying water with them, travelling at night time so as to escape the heat of the sun and avoid their enemies. The journey was continued until the basin of the Little Colorado was reached where, finding no Indians nor any signs of them, they determined to stop, especially as there were here good grass and water. They planted and built houses and resumed their former habits of life. The people were

greatly pleased over the prospect of a continued place of residence and the men all came together and sang and danced. After the men had finished singing and dancing, the women said that they also would dance and they consecrated one of their number a priestess with five women and two maidens as assistants. But this was only a subsidiary priesthood as the chief (a man) and his men assistants had to join in the women's service to offer the prayers and perform the numerous other rites which the women did not understand. So when the corn, melon, squashes and other crops were gathered and stored away the women had their dance. Many things which the Hopitu have now forgotten were then done, but the festival in the main and its object have been preserved, viz. the song and prayer asking for children, to replace those removed by death. After this dance many children were born into the Corn clan of the Rain phratry and none of them died. Soon the tribe numbered many children and were happy.

There came from the west early in the day two old men, they were weary and hungry and they came to the house of the Eagles, but were not received by them. They then tried the Deer house, next the Snakes, and were refused. Next they went to the Rain house and when the Rain priest saw them he knew that the kachina had returned. He asked them to come in and gave them food and asked them to sing which they did but used a language which the Hopitu could not understand. This so much astonished the now assembled multitude that they demanded of them to explain what they were singing about. They did so, telling the people that their house was at the foot of a high mountain, where was the house of running water and the house of Baholokonya, who having seen that the Hopitu were of good heart and breath had sent them a present of great value. The present was to represent the great chief and through it they would be enabled to gain his ear. It was called *tiponi* and must be known as *momumtiponiata*, the chiefs their *tiponi*, by the people, but the chief would call it *iso* for it was the mother truly of the clan. After they had finished their talk, one reached beneath the deer skin which he wore and brought forth a small bundle wrapped in corn leaves and deer skin which when unwrapped disclosed a small object, large at its base and tapering towards its top. At its top was fastened a bunch of eagle and turkey feathers. A cotton twine wrapped the whole from top to bottom, around the middle of the *tiponi* was fastened a shell, emblem of water. In the middle of this *tiponi* a small hole was made, in which corn meal was placed, typical of its being the chief support of life. Inserted into the base was to be found a ring of limestone cut in lateral curves, and covered with the yellow pollen of the corn. This was the sign that the gift came from the great chief. No one has ever tried to duplicate this stone from that day to this. The other old man gave to the chief a small sack of white meal which had been so finely ground that it could hardly be felt between the fingers. This meal was given to the

woman chief whose duty it then became to see that the sack should never become empty. After the tiponi had been set up in front of the altar, these kachina selected eight men who were to be known as singing men whose duty it should be to sing to the chief on the days of the sacred feast or whenever the kachina returned. They were taught many songs and instructed how to move in the dance. The women were also instructed in this.

The people lived in that country for a long while but becoming numerous, contentions arose among them. Several of the clans separated themselves from the others and moved up to the Little Colorado which they crossed and built houses. Some remained upon the south side of the Little Colorado, but they did not plant as the grass was so abundant, they did nothing but herd their sheep and other stock, while those who lived upon the north side furnished the shepherds with food. How long they staid in that locality none know, but from the people in that region and in connection with families from the house in the south, colonies went forth inhabiting the country north of the San Juan and to the east until they became mixed in with the outposts of Shibola (Zuñi). The people of the village on the Little Colorado after a series of troublous years moved from one place to another, up and down the river until it became so that nothing would grow, when as if a sudden and terrible plague had struck, they moved over the mesas to the north and came to the places where they now live. This region was selected because of the abundance of wood and the great number of springs and because grass was plenty. This place being so far away from their old home, it was thought that this would be the proper place to stay, so we live here today. Hear thou this?

24. THE ANIMALS CARRY SALT.

Toho'ash¹ was carrying a bag of salt and the bag grew heavier as he travelled. He met Deer who said, "You seem very tired, let me help you." Deer thrust his horns in the bag to toss it over the hill, and tore the bag. Salt spilled over the swampy place where it is still. Toho'ash gathered up what he could of it and tied up the rents with yucca and went on. Again he grew very tired and met Antelope who offered help, but Toho'ash refused, telling of the mishap from Deer's proffered assistance. Antelope said his horns were smooth, not rough and jagged like Deer's. Antelope said he would toss the bag over the hill, so he thrust his horns in it, but the forked tine caught fast in the bag and scared Antelope who ran off with the bag hanging to his horns. Toho'ash followed him as fast

¹ No translation is made of this name, nor any explanation. There is a more elaborate Zuñi tale of salt carried by the war gods. Possibly Toho'ash is a corruption of the Tewa-Jemez reference to the war gods, Towahé'sh. (Parsons, E. C. *The Pueblo of Jemez*, p. 71. Pap. Southwestern Exp. No. 3. Dept. of Archaeology, Andover. 1925).

as he could. Antelope met Bear who took the bag off his horns. Antelope then told Bear what Toho'ash had said about the contents of the bag, that it was a precious medicine, etc. Antelope was afraid Toho'ash would come up and kill him, so Bear said, "Leave it with me and I will watch it till he comes." While Bear was sitting beside the bag, Wild cat came along and Bear told him about the salt. Wild cat tried to eat some of it, but spat it out and said it was no good. After a little Toho'ash came to Bear and told him his misfortunes. Bear said he would carry it for him a little ways, but Bear's claws tore the bag worse than ever and nearly all the salt was lost. Bear then said he would go and tell his friend Mountain lion to come and he would carry the bag to its destination. "But," said Bear, "you must be sure to make Lion carry the bag a little distance before you let him taste your medicine. When Lion starts out he runs a little way and then gets sick,¹ do you then give him some of your medicine and if it is good he will carry the bag as long as you want him." Bear went off and soon Lion came up and said he wanted to taste the medicine. But Toho'ash said, "You must first carry my bag a little way." So Lion told Toho'ash to help him get the bag on his back, and after he took the neck in his teeth it was swung over his back, and he ran on a little way and grew sick and vomited. Then Toho'ash gave him some salt and he got well and ran for many days. Toho'ash then said he feared his uncle would be angry with him and chastise him for his delay and his misfortune in spilling the salt, but Lion said to him, "Never fear, I will always guard the salt and protect you."²

25. THE CHIEFS ARE INSTRUCTED IN PRAYER-STICK MAKING.³

When we had been here (?) a long time and we were accumulating vast numbers of horses, sheep and cattle, we were not so good as we should have been. We allowed our children to forsake the ways of our chiefs and they became very bad, stealing and gambling and wandering from one village to another, always loitering and doing no work, and the old men and chiefs grew sad over their children's actions. So the old men, the chiefs, went off taking the tiponi with them, so that they might ask the gods what they should do to bring their children back again to the observance of the customs of their people. The place the old men and chiefs stopped at is unknown, but at it there were many trees, much

¹ The Hopi state it as a fact that the mountain lion always starts from his lair on a run and shortly stops to vomit. If when they are hunting they discover this fresh vomit they conceal themselves near by and feel sure of getting a shot at the lion as he will certainly return during the night to the place of his vomit.

² Tohopoko, the stone image of Mountain Lion, is guardian of the salt and of the altar properties of the Snake, Flute, and Warrior societies.

³ Told by Müau wutaka.

salt water and shells of all kinds, many beautiful birds and the turtle with a flat stone on his back like a shield, and my fathers sat down in this place, waiting for the sun to go to sleep so that they could take out the *tiponi* and sing to Cloud. When the sun had travelled three fourths of the way home, the chiefs took some feathers of the turkey, the yellow bird, and the blue jay and formed them into a bunch, then they brought out the pipe to smoke, but while they were getting these things together and were talking of the sadness in their hearts, an old man came up to them and, calling each man by name, asked if they were willing that he should join them in praying to Cloud for he too was very sad. Leave being granted, he sat down among them and, in answer to the chiefs, told that he came from the north where there was much snow and where deer, antelope, and sheep were plenty. He was sent by his chief to teach them how to prepare the prayer-stick or rain feather and how to sing and dance at the festivals so that the young people might be reformed. He took a woven white girdle, beautifully embroidered and tied it around his waist. He hung a red rope around his neck. On his arms he put bracelets made from a bright green stone which sparkled in the firelight like snake's eyes, called *chosboshi*, shining eyes. He put on anklets made from many colored cords. Many tinkling bells were attached at his waist and knees. A plume of eagle tail feathers in his hair, a bunch of parroquet feathers fastened in his hair over his forehead. He mixed meal and honey and called it singing flour and ate it. He gathered a few twigs of spruce and held them in one hand, in the other he took the chiefs' gourd rattle and began to sing and dance, telling them that henceforth they must do in like manner whenever they wanted rain or snow or good crops.

After this he stripped the bark from a piece of willow and cut two pieces from it, each measuring from the tip of the second finger to the base of the thumb. They must always be of this length and sharpened at one end. On one of them he trimmed a flat surface, next painted them, first white, then green, points (butts) black, the flat surface, brown, with dots representing eyes and mouth, this he called woman. He took a turkey feather, saying, "This is an animal of the earth and lives only near water, hence it is emblematic of rain." This he fastened to the back of the two sticks by wrapping with twine. He took a smaller feather and tied it to a long string, the end of which he also fastened to the sticks; this was the breath feather. He twisted a corn husk into the shape of a horn and placed in it some sacred meal. This was next fastened to sticks. Some sprigs of the wild sage and snake root were next attached, representing growth of plants and good heart. After he had finished this he called it *paho* (*baho*), rain feather. The chiefs whenever they held a sacred feast must not forget to prepare the *paho*, for this would show Sun, their father, that the people had not forgotten him. After this talk he went away.

26. SUN PUNISHES, THEN SENDS HIS KACHINA AS SAVIOURS.¹

Yehohota kachina — this is a good kachina, he saved our people once. . . . Drouth of long duration brought on famine and the people grew sickly and many died. The chiefs and old men told the people they must leave that desolated land and seek for one where corn would grow, where there were water and grass. It was determined that all should go except those who had incurred the displeasure of Sun. The Hopitu migrated from that land where many years before they had been led by Shotukinunwa. Many of the people had become very bad, quarreling and fighting, stealing and lying, speaking bad about the kachinas and chiefs and, doing no work, forced the people to give them food and shelter. The Hopitu knew of no way to punish such persons. Sun could not punish a single person as he wished, so he brought distress to all. He told those who were good not to be sad if many died, for he intended to drink up all the rain and springs and burn up all things which grew, and that this condition would continue until all the bad were destroyed. This compact was agreed to by the people and they set out on their wanderings, but refused to allow the worthless ones to join them. These were accordingly left behind. When the people went forth, the worthless ones stood upon the village plaza cursing those who were leaving, and boasting that they (the worthless) would soon have plenty and the pilgrims would have to return to them for food and shelter. Whether these bad people died or drifted into some other tribe, none knew.

After many days journey, hunger killed many children, and the people were so weak they could scarcely move. Sun pitied their sufferings and sent his kachina, the Yehohota, with an ear of boiled corn to each Hopitu. On the night following the first appearance of these kachina, the chiefs caused the people to come together and with singing and dancing they renewed their vows to Sun. About sunset on each following day the Yehohota appeared loaded with food. This continued for a long time. They were always attended by two kachina who held long sticks to the end of which were bunches of cactus with which they acted as guards, keeping the people in line at the distribution of food and preventing any unruly crowding. The kachina mumbled a sort of song while distributing the food, but none could understand what they said.

Today the return of the Yehohota is commemorated, but the corn is thrown haphazard among the spectators who seize upon it with uproarious delight. There is no sprinkling of meal or water at this feast. It is an auxilliary occurring at irregular periods in the winter or spring, although years may elapse between its repetitions.² The masks are most ridiculous, anything to disguise the person.

¹ Told by Nuka (Nă'ka), of the Parrot (Kachina) clan, assistant to the chief of the Powamu society.

² See Parsons I: 88, Fig. 36.

27. THE MIGRATIONS OF THE HORN CLAN.¹

Among the mountains whose peaks were always snow covered and where the trees were always green, where from the hillside the plains were seen over which roamed the deer, the antelope and the bison feeding on never failing grasses, twining through these plains, now on this side, now on that, were streams of bright water beautiful to look upon, a place where none but those who were of our people ever gained access — here we lived happily for many years, free from quarrels, and corn and game were plentiful. Our gardens were large and heavy rains made the corn grow high. Our chief was then a very old man, his hair was white, his body was bent with age, and he walked with a stick. He could not hunt as the others did, but we gave him portions of all things, corn and meat. After many years he died, a wizard blew in his ear, and his head swelled so that it burst; then the people were very sad. When the time came to select a new chief, dissensions arose and the people fell to fighting, killing and driving each other from one place to another. Then the chief of the Horn people said, "My people, we must leave, for nothing good will ever grow again where so many bad people live". Our people then left, going to the west for five days when the footprints of Masau were found describing ten concentric circles which our chief said meant that we should stay there for a certain number of plantings and should build a house, not on a mesa or mountain top as formerly, but in the valley where water would be plenty and where we could protect our sheep and growing crops from wolves or any other enemy that might wish to destroy our property.

We staid there a long time, planting and storing our grain, we had great quantities of everything. Finally a change came, our chief died and left us without anyone who could lead us. Again we could not agree and we had many quarrels, but no fighting. Destroying each others crops and stealing each others planting grounds was common, just as the white man does with us today, telling us that he will give something, but never does unless it be a lie.

One day with the rising sun there came to us an old man, one whom the old people recognized as he who many years before had been the chief of our whole people. Seeing that we could not govern ourselves in peace, he had returned to take care of us for a while or until we found a new chief in whom we could have confidence. He first reproved our chiefs, then he talked to the men about the bad way they were behaving, and said he wanted them to go back to where they had left off and renew their dances. This they promised to do and finally did, but not until they had been very greatly shamed by many of the scoffers, those who did not plant, but ate at all times. After the dances had been once more re-instituted and all were doing their work without quarreling,

¹ Told by Nasinawebĩ, April 3, 1883.

the old man called all the people together. He told them his time was come, but he who should first find the footsteps of Masau should be their chief, that when they had gathered their crops then growing they must leave that place and go to the north. After all the crops had been taken care of, the people left, travelling up a cañon until they came to a running stream. It chanced that one of the men while hunting found the footprints of a strange being. They were in the form of a spiral, or were they concentric, made in decreasing circuits while the being searched for something of value. When the hunter returned home he told his people who then became excited over the event and demanded of him to show them where this strange place was. On the morrow he led them to the place, and they all saw the foot marks leading up the steep side of the cañon. On the rocky cañon wall were the marks of both hands and feet, showing that this person had climbed up to a cavern which was nearly at the summit. After many efforts to ascend all failed until one bold fellow found a way to the summit of the mesa. He soon came to the place over the cavern, which he entered by lowering himself by means of a rope made of yucca fibre. After a careful search he again found the footprints. He now felt sure that this strange being could be no other than Masau and so called to his friends in the valley. They at once took up the cry and some hurried to the mesa summit to join the adventurer while others went to planting so as to have food when the stores on hand were exhausted. While the men planted, the women gathered stones to build houses. Another party of men made ladders and pecked and cut steps into the cañon wall by which to climb to the cavern, as it was intended to make it a storing place for grain and other products. It was two plantings before the steps and ladders were finished. During all this time no chief had been appointed and the people became excited over this matter as the person who had discovered the footprints of Masau refused to accept the office. He said he feared the people would soon tire of him and then trouble would begin again, but he suggested that a youth be appointed who should be taught all the customs of the people — all that people know — so that when he should become a man he would be able to talk to the people and teach them how to do. A youth was accordingly selected, but as he was too young to undertake the conduct of affairs, his grandmother acted with him until he had grown old enough to look after the welfare of the people. This youth belonged to the Mountain sheep clan. After the steps and ladders were finished the chief priest went up to the cave to consecrate it for the reception of the crops, and when they reached the rocky platform they were surprised at the size of the cavern. They measured it by paces and found it three hundred nineteen paces deep by eight hundred fifty paces long. They determined to have the house built in this cavern and on descending found the people willing to do so. In one season they conveyed all the rock and mud up to the ledge and excavated two reservoirs for water. During the

second season they erected the outer walls of the great house; on the third, they roofed and finished the entire buildings. When the crops had all been harvested and stored in this new house a grand festival was proclaimed and joined in by all the men. Immediately following was a feast in which the women alone participated.

At this time the people had covering for the feet made from rabbit or foxskin. Sometimes the wolfskin was used, but very rarely. Sandals were made of yucca leaves. Yucca was plaited also into coverings for the head and back. The women had robes made from the skins of sheep and antelope, fastened at the waist with a yucca girdle. The chiefs wore blankets during the feasts, made of some white substance, not wool, for it was very fine and a strong thread could be made from it (probably cotton, more likely yucca). The women made robes from rabbit skins which were used as they are today to sleep under.

After we had been at this place a long time there came to us from the south a Wolf man (Wolf clan) who said he was tired and hungry and needed rest, but the chiefs were a little afraid to let this stranger come up to the house until they knew more about him. So the first night was passed in talking to him and inquiring how he chanced to stray upon our house as he was the first person who had arrived since we were at that place. He talked in the same tongue as my people which led some to think him another chief who had come back. They talked all night at the foot of the steps and when morning came it was seen that he was a brother, he belonged to one of those families who through much dissension had left our pleasant home of the east. Now the former fear changed into gladness and he was taken up to the house where he was compelled to relate all that had taken place since his people left ours. For ten days he was busy telling all that he knew or had heard. After he had staid with us for some time he was allowed to depart for his home in the south, but there were also sent with him seven men who were to see the country and buy anything they could from our brothers as tokens from which we might learn something concerning their daily vocation and what other people (if any) came among them. When these men started on their long journey to the south, one of the chiefs put on the rock a picture of the wolf fastening his tail to the straight path leading to the south, showing that the Wolf clan belonged to us but had gone off, but his clan was still preserved amongst us.

As time passed and the messengers who were sent to the south did not return, another party went in search of the missing men. Those who went on this second expedition were selected with great care from the Eagle clan because those men were swift, not blind, and never tired. When this party departed, men with eagle wings instead of hands and feet were pictured on the wall of rock. These men were absent three moons and when they returned they did not bring the men for whom they went to search. They said that the seven had married and were living in a

beautiful cañon a short distance to the east from where our brothers were living. From this day on dissatisfaction took the place of contentment and, after struggling for many years to keep the people together, our chief followed to this beautiful cañon, Antelope spring cañon, about three miles south from Keam's cañon. It took many days to get all my people down to the new home because we would get lost among the many little cañons and the trail was very crooked. But we got to our friends at last and soon had houses, using the cavernous recesses in the cañon sides and putting up a wall in front, these answered very well until we found time to build good houses. But the other Hopituh, our brothers, after a time prevailed on us to go to their home not far distant, where we built houses beside them. And we have been living here to this day.¹

28. THE MIGRATIONS OF THE EAGLE CLAN.²

After the segregation of our people and the wandering which succeeded, my family followed the running water, suffering many hardships on our way to the north. We reached a point of high rocks from which could be seen a beautiful valley spreading out and reaching away up to the mountains. The walls of this valley were of red and yellow rock like that at our old home in the south. So we said we would stop here, and then houses were built. We had lived here many days when one of our hunters returned home bringing with him the skin of a bison which he said had been given him by a man who, though a stranger, talked in our hunter's tongue, telling him that he lived at the Red rock and had been living there for three plantings, that before he came, others of his family had been living there and had built houses high up in the side of the rock. Also he said that his family had the horns and hoofs of the deer and that they had come from the land of beautiful water. When he had told us of these things our chief sent a large party of men to see who these people were and what they were doing in the land of the Eagle. After an absence of one moon they returned to us filled with wonderful stories about these strangers; that they made coverings for the feet and back from the leaves of the yucca; vessels of many kinds from the grasses that were

¹ This ends the first part of the legend, there are still two other clans which lived at or near this place about the same time. Possible number of years embraced in travel, seventy-five to one hundred. Map of legend: Starting near Jemez; to ruins near Defiance, to Cañon Bonito, to Cañon DeSehgy, to Keam's Cañon, to First mesa.

So much for historical interpretation. For the migration story as folk lore compare Navaho Legends, 156 and *passim* for the naming and consolidation of clan groups. — E. C. P.

² Told by Müau wutaka (old man) of the Eagle clan, June, 1883. Müau wutaka was so old, about ninety, he could narrate only fragment by fragment. He died in 1884 without finishing this tale.

growing around their houses. In methods similar to those we now practice they confined the running water in ponds for domestic use and for irrigating the gardens. They also had the kiva and the *kachin kihü* (house, shrine) where the things pertaining to the kachina were kept. They also observed the Feast of the Fire, the Coming (arrival) and Going (departure) of the Kachina, and the Feast of Masau. They also had the sipapu and before it stood the tiponi.

All of these things having been told to our chiefs and old men, it was decided that our chief, and his assistants, taking the tiponi with them, should go to these people, and if they found them willing, should set it up with theirs and join together in songs. Then our chief said if it was well for people to join songs with these others for a season, an eagle and a deer would come and drink together from the spring that furnished water to the Chief kiva of the strangers. (And it must be engraved upon the rock for it would prove that these strangers were our brothers.)

After our chiefs and those who went with them arrived at the Red rock house they found that the story which had been told was true and they saw many other things. The house in the cañon was high up in its walls and was larger than had been represented, many of its rooms held but one family while others held five families, some of them more. After they had seen everything, they stated the object of their visit and these strange people complied, and on the next day our tiponi was placed beside theirs and their chiefs and ours and all the people began to sing together. They sang for two days, but there came no sign of the eagle or deer and so they continued singing for six days. On the morning of the seventh day an eagle and a deer were seen at the spring nearest Chief kiva, the eagle perched upon the rock on which the deer was standing and drinking from the spring. Then all the people shouted with gladness for they now knew that what the old man had told them was true, and after this a general feast was proclaimed to last for seven days. At the time, all the garden products were ripe and the corn was ready to be eaten in the ear. So all the people went down from their houses and for six days they stayed out in the corn fields, visiting from one field to another, and each night the men gathered together preparing themselves for the dance which was to be celebrated on the seventh day. On the day after the dance my people got ready to go home and the strangers loaded them with all manner of presents and were very sad at parting.

When our chief returned and told all that had happened, my people were very happy. It was not long after this that intermarriage began, and in a few years we were closely mingled together. We had always called ourselves the Hopituh and we found that these people of the Red rock house called themselves by the same name, hence we were convinced that at one time we had been the same people, but how long ago we knew not.

For a long while we visited each other until a very wild and numerous people to the east of us called the Komanchi, came amongst us, stealing

what they could, killing many, and ravishing our women, and doing great harm to us who had always given them food. This condition lasted a long while till finally the chiefs said we must leave, and go to a country where these bad men could not find us. So we left that land and travelled south for days and then followed a running stream toward the west to where another stream coming from the north joined it (junction of San Juan and Colorado). At this place we stopped and built some houses because our women and children were tired.

After many days we were led by the Spider woman upon the big mesa and she pointed out to us a great shining white rock, on the east of which lay the country of Masau. Masau was the chief to whom we were looking for the fulfilment of the promise of land where we were to build and plant until the coming of the white chief who was to protect us from all our enemies and give us many things, implements to dig and to break wood and stones. So we sent some of our warriors to look for a place for us. They went beyond this great white mesa and were gone many days, so long were they on the journey that of all those who went out but seven returned. They told us of a mesa upon which an eagle had built its nest, where grass and wood were abundant, but no water. "While yet on our way we saw a beautiful valley in which antelope and deer were playing. Here although the herbage was not so abundant as at other places they had seen, yet there was water, and a peculiar kind of tree (*moenkapi*) which bore wool." They talked about what they had seen for many days, and at last my people started on their way to this valley. Two days brought them there and they saw what had been told them by the others. Great herds of antelope and deer, along the edges of the mesas and up the cañons. These animals were not at all startled by our coming, they would come up quite close to us and our children would run among them before they would turn and trot off. All this occurred after twenty moon-years (twenty four and one half years) of travel, when our people had become greatly dissatisfied with constant change. So it was determined to go one day's march further, when if the grass and water should grow scarcer, we should return to the place where the deer were seen. So we started on our way and came to a place occupied by those now of Oraibi. For fifty moon-years (sixty-one years) peace was perfect, then the Snake people began to come among us explaining the methods of battle. Then began a period of trouble.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

A NOTE ON PRESENT DAY MYTH. The processes by which the myths of a people are validated for them in occurrences which they themselves witness are seldom observable, particularly when natural phenomena of a major character are involved. The Hawaiian Islands, in spite of the large alien population, European, American, and Asiatic, which has settled there in the past hundred years, has an aboriginal mythology which not only manifests surprising tenacity of its own, but, according to numerous accounts, exerts even an appreciable influence on aliens of sophistication from whom skepticism might be expected. A striking illustration of the manner in which the old gods and the aboriginal myths are validated in present day folk tradition is afforded by the account given below.¹

On March 26th, 1926, there occurred an eruption of the volcano Mauna Loa, on the island of Hawaii, when the A'a flow proceeded down the south slope of the mountain, destroying the village of Ho'opuloa. As is well known, the deity whose province extends over the volcanoes is known as Pele, the myths of whose origin, and the events of whose later life, have been fully recorded.² She is known among the present inhabitants of the islands as "Madame Pele", and it is generally understood that she lives in the crater of Kilauea, on the slope of Mauna Loa. Outbreaks are said to be evidences of her wrath, and her revenge upon those who have disobeyed her.

The day preceding the flow of which we speak, a Japanese taxidriver was on his way from Hilo to Ho'opuloa, when he noticed an old woman walking along the road. He stopped, asked her if she was going in his direction, and invited her to ride with him. According to this driver, she seated herself in the rear of the car, and he continued. Along the road, at various points, he came upon three stalled automobiles. At each, he stopped to inquire if he might help; but immediately the cars started. Soon after, he asked the old woman what her destination was; and not hearing any reply, he turned around to discover that she was no longer there. He at once realised that his passenger had been Madame Pele, and telephoned an American geologist, reporting what had happened. The geologist, acting perhaps on his observations of the preliminary rumblings of Mauna Loa, sent a party to observe the expected flow; for our purpose, it is sufficient to note that report on the island credits him with having sent his party *because* Madame Pele had been seen.

The next morning, a fisherman by the name of Ka'anana was on the wharf at Ho'opuloa conditioning his boats for the day's catch. This man was a well-to-do fisherman, owning a rest-house on the south slope of Mauna Loa,

¹ These events were related to M. J. R. by Miss Emily Warrender, of Hawaii, who was an eyewitness of many of the incidents recorded in the latter part of our account, and was told the interpretations of them given there.

² e. g., in W. D. Westervelt's *Hawaiian Legenas of Volcanoes*, Boston, 1916.

a substantial house in the village, and two or three small fishing shacks at the water's edge. An old woman approached him, and requested that he bring her some fish of a kind that is rarely caught.¹ He told her that he had not caught this fish for some time. She replied, however, that he would catch some that day, and that he should save some for her. In due time, he sailed for his fishing grounds, and the old woman went back into the village.

Next to his house in the village, and separated from it by a low stone wall, was another house. About noon, the woman who lived in it was busy cooking, when she heard a knock at the door. On answering it, she was asked by an old woman standing there what she was doing. When she replied that she was cooking dinner, the old woman wanted to know for whom it was being prepared. As the story goes, her answer was unpremeditated and unexplainable to her: "I am cooking for my husband, for my little boy, and for Madam Pele." At this, her visitor, with no further word, turned on her heel and left.

On his return with his catch, later in the afternoon, Ka'anana was met at the wharf where he docked his boat by a fish-broker, who bought his entire catch. As he was leaving the wharf, the old woman accosted him, and asked for her fish. Although he had caught the rare fish she had predicted he would get that day, he had neglected to save them for her when he had sold his catch in bulk. He told her he would be sure and remember the following day. But she answered that he would not catch any tomorrow, and left.

Near midnight Mauna Loa erupted. The flow was a slow one of the *a'a* (slag) type, and made its way in two directions. One was toward the village of Ho'opuloa, the other, on the other side of the ridge, stopped before it did any damage. The first, however, made its way down the valley, threatening Ka'anana's mountain shelter. As soon as the first flare of the eruption took place, Ka'anana realised that the old woman toward whom he had been negligent must have been Madame Pele, and he immediately took steps to appease her. Luau, a pig roasted in the traditional manner, is something that Pele is reputed to enjoy. The fisherman killed his only pig, roasted it in a pit on hot stones, took it up the mountain, and laid it in the path of the flow, coming as close as he could approach it. It was to no purpose. His mountain shelter was devoured shortly thereafter.

He recognised that the situation was serious, for the flow steadily came on toward Ho'opuloa and his house during the day or more following the incident. And as the lava came closer, his alarm increased. He took all the money he had in the world, a little over twelve dollars, and placed it on the fence posts behind his house. The flow, keeping to the side of the stone wall on which Ka'anana's house was situated, swept relentlessly onward. As the account goes, there was only one place where its movement was arrested even for a moment. This happened when it reached the fence behind his house. At this point, it is said to have stopped for a moment, and then, with a mighty roar, to have come on, destroying his house, destroying a grocery store across the road, until it reached the edge of the water, where, continuing on its way into the bay, it ate up the rest of Ka'anana's property, his fishing smacks and his shacks. He was left utterly destitute. Not only this, but in creating a peninsula of lava, the fish were killed by the heat, and,

¹ The exact name of which we do not know.

according to local tradition, it takes years before fish will again repopulate a bay where they have been exterminated in this way. Thus Ka'anana not only lost his property, but also the possibility of ever obtaining a livelihood at this spot.

It is told, however, that this flow did not cross the wall which separated Ka'anana's house from that of the woman who replied in so kindly a spirit to her old visitor, and that nothing belonging to her was harmed in any way.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS.

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BOOK REVIEWS.

SOUTH CAROLINA BALLADS: with a Study of the Traditional Ballad Today. Collected and edited by Reed Smith. 174 pages. Cambridge. Harvard University Press. 1928.

Folk-song consists of miscellaneous lyrics of many types, like love songs, religious songs, lullabies, game and dance songs, labor songs, laments, war songs, folk-improvisations, fragments, and in earlier times conjuring songs or medicine songs. Ballads or lyrical narratives have always had a restricted rôle, in bulk at least, among the pieces preserved in traditional song. During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries they had, however, nearly a monopoly of interest among anthologists and literary historians. In the twentieth century, too, many scholars — following the lead of the great Scottish collectors and Professor Child — centered their efforts on collecting and making available story-pieces or ballads. This was owing, no doubt, to the interest of their plot material and to their engaging lyrical quality, in the days when the tide of interest ran to the archaic. For the author of our latest American anthology also, Professor Reed Smith, the ballads of his home state, South Carolina, have greater interest than does South Carolina folk-song in general.

Professor Smith's "South Carolina Ballads" is an attractive and readable work, reflecting credit on its editor and treading on no one's toes. The author tempers his "communal" ideas concerning ballads to take into account some of the results of recent research. He quotes fairly when he quotes from those from whom he differs, which is by no means the way of all scholars. Obviously his subject fascinates him. In the first hundred pages he includes a number of papers, largely reprints, that deal with topics like "The Ballad and Folk-Song," "Communal Composition," "The Road Downhill." The final pages present fourteen ballads recovered in South Carolina, and two traditional songs. It may be remarked in passing that since both ballads and pure lyrics are, strictly speaking, species of the genus folk-song, a safer title for the section "The Ballad and Folk-Song" (not quite the antithesis to be made) might be "Ballads and Songs", or "Traditional Ballads and Traditional Songs." For there may be literary ballads and popular traditional ballads (folk-ballads), just as literary songs and popular traditional songs may be distinguished.

The final paper of the author's discussion of the traditional ballad today is entitled, somewhat rashly, "Five Hundred Years of the 'Maid Freed from the Gallows'." The title is striking but it assumes too much. The author speaks of this well-known ballad (pages 93—94) as "Composed before Chaucer's pilgrimage, sung in England and Scotland during the spacious times of Queen Elizabeth, recorded by the antiquarian scholar Bishop Thomas Percy in the days of George the Third." Yet there is not a scrap of evidence that the ballad was composed before Chaucer's time. The earliest existent text was communicated to Bishop Percy in 1770. How much older the ballad is we do not know.

The possibility that it is a pre-sixteenth or seventeenth century ballad does not justify Professor Smith's title.

Conceding at once that Professor Smith has made an interesting, valuable, and well-written book, some further statements made in it may be noted which, to the present reviewer, seem invalid. Probably the book on ballads will never be made to which no reviewer will take exception.

The statement (page 3) that "both folk-song and ballad go back to remotest times" is hardly accurate if by ballad the author means as elsewhere a song telling a story. The song is the primitive form of poetry. There is no testimony that there were story-songs or ballads in remote times. Ballads proper, presenting a narrative directly, not by allusion, seem to belong late in literary history. It is unsound, too, to affirm as did Franz Boehme (*Geschichte des Tanzes*, 1888), quoted by Professor Smith, that "In the beginning there was probably no poem that was not sung, no song that was not danced to, and no dance that was not accompanied by song." Individual song seems to appear as early as group song, and all primitive song is not danced to. The labor song, or recreation song, or medicine song may be every whit as primitive as the dance song, and the individual can sing by himself before or contemporaneously with his singing in groups. The gift of song in man, like that of birds, was probably his from the first, not the outgrowth of group assemblage.

Professor Smith says of "The Lyke Wake Dirge" (page 5) that this lament "was current during the ballad age." What is the ballad age? Ballad texts actually remain to us from the thirteenth century onward. Their patterns vary considerably, depending on the time from which they emerge and the region in which they were preserved. A definition of ballad cited by the author on the first page postulates a "homogeneous society" as necessary for the flourishing of ballads. Now ballads cannot go "back to remotest times" (page 3) yet there be a definite "ballad age," and never in historic England was there a homogeneous society not characterized by class interests that were sharply divergent. In Anglo-Saxon England the interests of the powerful classes and those of the serfs or thralls were sharply severed. In feudal times they were yet more so. Neither Chaucer nor Spenser nor Shakespeare assumed that the same kind of matter would preoccupy or interest nobles and peasants.

The often-stressed distinction between "artistic literature" and "popular literature" is repeated on page 7, the one emerging "from university, court, and religious circles," and the other purely popular. "Its birth was on the lips and heart of the people as a whole." This distinction is inherited from the *Kunstpoesie* vs. *Volkspoesie* pronouncements of nineteenth-century German criticism. But though long staple it is not valid. The real contrast should be between sophisticated or culture poetry and popular poetry; for popular poetry — indeed the most primitive poetry — has its own art patterns and follows them as scrupulously as culture poetry follows the art-patterns it knows and prefers.

Doubtful too is the statement (page 7) that ballads had "no concern with patrons and patronage." What is a more likely origin for certain chronicle ballads like "The Hunting of the Cheviot," "The Battle of Otterbourne," "The Rose of England," "Sir Andrew Barton," than that they were the

products of the minstrels of the great houses of Percy, Stanley, Howard? The great baronial houses of the North had minstrels. What matter came from them? Not literary stuff, for the minstrel poems were song or recital poems, not reading poems. And certainly not stuff like that turned out by the broadside press of London and hawked about the streets.

On page 14 the reader is told that "It is an astonishing fact that we do not know the name of a single one of the authors of the 305 traditional ballads that have come down to us." This is not astonishing of anything in oral tradition. Rather would it be astonishing if the names of the authors had been preserved. How many folk-singers know offhand the authors of "Home Sweet Home," or "Hail Columbia," or "Yankee Doodle"? Texts of Longfellow's "The Bridge," and O. W. Holmes's "Ballad of an Oysterman" have been found in oral tradition with no memory of the composers preserved. Even such long and literary productions as many of the mediaeval romances came down to us authorless.

The "spontaneous combustion" theory of ballad origins draws the most space from Professor Smith and with it lie his sympathies. It is curious how persistent is this hypothesis in view of the fact that it confuses two distinct types of folk-song, the folk-improvisation, a crude, shifting, transient, and not very important type, and the song telling a story, a type that does not bulk so large as is usually assumed in the folk-song of most peoples. "The weakness of the anti-communalists' attacks", says the author (page 35) "lies in the facts that it is negative in character and that it rests upon analogy." They say, he continues, that not a single ballad of the Child type that is the result of communal improvisation can be found. "The communalists grant this but reply that neither have the anti-communalists brought to light a modern ballad resembling the traditional ballads that is the result of individual or any other kind of authorship." Now Scott or Swinburne, though they hardly cared to go full length in imitation, could write ballads in the manner of the traditional ballads, and Kipling wrote excellent folk-pieces in his "Barrack Room Ballads." But the point made by the anti-communalists is rather that the folk-improvisation of the unlettered fails to bring ballads at all. Who would be so deluded as to expect to find in these days ballads composed in a bygone style (the Child ballad style) unless imitatively by antiquarians? The fact is that improvising throngs cannot build up a coherent story, in any style, and give their creations permanence and currency.

Professor Smith continues, "The anti-communalist argument, stripped to its essentials, is that no modern community not even if isolated and homogeneous such as a mountain community or cattle ranch, has produced communally a ballad resembling the Child ballads, therefore no community anywhere or at any time could have done so." Not at all. Modern research shows that isolated communities preserve older folk-song after it has died out in the regions whence it emerged; that when such communities compose songs for themselves their songs are usually adapted from older songs; and it shows especially that folk-compositions concern the folk-themselves, their life and daily interests, and incidents in their own horizons. They reflect the point of view of their composers. The English and Scottish pieces are not composed from a peasant angle nor do they reflect peasant life. They deal with high life and they often show a knowledge of chivalrous ways and court

usages. In their older forms they reflect peasant interests not at all. Andrew Lang's often-quoted sentence, cited approvingly on page 9, "The whole soul of the peasant class breathes in their burdens," is quite fanciful.

The position of the anti-communalists is not "negative" for they can show numberless pieces of individual origin that enter into the stream of traditional poetry, their authors forgotten, conforming more and more to the traditional patterns for their day and their region as they are handed down.

"Tennyson's lyric craftsmanship was not suited to the ballad," says the author on page 70, "and 'Lady Clare,' 'The Revenge,' and 'The Charge of the Light Brigade' were the nearest approaches he either could or would make." Tennyson's "The Sisters" with its refrain, and "Edward Gray" are better instances than "The Revenge" and "The Charge of the Light Brigade." Why however should it so often be assumed, as though to their disparagement, that our major poets could not imitate traditional ballads? One doubts whether any of them ever tried whole-heartedly to do so. Presumably they did not want to conform to the manner of traditional pieces to a point where their own individuality of authorship would be submerged. Why should the success of the ballads or lyric narratives they chose to write be adjudged to depend on their imitativeness?

This is perhaps not the place to say much of ballad origins, but one hopes that the time will sometime come to pass when it will not be thought necessary to account for ballads as coming in the bulk from some single source. Surely, like other folk-song, they originated in many ways, in many periods. Some of the English and Scottish ballads, the descendants of which are collected in this country with such assiduity by our anthologists, may have come from the minstrels of baronial houses; some may have come from clericals; some like "Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard" and "Barbara Allen" were stage songs. "The Three Ravens" appears first in an anthology for the "Court, Cittie, and Countrey Humours," and "The Fair Flower of Northumberland" is represented as "sung before a king and queen." Another ballad is represented as "the carping of a clerk," for others "gentlemen" are exhorted to "listen." Later pieces were probably composed for oral delivery by professional writers for entertainment. The one way in which the English ballads were *least* likely to originate, if they were to find diffusion and permanence, was through the improvisation, with or without the accompaniment of the dance, of festal groups.

LOUISE POUND.

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VOLKSVERHALEN UIT OOST-INDIË (SPROOKJES EN FABELS) DOOR JAN DE VRIES. 2 volumes. Zutphen, W. J. Thieme & Cie., 1925, 1928.

DIE MÄRCHEN VON KLUGEN RÄTSELLÖSERN, EINE VERGLEICHENDE UNTERSUCHUNG VON JAN DE VRIES. (FF Communications, No. 73). Helsinki (Helsingfors), 1928.

Up to the present time the folk-tales of Indonesia have been very difficult of access for the average folklorist, since they were to be found only in rare publications and in manuscript. Dixon's summary in his *Oceanic Mythology*, while very satisfactory for certain groups of tales, made no pretence to being exhaustive or even representative of the whole range of narrative material.

In his *Volksverhalen uit Oost-Indië*, of which the concluding volume has now appeared, Professor De Vries has furnished a corpus of Indonesian tales of all kinds, so that the student can obtain an excellent idea of the range and nature of this body of folk-lore. His comparative notes on each of the tales and on many of the separate motifs show an unusual acquaintance with folk-tales in all parts of the world. The influence of India on this body of folk-lore becomes very clear in the light of his studies. A convenient summary of the tales is given, with references, where appropriate, to Aarne's classification of folk-tale types.

A scholar who brings together a body of scattered material such as this and makes a thorough comparative study, as Professor De Vries has done, contributes greatly to the large task of making the folk-lore of the world accessible to the general student. His work points the way for similar bodies of tales from other regions of the world. It is to be hoped that they will be done as interestingly and as thoroughly as the present collection from East India.

In addition to the preparation of the collection just mentioned and the writing of a series of scholarly articles about various aspects of the tale and the ballad, Professor De Vries has been for many years accumulating material for a definitive study of one folk-tale. The ripe fruit of these years of study is his monograph on the tales of clever riddle-solvers, which has just appeared as a number of the FF Communications. As may be surmised from the place of publication, the very rigorous "Finnish method" of folk-tale research has been employed. This historic-geographic method is seen at its best in this extensive study. In the 436 pages devoted to the tale he gives attention to 631 variants scattered over a large part of the world. These he analyses into their component incidents and considers in the greatest detail. On the results of his statistical counts, he brings to bear his wide knowledge of literary and historical movements.

The tale of the "Clever Peasant Daughter" (Type 875¹) he found to be so closely related to two other tales that a study of all three became imperative. The other two are Types 920, "The Czar's Son," and 921, "The Clever Youth." These are all tales in which a clever youth or maiden answers questions in a riddling fashion, or solves riddles propounded by a king.

The author makes an especially penetrating study of the interrelations of these three tales. The clever girl he finds characteristically European. Most of the individual motifs, however, he traces to the Orient, primarily to India. He shows the influence of the Jewish literary narratives as a means of crystallizing many unrelated motifs of Oriental origin into definite tale-types.

Professor De Vries has shown how the thoroughgoing statistical investigation applied by the methods so carefully worked out by the Finnish scholars can be a safe foundation on which to build a study that demands of the scholar all that he can give to it of his knowledge of history and literature. Such questions as the influence of the Dominican friars on European folklore, the probability of English tales being borrowed in India, or Spanish in the Philippines, and the cultural background of medieval Bulgaria are only a few that arise in the discussion of these three tales.

Though the scope of the study is limited to three rather simple tales, the

¹ Aarne-Thompson, Types of the Folk-Tale (FFC No. 74), Helsinki, 1928.

monograph leaves few of the great questions of folk-tale origin and transmission untouched. A few more works of the thoroughness and vision of this investigation would bring certainty about many of the questions that still puzzle all earnest students of the tale.

STITH THOMPSON.

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THE AMERICAN SONGBAG. Carl Sandburg. New York. Harcourt Brace and Co., 1927. \$7.50.

Carl Sandburg's is a book to be enjoyed, not analyzed. As a child we heard snatches of song which have run through our head ever since to the tune of we knew not what and the words "la, la, la." Many of the words and tunes we find in this collection.

The volume is one which may be picked up in a moment of depression and enjoyed with or without a musical instrument. Perhaps more without than with. For songs like these are songs of tradition; they should really not be recorded. Those who have the proper type of mind remember them and sing their own tunes. No one's tune ever fits the melody chosen for record. But we must nevertheless be grateful to the author for presenting them here, for though the melodies remain in the ear the words, never properly heard and learned, elude us. Most frequently it is the most tragic or witty line which has become la, la, la; it is here to be picked up again.

Anyone who loves these kinds of song will find some attuned to his mood no matter how depressed or exalted. For an exalted mood there are the *Hearse Song*, or the *Handsome Young Airman*. *Where they were* or *I was Born almost Ten Thousand Years Ago* will comfort the most bitter spell of cynicism, and *Abdul the Bulbul Ameer* will carry the most boresome task to swift completion. The Songbag does not have the only stanza we remembered:

Then they fought till they bust,
'Cause they both thought they must,
And heads legs and arms filled the air,
And when they were through
You could scarcely find two
Bits of Abdul le Bulbul la Meer.

But the omission of such gems need not concern us at all. We use the Songbag's variant only to get the run of the song and gaily insert the parts of our own which we like best. The same holds for the tune in places where you had always sung it wrong. It is yours and nothing about it *is* wrong.

Go Get the Axe is a fine antidote for a brain running on one cylinder.

We do not think much of the spirituals the editor has chosen just because we do not know them. Sometime when the family is out we will pick them out with one finger on the piano and add them to our list. Many nights of such pleasure are before us because the number and variety of the songs is so great.

Personally we enjoyed the *Picnic and Hayrack Follies* first and the *Five Wars* second, but those are the types we are especially addicted to. We missed the *Bible Story* but mostly for the sake of our friends who do not know it, and because we always have hopes of adding new stanzas to our present ninety-nine. But we are compensated by *I was Born Almost Ten*

Thousand Years Ago — we find "a hundred thousand" more vivid, but then we use "a hundred thousand". We also think *Mr. Noah* one of our best and are sorry it is not here.

But it is petty of us to complain of what is not in the face of so much that is. If we may venture one adverse criticism we might mention that to our taste the variants are too highly expurgated. But that may have been done out of deference to the publisher or perhaps to Uncle Sam. It really does not matter for we remember all the censored lines.

One cannot look at the book without imagining the ripping time the author must have had in compiling it. We can see him sitting on a rail fence in the sunshine listening to a darky song and joining in the chorus. Or on the top step of the porch of the country store swapping songs and yarns with the oldest inhabitants. He has been at a party of the younger generation. Half a dozen youngsters have heard of his passion for song and we hear them humming from a moonlight terrace — close harmony this is! And when the humming dies down, quick as a flash, "Do you know *Abalone*?" And he, after listening, "Do you know *Willie the Weeper*?" And then altogether, "Did — you — e — ever — hear — the — sto-o-ry" If the collecting was not done in this way it should have been.

We are glad the book is unfinished for the author may in the future string out others of his tatters and remnants. Until he does, the work he has done "in the depths of humility" and "with much love but not enough" will continue to give joy to sinners and to help fellow lovers of humanity over their highest hurdles and through their deepest ditches.

GLADYS A. REICHARD

Barnard College, New York City.

READ 'EM AND WEEP. Sigmund Spaeth. New York Doubleday Page and Co., 1927. \$ 4.00.

If we had never seen Sandburg's *American Songbag* we would have loved this book. As it is we like it and enjoy it. It was compiled purely for entertainment and is entertaining. The author makes no pretence at erudition.

"The songs you forget to remember" date from the earliest period of American history but they are sophisticated, not folk, songs. And so we have an anthology of sentimental songs arranged in chronological order from the Yankee Doodle of the eighteenth century to *Don't Swat your Mother* and *Don't Tell me What you Dreamed Last Night*, ultra-sophisticated twentieth century parodies.

Many gaps in our song delights are filled in by the titles in this list: *Just Break the News to Mother*, *The Little Brown Jug*, *Heaven will Protect the working Girl*, *The Young Oysterman*, and many others.

The inferiority of this book lies, not in the songs included, but rather in the remarks of the author which are patronizing and supercilious. The difference between him and Sandburg is that he is not immersed in humility nor does he bring love to his task. With the same sort of material he has achieved crudity (modern smartness) instead of fineness, and the effect of his text must be a curling lip and a feeling of superiority over the tastes of our forefathers.

GLADYS A. REICHARD

Barnard College, New York City.

TEWA FIRELIGHT TALES. Retold by Ahlee James. 1927. New York. Longmans, Green and Co. 248 pages. \$ 2.00.

A nice edition of Tewa tales for children. Most of the illustrations by Awa Tsireh are in the well known attractive stiff Pueblo style with good coloring. Some are of masked dancers, others depict incidents of the stories. Tail pieces to the chapters are adaptations from highly conventionalized pottery designs.

A TWO-GUN CYCLONE. B. E. Denton. 1927. Dallas, Texas. B. E. Denton. 145 pages. \$ 1.50.

The book is a wildwest thriller which tells of the author's exploits, the picture is the stereotyped movie version — the West as the Easterner wants to know it. Time seems to have colored the adventures vividly. The writer and publisher have printed this account so as to be able to lay aside pick and shovel as a means of livelihood in his old age — he is seventy-two. Three cowboy songs are recorded.

BY CHEYENNE CAMPFIRES. George Bird Grinnell. Yale University Press, 1926. 305 pp., 9 plates.

This collection of Cheyenne stories supplements the previous work on the Cheyenne for which Dr. Grinnell is well known. For those unfamiliar with this tribe, there is a brief foreword on their mode of life. The stories themselves are a good selection from the range of Cheyenne mythology. In many instances, cross references are given to the author's other works on the Cheyenne and also the Pawnee.

The collection includes many familiar patterns in Plains tales, such as war stories and stories of mystery, or special supernatural experiences. The Wihio tales are the trickster stories with Bungling Host and Eye Juggler and others, reminiscent of the Nanabosho and Coyote tales of the east and west.

While the book is by no means a complete collection of Cheyenne mythology, it is nevertheless a very representative group of stories. The stories are given in excellent, simple English. From them, the narrative style, in relation to plot could be studied, but one feels that they are too far removed from the original for any more intimate study of literary style.

ERNA GUNTHER,

University of California.

TONGAN PLACE NAMES. Edward Winslow Gifford. Bernice P. Bishop Museum, Bulletin 6. Honolulu, 1923.

Although a record of place names should be incorporated in any complete ethnography, it is even more essential in Polynesian data than elsewhere. A comparison of place names is important in any analysis of migrations among the islands. In the present study it has been found that Tonga has 80% of her place names in common with those of Samoa and 40% with New Zealand. As more material is accumulated further evidence of this sort should help greatly in defining the movements of the Polynesians. The place names have been compiled from the records in the Tongan Land Office and translated with the aid of residents.

The place names have been analysed in an attempt to determine the direction of movement within the island group. The discussion assumes a primacy for Tongatabu both politically and in length of occupation, the latter point being borne out by the depth of the kitchen middens on the island. The movement has been in general from the larger to the smaller groups.

The names themselves are largely descriptive of some natural feature. In the gazetteer, they are arranged alphabetically, giving the feature to which the name is applied, and its meaning, the island group and the island in which it occurs, the nearest village, the name of the landlord. The list includes nearly 5000 names and should add materially to our knowledge of this area.

The Tongan people are keenly aware of the beauty of nature and use this frequently as the theme for poetry. Several ancient poems, that is, dating to Mariner's time, and some modern ones are given as examples of this type of literature.

ERNA GUNTHER.

TONGAN MYTHS AND TALES. Edward Winslow Gifford. Bernice P. Bishop Museum, Bulletin 8, Honolulu, 1924.

In Tonga, as in many other parts of Polynesia, mythology is not entirely oral tradition. Much of the older material has been preserved through the efforts of early missionaries and other visitors. In this collection Gifford has correlated this documentary material with the legends he obtained at first hand while in the islands.

Mythology, as every other phase of culture, is pressed into service to help determine the origin and subsequent migrations of the Polynesians. To this end the author has compared his collection of tales with the various parts of the Pacific included in Dixon's "Oceanic Mythology". The resemblances run as follows:

Polynesian	67
Indonesian	48
Micronesian	27
Melanesian	10

This bears out Dixon's summary of his Polynesian section, altho as Gifford admits the meagerness of the material from many groups may seriously affect these affiliations. The trend of the mythology supports the theory that the Tongans came to their islands through Micronesia, rather than through Melanesia.

The myths include the creation story, the exploits of Maui and the tales about the Tui Tonga or king of Tonga, this being the usual genealogical tale, giving the origin of the dynasty and tracing it through thirty-five kings. Outside of these, the stories deal largely with the origins of natural features, animals, plants and customs and arts of living. These are generally tales of a novelistic sort with human and supernatural actors. The trend is distinctly away from the animal tales, so popular in American mythologies.

Altho there may be single incidents in Polynesian mythology that bear semblance to American Indian mythologies, still the whole tenor of Polynesian literature is so different, that these minor coincidences must not be taken too seriously.

ERNA GUNTHER.

THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE

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PORTO RICAN FOLK-LORE: FOLK-TALES

BY J. ALDEN MASON; EDITED BY AURELIO M. ESPINOSA.

PART V, CUENTOS PORTORRIQUEÑOS, CONTINUED¹

44. COFRESÍ².

Allá por el cuarto primero del pasado siglo, imperaba como el mayor rey, el valeroso pirata Cofresí, hijo de este pueblo.

El tal pirata era muy perseguido por sus hechos censurables que lo ponían fuera del amparo de la ley, pero como por aquel entonces había en Cabo Rojo muy pocas fuerzas públicas para echarle el guante a personaje de aquella naturaleza, se daba el caso de que algunas veces, esto es claro, no con mucha frecuencia, que Cofresí le daba la humorada de dar sus paseítos por tierra y se corría, como que no quería la cosa, hasta el mismo casco de la población.

Para que esto sucediera, era necesario que el señor pirata tuviera confidencias muy seguras de que en la población no estuviera de paso ningún piquete de soldados, ni que el domingo que destinaba a su visita, hubiera formación o revista de los *chenches*.

Cofresí aparte de ser un pirata, que es cosa muy mala, era también un hombre muy generoso con sus amigos y compinches, y de esta clase de personas tenía muchas en tierra.

¹ From vol. 40. p. 414. The entire collection, of which this is the last installment, has appeared in the Journal over a series of years, as follows:

PART I: CUENTOS PICARESOS,

vol. 34, pp. 143—208.

vol. 35, pp. 1—61.

PART II: CUENTOS HUMANOS,

vol. 37, pp. 247—344.

PART III: CUENTOS DE ENCANTAMIENTO,

vol. 38, pp. 507—618.

vol. 39, pp. 227—369.

PART IV: CUENTOS DE ANIMALES,

vol. 40, pp. 313—389.

PART V: CUENTOS PORTORRIQUEÑOS,

vol. 40, pp. 389—414.

vol. 42, pp. 85—98.

PART VI: CUENTITOS Y ANECDOTAS,

vol. 42, pp. 98—156.

² Popular stories of a Porto Rican bandit; Contreras, another bandit, Charia another bandit.

Regaba a manos llenas el oro por donde pasaba, porque como "*lo que poco cuesta hágamoslo fiesta*", según se dice, aunque bien pensado, no muy poco le costaba. Nada menos que su cabeza exponía y la de otros muchos, pero así era el hombre por el sino que lo trajo a la vida y por las circunstancias que después le rodearon.

Un domingo de aquellos años que digo, los informes le serían satisfactorios, presentóse Cofresí en Cabo Rojo. Esto era un suceso extraordinario y que los que no estaban en el complot de la visita les causaba verdadero asombro, y dignos de ver eran los corrillos que se formaban y los cuchicheos de compadres y comadres, y circulaba por toda la población con rapidez, la noticia y todo el mundo quería ver al hombre tan temido, que se le consideraba como de insuperable valor.

— ¡Allí está Cofresí; allí está Cofresí! — iban diciendo al oído, muy bajito y poco a poco y a distancia, y sin que él se apercibiera, se le iba formando una escolta de curiosos y de admiradores.

Cuando llegó Cofresí al pueblo eran horas muy tempranas de la mañana y todavía casi no había llegado la aglomeración de gente, que entonces como ahora, concurre los domingos al poblado.

Nuestro hombre dió su vuelta por la plaza y al oír que las campanas tocaban a misa dirigió sus pasos al Santo Templo.

— ¡Cofresí en misa, Cofresí en misa! — se decía por todas partes. Y aquel día hubo mayor concurrencia en los Oficios Divinos.

A la sazón llegaba también al pueblo, por el camino de la parte llana de la jurisdicción, un señor de apellido Torres, cuyo primer nombre no recuerdo bien, que montaba hermoso y brioso alazán, ensillado con *banastillas*, que era lo que entonces se usaba.

Apeóse en la casa de un amigo, dió a cuidar su montura, sacó de debajo de la almohada que le servía de asiento su espada de *Coco* y *Cruz* y se la puso debajo de brazo. Fué como de costumbre, a la plaza pública para después ir también a oír la correspondiente misa. — Porque han de saber ustedes que en aquellos tiempos de que estoy hablando, toda persona de alguna representación llevaba espada de bien acerado temple, y antes que olvidar su compañera inseparable podían hacerlo de cualquiera otra cosa que fuera para ellos de menos importancia. Y no la llevaban como objeto de lujo, ni como jactancioso alarde; la llevaban para la propia defensa y para defender su honra de caballero intachable, que como tales se consideraban y como a tales se les exigían que se les tratase. Entonces entre la gente de fuste no había disputas ni malas expresiones, sino estocadas de punta y filo que a la mejor marcaban un soberbio *chirlo*, en el cuerpo del adversario.

El señor Torres era conceptuado como un hombre a carta cabal, enérgico hasta la temeridad y de un valor reconocido en más de un caso en que supo demostrarlo a toda prueba. Integro y franco, con una franqueza a veces ruda, pero que estaba patrocinada por su brazo y su corazón; altivo e intransigente con los fulleros y malandrines y decidor y chancero.

Era alto, robusto y de un vigor que imponía respeto al más decidido.

No bien llegó a la plaza y aun antes de llegar a ella, oyó decir la con-sabida frase, de: "Cofresí está en la iglesia." Esto le llamo la atención y aunque conocía las hazañas del pirata por los relatos que por todas partes corrían, a él, parece, no le hacían ninguna gracia, por el fondo in-moral que revestían y las oía y comentaba con cierto desenfado.

Sólo admiraba en él su valor temerario, pero como él se creía dueño de otro, por nadie sobrepujado, tampoco aun esa condición lo subyugaba como a los demás. Sabía que siempre fué generoso y que jamás ultrajó al débil, pero no se recataba para censurar que aquellas apreciables con-diciones debían emplearse en mejor servicio, fueran cuales fuesen los accidentes que a tan peligrosa senda lo llevaran.

— Oye, le dijo a un amigo que encontró al paso, — he oído decir a varios que el Cofresí ese está allí en la iglesia.

— Sí está, — le contestó el otro; — no hace mucho le ví entrar.

— Bueno, pues tú que lo conoces vente conmigo para que me lo enseñes, tengo ganas de verle de cerca y sentir el efecto que me produce su vista.

Los dos amigos se dirigieron al templo y por la puerta mayor entraron. Tomaron agua bendita, se hincaron, como buenos devotos para hacer las oraciones de ritual, y después de un rato de fervorosa devoción se levantaron y Torres le dijo a su acompañante:

— Vamos, enséñame al hombre.

La casualidad hizo que solo a dos pasos de los amigos estaba en actitud muy contrita, el héroe de nuestra narración.

Cofresí era un hombre bajito, aunque fornido, se conocía que sus músculos eran de acero y que sería muy ágil y de temperamento nervioso y exaltado. Claro que al lado de Torres, de estatura colosal y de una robustez muy proporcionada a su cuerpo, el pirata resultaba un medio hombre. Así es que Torres, que se había forjado en su imaginación, algo andaluza como su abolengo, otro tipo merodeador de nuestras costas, por lo tanto sufrió un desencanto al verle; lo cierto es que al contemplarle un breve rato y dirigiéndose a su amigo, con su vozarrón de costumbre, porque tenía la voz en armonía con su cuerpo, que aunque quisiera no podía bajarla de diapason bastante para decir un secreto, le dijo:

— ¿Ese hombrecillo es Cofresí? Valiente muñeco.

Tal exabrupto fué oído por nuestro héroe y al oír su nombre unido al calificativo *hombrecillo*, volvió rápidamente como una centella sus ojos hacia el que lo pronunciaba, a tiempo que oía el otro mote de *muñeco*.

Sus nervios de pantera vibraron y si no dió un salto de tal para caer encima del que de tal modo le ofendía, quizá único que a tanto se atreviera fué por recordar a tiempo que en la casa de Dios estaba.

Pero se le acercó temblando de furor y después de medir de piés a cabeza a su adversario, con una mirada centellante y de hacer un mohín de olímpico desprecio, como desquite al insulto recibido, le dijo:

— Mire, Don, debajo de su brazo tiene lo necesario para que se divierta con este muñeco; ahí afuera lo espero.

— Mi intención no fué esa, — contestó Torres, — pero si tanto te empeñas, vamos allá, hombre, vamos allá.

Y los dos contendientes sin una palabra más salieron al atrio, midieron con la vista la distancia y cada uno tomó el sitio conveniente desenvainando sus tizonas.

Ya en guardia los dos campeones, Torres le dijo a Cofresí:

— Espérate muchacho, que voy a encender un cigarro, — y uniendo la acción a la palabra, sacó de su bolsillo, cigarro, pedernal y mecha y como lo dijo lo hizo, sin cuidarse gran cosa de su adversario.

Cruzaron los aceros y emprendieron el combate. Por demás está decir que plaza e iglesia quedaron desiertas; las mujeres se fueron chillando para las casas y los hombres a contemplar la contienda.

Muchas personas respetables trataron de poner la paz entre los combatientes, pero nada consiguieron.

— Al que se meta lo rajo, — gritaba Torres, con su vozarrón de trueno.

— Al que intervenga lo mato, — rugía Cofresí, y a tales anuncios cualquiera iba a meter la cabeza.

Llegó el Teniente, Jefe de la población, presentando su vara de autoridad, acompañado de los cuatro urbanos, pero como nada. Los urbanos temblaban de miedo y tenían por conveniente tomar alguna distancia.

— ¡Plaza, plaza! — gritaban los combatientes y a su alrededor no se oía mas que el zic, zac, de los aceros y el retintín al chocar. Cofresí daba saltos de tigre y acometía con furor terrible, con toda la regla del arte que le convenía y acosaba como un rayo a su adversario, pero Torres era un muro inespugnable y a la estocada más bien tirada oponía un quite magistral con una calma insufrible y un tesón indomable y siempre seguía fumando su cigarro y a lo mejor soltaba una bocanada de humo para encima de su adversario y tomando el cigarro con la mano derecha atendía a su defensa y le gritaba a Cofresí:

— *Compae, ¿quies Candela?* — y daba a su voz unas modulaciones de burla y a su rostro una mueca de ironía.

A tales chanzonetas el furor de Cofresí no tenía límites y su empuje llegaba hasta la temeridad.

Se comprendía que Torres no abusaba de aquella exasperación y no quería herirle.

Cuando a tal estado llegaban las cosas, ya se habían formado dos bandos: unos partidarios de Cofresí y otros de Torres y ya empezaban a mirarse con miradas hoscas y agresivas. Hubo quien vaticinaba que aquello terminaría en una batalla campal; pero cuando más se iban enardeciendo los ánimos, se abrió una parte del redondel que formaban los expectantes y apareció el Sr. Cura revestido con todos sus ornamentos y con la Custodia en las manos y se dirigió a los combatientes gritándoles:

— ¡Abajo los aceros, ante el Cuerpo Sagrado de Dios Nuestro Señor!

Y aquellos dos hombres que ya llegaban al límite de las fieras, rápidamente obedecieron el mandato del Cura, bajaron sus aceros y doblaron la cabeza ante la Sagrada Forma.

— Ahora señores, — dijo el Cura, — ustedes (dirigiéndose a los partidarios de Cofresí), lleváoslo hacia este lado, y ustedes (a los de Torres), sacad por este otro lado a nuestro amigo. Os ordeno en nombre de Dios que no volváis a reñir.

Así pudo terminar aquella contienda que es tradicional en Cabo Rojo.

45. COFRESÍ.

En tiempos ya remotos existió en Puerto Rico un hombre pacífico llamado Cofresí, hijo de un alemán y una portorriqueña.

Este caborrojeño era de baja estatura, grueso, de mucho bigote y de ojos azules. Su afición fué siempre ser pescador.

Teniendo ya su pesquería en los Morrillos de Cabo Rojo, vendióse a un inglés, pero éste nególe el importe de la deuda contraída.

Cofresí desde entonces y debido a esa mala acción, convirtiéndose en un pirata, dispuesto a vengarse del inglés y sus compatriotas.

Acompañado de unos vasallos empezó a hacer estragos en los barcos ingleses.

Una vez una tempestad marítima lo arrastró desde Mayagüez hasta la isla de La Mora, al Oeste de Aguadilla. Una vez allí, por no tener documentos de su balandro fué arrestado en unión de sus compañeros y condenado con ellos a seis años de cárcel, pero al poco tiempo fugóse con sus compañeros y otros dominicanos de su misma calidad.

Entonces la tripulación de sus tres balandros que había robado, consistía de treinta hombres.

Con esos tres balandros continuó su piratería destruyendo muchos barcos ingleses y robándoles grandes cantidades de dinero, que depositaba en diferentes partes.

El célebre entonces Cofresí hizo ruido no sólo en el mundo masculino sino que también entre las mujeres, pues amaba y era amado por bastantes doncellas, a las que visitaba a menudo.

Tenía en Ponce un compadre al que profesaba gran cariño y quien era poseedor de varios secretos amorosos de Cofresí.

Por este tiempo Cofresí estaba enamorado de la hija de un capitán de buques, a la que amaba con frenesí.

El le había entregado a su padre un croquis del lugar en donde tenía enterrados sus mayores tesoros.

El compadre de Cofresí tenía una goleta, la que el pirata quería comprar para seguir viviendo cómodamente en el extranjero, sin perjudicar a nadie; pero el compadre se negó a venderla.

Entonces Cofresí le dijo que se apoderaría de ella en el mar y él lo comunicó a las autoridades, que se hicieron a la mar en la misma goleta después de haberla armado.

Cofresí, que ignoraba ésto, les salió al encuentro cerca de Fajardo, donde fué apresado por las autoridades, no sin haberle echado a pique sus tres balandros.

El pirata y sus hombres fueron juzgados por un consejo de guerra y sentenciados a muerte.

El padre de su novia después de haber muerto Cofresí fué a buscar los tesoros que había enterrado éste, valiendose de una estrategia bastante sencilla. Se dedicó a la compra de miel y en uno de sus viajes desembarcó en la isla donde estaban los tesoros y se apoderó de ellos.

46. COFRESÍ

Cofresí era un ladrón que robaba para enterrar.

Cierta vez cogió él sus siete mulas, que según me han contado tenía, y se fué a robar.

Llegó a una hermosa casa cuyo balcón era dorado y muy bonito.

Cuando llegó, rompió una puerta tan fácilmente que nadie lo oyó; entró, buscó y solo vió allí cuatro hermosas doncellas.

Se acercó a ellas y vió que se habían hecho nada, pues las iba a tocar y no encontraba nada, y era que esa hermosa casa era gobernada por el demonio.

Después de esa visión no vió nada más y salió atemorizado y con coraje.

Cuando fué a salir oyó una voz ronca, triste a momentos y alegre a instantes, pero no entendió lo que la voz decía.

El se fué a otra casa que parecía un palacio, donde cargó de dinero sus siete mulas.

Atravesó un monte con ellas, pero tenía duda porque distinguía a lo lejos la misma casa que había dejado tras de sí y donde no había entendido la voz que hablaba.

Se acercó a ella, llamó a la puerta y salió a responder una hermosa joven, con un vestido verde muy bonito y adornado de seda y llenos de sortijas los dedos.

Se le quedó mirando y se transformó en una figura extraordinaria y ya que había tendido su mano, al saludarla, notó que sus manos eran blandas y se iban endureciendo, pero él era muy valiente.

La joven le dijo que muy bien podía, si tenía confianza, dejar su dinero allí, que esa casa se conducía donde quisiera, y debajo de ella iba quedando un subterráneo con agua, donde podía siempre guardar su dinero.

Y por eso se dice que en Puerto Rico hay mucho dinero enterrado, porque siempre Cofresí estaba enterrando lo que robaba.

47. COFRESÍ.

Cofresí era un pirata que atacaba a los ingleses, porque un Inglés le dió una bofetada a su padre.

Tenía un balandro que corría muy ligero.

En la proa tenía un cañón que lo utilizaba para tirarles a los barcos y hundirlos.

Un día que estaba por la costa vió un barco Inglés y al verlo lo persiguió hasta alcanzarlo. Entró en el barco y mató a la tripulación y a los niños que iban en él y cogió el dinero y a un marinero y le dijo:

— ¿ Quiere cuidar este dinero ?

Y el marinero dijo que sí; y lo mató y enterró el dinero y puso el cadáver sobre el dinero y volvió a salir por la costa.

En la capital daban dinero al que cogiera a Cofresí, y un capitán de un barco dijo que él lo cogería y salió en el barco con muchos hombres armados y salió de la costa en busca de Cofresí e izó la bandera inglesa.

Cuando Cofresí lo vió lo persiguió hasta alta mar. El capitán le hizo fuego y Cofresí al ver que le tiró viró para tierra y en tierra lo hirieron y lo cogieron prisionero y lo llevaron a la guillotina y él dijo que lo que más le había pesado había sido haber matado a los niños.

48. COFRESÍ.

Cofresí era de un pueblo de la costa y tenía una pequeña embarcación, la cual le facilitaba ir a bordo y vender frutas a la marinería de los barcos que llegaban al puerto.

Un día tuvo un disgusto con un capitán de un barco americano, porque éste no quiso pagarle el importe de las frutas recibidas.

Cofresí se vengó en la forma siguiente:

Se hizo de una pequeña tripulación de hombres armados y en un pequeño barco se acercaron a los que estaban en el puerto, barrenándolos sin ser vistos por los marineros.

En seguida dió órdenes a los suyos para que entraran al barco barrenado, mataran y robaran todo lo que fuera útil.

Después remaban avanzando hasta llegar a tierra. Todo lo robado que no fuera de comer, como oro, plata y prendas, era enterrado con bastante cuidado en las playas de esta isla.

Llegó el momento en que el Gobierno tuvo conocimiento de estos hechos y pidió la cabeza del mencionado Cofresí.

Fueron después tantas las medidas que tomaron las autoridades, que con la ayuda de otras embarcaciones les rompieron la suya y lo hirieron gravemente.

Después de su muerte encontraron planos que indicaban en donde había dejado enterrado, desde el Peñón de Ponce, hasta un cerro cerca de Güánica, varios millones de pesos en oro, plata y prendas.

¡ Feliz el que los haya encontrado !

49. COFRESÍ.

Cofresí era el terror de los mares antillanos, famoso por sus hazañas en alta mar. He aquí una de sus intrépidas expediciones:

A la caída de la tarde Cofresí con su vista de águila descubrió un bulto en el horizonte; pidió el catalejo y pudo ver que no se equivocaba, era un bergantín que se dirigía a Santo Tomás.

A poco obscureció; mandó preparar todos los atavíos para el ataque.

La goleta de "Roberto", que así se llamaba el pirata, se hizo a la vela.

El, con su temple de acero se puso a amolar su hacha de abordaje. Aún no había amanecido cuando la goleta disparó una carga de fusilería. El bergantín izó todas sus velas, pero la goleta andaba más.

Cofresí con su hacha en la diestra y el timón en la siniestra, dirigió su arco al costado del bergantín, al mismo tiempo que gritaba:

— ¡Atad! ¡Al abordaje!

Toda la tripulación del bergantín fué atada y éste barrenado.

El pirata se retiró, pues no encontró lo que buscaba y contempló al bergantín hundirse en el mar.

Esto causaba disgusto al gobierno americano, pues interrumpía su comercio; por esta causa mandó una goleta armada para apresar a Roberto Cofresí.

Estando éste por la costa Sur, vió la goleta, mas no sabiendo que le andaba persiguiendo se dirigió a apresarla. Esta vez al estar al alcance de tiro no fué ella la que disparó, sino su enemiga con una andanada.

Cofresí viró su goleta y se dió a la fuga internándose en la costa del Cabo Rojo. Allí enterró lo que dió tiempo y se dividió su tripulación en patrullas.

De esta manera tuvo varios encuentros con la guardia civil que le perseguía en tierra.

Hallándose con pocos y él en un encuentro, le cogieron prisionero; más tarde fué fusilado él y la tripulación restante en el campo del Morro.

Así terminó su vida Cofresí y Ramírez de Arellano, valiente pirata portorriqueño, natural del pueblo de Cabo Rojo.

50. COFRESÍ.

Cuéntase que había en Güánica un hombre llamado Ricardo, al cual le gustaba muchísimo que le contasen cuentos de Cofresí.

Un día en que este Ricardo estaba en una reunión oyó contar un cuento de Cofresí, en el que se trataba del viaje que éste hizo a América para vengar a su padre.

Desde ese día nuestro hombre se quedó con la idea de que si él hubiese sido hombre se hubiera ido con Cofresí, y siempre que se encontraba solo le pedía a Dios que le dejase ver a Cofresí.

Una vez Ricardo iba por un camino cargado con muchísimas gallinas e iba pensando en que si Cofresí viviera él no estaría pasando tantos trabajos. Por el camino por donde él iba no había casas y solamente tres o cuatro árboles; cuando él ve que de entre los árboles sale un hombre, el cual se le acerca diciéndole:

— ¿Qué piensas, buen hombre?

Ricardo miró para todas partes y no vió a nadie más y le contestó:

— Yo venía pensando en ese hombre tan renombrado, que se llamaba Cofresí, porque creo que si él viviera yo no sería tan pobre como soy.

— ¿Y qué tú tienes deseos de conocer a ese monstruo?

— ¡Va! ¿que si tengo deseos? Si sueño todas las noches con él sin conocerlo.

— Pues bien, mira hacia aquel cerro y tú verás quién viene allí.

Ricardo miró asustado, pero no vió a nadie y entonces el hombre le llamó la atención diciéndole:

— No creo que tienes tantos deseos de conocerlo, porque lo tienes delante y ni siquiera le das la mano para saludarlo.

Ricardo se echó a temblar y cayó de rodillas a los pies de aquel hombre diciendo:

— Bien venido y bendito seáis, gran señor.

— ¡Cómo es eso! ¿Tú que tantos deseos tenías de conocerme ahora tiemblas? No temas; levántate y pon atención a lo que voy a decirte.

— Vete a tu pueblo y reparte todas esas gallinas, y si acaso te dicen que si estás loco no hagas caso. Después te vas a tu casa y te preparas un pico y una azada, esto sin decírselo a nadie y a las doce de la noche te vas a la posesión del señor Méndez y hacia la izquierda del jardín encontrarás una piedra grandísima; quítala de allí que allí debajo hay cinco millones (que pertenecieron al capitán del buque que maltrató a mi padre), coge todo el dinero que te quepa en cuatro talegas y deja el otro allí, cuidando de volver a poner la piedra, según estaba. Haz obras de caridad y sé bueno, y al decir esta palabra se desapareció.

Ricardo hizo todo según se lo había dicho Cofresí y ahora es un rico hacendado que se conoce por sus obras de caridad.

51. COFRESÍ.

Cuando Cofresí era un niño que solamente contaba la edad de diez años, le gustaba andar y acompañar siempre a su padre. Este último se ocupaba de vender café a todos los buques mercantes que a Güánica iban.

Un día en que tuvo que ir a vender café a un gran buque iba con su hijo. El capitán le compró su cargamento de café y luego sin haberle pagado nada por él le dieron una gran paliza, le amarraron y le echaron en el bote en que había ido.

Cofresí, que como hemos dicho, iba con él, se indignó con esto, pero como era tan pequeño no pudo defender a su padre y juró vengarse algún día.

Constantemente recordaba las facciones del capitán del buque y siempre le perseguía la idea de vengarse.

Pasaron muchos años y su padre murió, él cumplió 21 años y por consiguiente heredó de su padre lo que le pertenecía.

Mandó construir un buque todo lo más fuerte posible y después de tenerlo, dió a unos veinticuatro amigos un banquete. Todos se fijaban en que Cofresí no hablaba ni se reía, sino que permanecía triste y pensativo.

Uno de ellos le preguntó qué le pasaba y entonces le contó lo que tantos años hacía le había sucedido a su padre.

Todos los amigos se ofrecieron a ayudarle y él aceptó; mandó equipar el buque con todo lo necesario y una semana después se hacían a la mar.

Después de navegar sin encontrar buque alguno, por último encontraron un barco y dió la casualidad que en él navegaba el capitán del buque que él buscaba.

Ellos como unas fieras se arrojaron sobre el buque, saltaron a bordo y cogiendo al capitán le amarraron del palo mayor y él le golpeó hasta matarlo; robaron todo el dinero que llevaban y luego hundieron el buque.

Este fué su primer impulso a la piratería. Regresó a Güánica, donde dicen enterró el tesoro que había robado y luego siguió siendo la fiera de los mares hasta que murió.

52. COFRESÍ.

Cofresí era un pirata que se ocupaba ensaquear tanto los buques como los puertos, especialmente en las aguas antillanas.

Cierto día, después de haberle robado una gran cantidad de dinero a un buque, se dirigió hácia una floresta próxima a la costa, con el objeto de enterrar allí aquella fortuna.

No muy lejos de la floresta había un labrador que estaba fabricando su choza y éste se dirigió al bosque para cortar troncos de árboles y así construir su pequeño hogar. Después de haberse internado bastante en dicho sitio, notó que una chalupa tripulada por varios hombres se acercaba a la costa donde él estaba. Vió aquello tan extraño que tuvo miedo y se subió a un árbol muy corpulento que estaba cerca de él. Desde allí observó todos los movimientos de la pequeña embarcación, vió cuando desembarcaron los hombres armados de pistolas y se pusieron a explorar el terreno.

Después que se convencieron de que aquel paraje estaba desierto, se dirigieron a la chalupa y desembarcaron una gran cantidad de dinero, lo llevaron a sitio que habían escogido, trazaron sus medidas, hicieron el hoyo y enterraron el dinero. Antes de volverse a embarcar hicieron varias marcas, volvieron a explorar el terreno para convencerse de que estaba solo y se fueron.

El labrador que estaba en el árbol lo había observado todo y después que la chalupa estuvo bastante retirada de la costa, se apeó del árbol, buscó el sitio donde habían enterrado el dinero y lo encontró. No teniendo el labrador donde echar una suma de dinero tan grande en ese momento, y sin querer ir a su casa por temor de que otro pudiera cogerle la fortuna, se quitó el chaquetón lo empató con bejucos en forma de talega, lo llenó

de dinero, volvió a tapar con bastante cuidado el hoyo y se dirigió a su casa.

Después de haber cargado con todo el dinero se dirigió a la ciudad y llegó a ser uno de los hombres más ricos de todos aquellos contornos.

53. COFRESÍ.

Dicen que cierta vez había un hombre en Cabo Rojo, llamado Cofresí. El era un pirata muy terrible.

Tenía un balandro y cuando veía que un buque venía, se le iba encima y lo atraía con una cadena hasta poderse subir a él. Siempre llevaba un puñal y a todo el que tenía dinero se lo robaba y al que no, lo asesinaba.

La gente cuenta que todo lo que él robaba lo enterraba en Caja de Muertos y otros lugares.

Una vez que estaba un señor haciendo un hoyo en el patio de su casa, cuando estaba dando con el pico en la tierra, saltaron algunas chispas de candela; parece que el hierro de alguna caja chocó con el acero y fué lo que produjo las chispas.

Siguió el señor cavando hasta que encontró una caja; fué a llamar gente para que viera ésto, pero cuando la gente vino, ya el hoyo estaba cubierto de tierra.

Dicen que en la caja había un dinero que Cofresí enterró.

Por Caja de Muertos, se oyen todas las noches perros ladrando y cadenas arrastrándose por el suelo, y dice la gente que es que están guardando el dinero de Cofresí.

Este bandido fué asesinado en San Juan, junto con diez compañeros.

54. COFRESÍ.

Entre las muchas leyendas portorriqueñas que me han sido narradas, ninguna ha llamado tanto mi atención como la que trata del pirata Cofresí.

Cierta vez que me hallaba veraneando en un campo que forma parte de las playas del mar Caribe, oí hablar a unos campesinos de un dinero que pensaban desenterrar aquella noche.

Pregunté con insistencia a mis abuelos el móvil que inducía a aquella gente a hacer semejante acto y me narraron esta historia.

Hace varios años llegó a estos playas un extranjero de nombre Cofresí, que por su triste apariencia revelaba haber sufrido un percance marítimo. Por sus narraciones supose que era pirata y que había sido atacado por los americanos, de los cuales había jurado vengarse a toda costa. Supose también que poseía una grandiosa fortuna que seguramente había adquirido por medio del robo.

Pasó algún tiempo y el hombre desapareció del barrio; muchos aseguraban que la noche antes de desaparecerse lo habían visto cavando varios hoyos muy cerca de la playa. De aquí vinieron múltiples comen-

tarios, resultando la creencia principal de que había enterrado su dinero en aquellas playas.

Desde ese día (memorable para todos aquellos campesinos), adquirieron la costumbre de cavar todos los años y en ese mismo día, con el objeto de buscar la tan deseada riqueza.

Muchos son los que se dan cita en aquel sitio todos los años, pero también han sido muchas las decepciones, hasta la fecha, sufridas por semejante creencia.

55. COFRESÍ.

Dice la gente antigua que en tiempo atrás había un hombre llamado Cofresí.

Ese hombre se hallaba robando a los buques americanos, porque la gente dice que un americano le dió una pescozada al padre, cuando él era pequeño y dijo:

— Me vengaré de todo americano que yo coja cuando llegue a grande.

Cofresí tenía un pequeño botecito y también todas las banderas de las naciones dentro de él.

Cuando Cofresí veía un vapor americano se izaba inmediatamente hasta buscar la manera de echarlo a pique y coger las provisiones y matar a la gente.

Cofresí andaba con varios hombres y el dinero que cogía lo empaquetaba, hacía un hoyo en la tierra y preguntaba:

— ¿Quién de ustedes se quiere quedar cuidando este dinero? — y el que se quería quedar decía: “yo”, y Cofresí le pegaba un tiro y lo enteraba junto con el dinero.

56. CONTRERAS.

Existió en Puerto Rico cierta vez, una cabalgata de bandidos entre los cuales se distinguieron por sus fechorías y demás, Silvio Alere, Cofresí y Contreras.

De éste último que aún no ha dejado de existir, es del que voy a relatar algo.

Este famoso Contreras, aun en su muy temprana edad se dedicó, en unión de dos compañeros suyos, a ejecutar toda clase de daños.

Estos otros dos compañeros de él cometían grandes crímenes por doquier y Contreras, que según he sabido, no le agradaba cometer crímenes, procuró salirse de la sociedad que los tres habían formado.

A él solamente le gustaba hacer grandes robos en cuanto establecimiento de alto rango podía y después de estas ejecuciones, la mayor parte de lo que había robado lo distribuía a los pobres infelices que a su paso hallaba.

Por fin, tanto los perseguían a él y a sus excompañeros, hasta que lograron los guardias civiles ponerlos en prisión.

Después de haber permanecido por espacio de cuarenta años en prisión, hará como dos años que logró fugarse de la cárcel. A consecuencias de lo muy viejo que está y de lo agotadas que están ya sus fuerzas, no se ocupó nadie de perseguirlo.

Tan pronto como él estuvo fuera de su prisión, se fué en seguida a sacar varios de sus entierros que le habían dado, y todos eran de prendas muy bonitas y de mucho valor.

Después que hizo esta operación, la mayor parte de estas prendas las distribuyó entre varios infelices que a su paso iba encontrando y solamente dejó para sí, un magnífico reloj de oro.

El ahora últimamente habita una casa de un hombre muy caritativo, en un barrio de Aguadiela.

Todos los pobrecitos le aman mucho y como está algo viejo, cuando ven que algún peligro le amenaza, todos los pobrecitos son los primeros en protegerlo.

57. CHARÍA.

Hubo una vez en cierto pueblo un hombre llamado Charía, que su oficio era vender cigarros por los campos.

Charía era alto, de color moreno y ojos grandes como los de un loco.

Un día fué a un campo a vender algunos paquetes de cigarros y llegó a casa de una señora que le dijo:

— Mire, ¿a cuánto da sus paquetes de cigarros?

Charía le dijo: — Valen cincuenta centavos.

Entonces la mujer le dijo:

— Mire, los tiempos no están tan buenos, Esos usted se los habrá robado.

Charía era muy malo y le dió una bofetada.

Bueno, la cosa fué que vino el marido de la mujer y le dió con un cuchillo un tajo en un brazo. Charía juró vengarse, se curó y una noche que había llovido mucho fué y estando la mujer sola, le dió seis puñaladas que le causaron la muerte. De allí en adelante Charía huyó mucho y no se dejó coger. La policía lo persiguió hasta verlo en la orilla del mar.

Charía había ido a una tienda, se robó un poco de dinero, cuatro revólvers y catorce cajas de balas que cada una contenía ciento ochenta y siete balas.

El tenía los cuatro revólvers encima y seis puñales más que había comprado.

El viejo al saber que él era un prófugo temblaba como un niño.

Charía como era tan guapo, se subió arriba, pero como era tan astuto puso dos de las muchachas en cada puerta; cosa que si la policía le tiraba cogiera a las muchachas o tenía que asomar la cabeza por encima de las muchachas y entonces él le tiraba por la cabeza.

Se metió a un monte que tenía muchos árboles y encontró una casa en que vivía un hombre rico y tenía ocho hijos. Al llegar allí, en una vereda

que había se encontró con el viejo y le dijo que si le daba comida o si no le daba la vida.

El viejo le dijo que se esperara mientras que le arreglaban siete u ocho huevos, pero que se fuera arriba a descansar. Pero Charía le dijo que no, porque venía la policía y lo cogía, que él era un prófugo.

El viejo había mandado buscar a la policía y vinieron, pero los dos se fueron por una misma puerta y él se les fué por la otra y se les metió por un bosque de cañas, con su pistola en la mano.

Oyó un ruido por entre las cañas, pero se acostó y salió un hombre gordo.

Charía lo llamó y le preguntó quien era, pero era otro prófugo que andaba también huyendo. Se fueron los dos juntos por un cañaveral hasta llegar a una casa donde vivía un viejo. Ellos le pidieron comida, pero el viejo no la tenía. Entonces ellos se conformaron porque vieron que era anciano.

El viejo les dijo que pocos momentos antes de venir ellos, había estado allí la policía.

El hombre que él había encontrado le dijo que qué buenas iban las cosas, y se fueron por un camino.

Charía divisó la cabeza de un policía y se bajaron en una mata. Cuando la policía pasó ellos se fueron y encontraron los dos caballos que habían dejado los dos policías mientras que iban a la casita.

Los policías le preguntaron al viejo y les dijo que momentos antes habían estado allí dos hombres y le pidieron comida.

La policía lo cogió y se lo llevó a presidio.

VI. CUENTITOS Y ANECDOTAS.

I. LOS TRES GALLEGOS.

Una vez salieron tres gallegos a andar la isla, y solamente uno tenía una peseta. Después de haber andado tres días sin comer nada, resolvieron comprar un pollito con la peseta. Asaron su pollito hasta que estaba que parecía un lechón.

Después de asado, uno de ellos dijo:

—Vamos a hacer una cosa, guardamos el pollo, y el que sueñe que ha viajado más lejos, ése se lo come.

Cuando llegó la noche, se acostaron a dormir y el que dió la idea se acostó también pero se quedó despierto. Los otros se durmieron.

Cuando ya estaban bien dormidos los otros, el que dió la idea se levantó y se comió el pollito asado.

Después volvió a acostarse y cuando ya había amanecido se levantaron y se pusieron a contar sus sueños.

Uno de ellos dijo que había soñado que había ido a Francia, y el otro le dijo:

— Pues yo fuí más lejos, fuí a Alemania.

Y entonces el último les dijo:

— Pues yo creía que ustedes se iban a quedar y me comí el pollito.

2. LOS DOS GALLEGOS Y EL ANDALUZ.

Esta era una vez que había dos gallegos y un andaluz.

Un día salieron a cazar y no casaron ni una paloma. Cuando venían para su casa vieron una gallina y uno de ellos pudo cazarla. Después discutieron:

Uno quería comérsela porque la cazó, el otro porque dió la escopeta y el otro porque facilitó la pólvora.

En eso dejaron la discusión, arreglaron la gallina y la guardaron para el otro día. El que tuviera por la noche el sueño más bonito, a ése le pertenecía.

El andaluz se levantó cuando sus compañeros estaban bien dormidos, se comió la gallina y luego se acostó otra vez.

A la mañana siguiente se preguntaron quién había tenido el sueño más bonito.

Uno de los gallegos dijo:

— Soñé que fuí a la gloria.

El otro dijo:

— Soñé que fuí en un Zeppelin a la luna.

Entonces el andaluz dijo:

— Como ustedes se fueron tan lejos. creí que no volvían y me comí la gallina.

3. LOS TRES GALLEGOS.

Me cuenta un viejito que vive en casa, que le contaba su abuelo que una vez iban tres gallegos por un camino. Después de haber andado mucho tiempo y teniendo mucha hambre, llegaron a casa de una vieja. Le preguntaron que si tenía de comer, y dijo que solo tenía un pollo muy pequeño.

Entonces los gallegos dijeron que era muy poco y el más astuto dijo: — Bueno, yo voy a proponer un negocio, dormimos mucho y después el que haya soñado que estaba más alto, se come el pollo.

Se acostaron a dormir y la vieja asó el pollo.

Un gallego se levantó y se comió el pollo. Después se levantaron los otros dos y dijeron:

— Vamos a ver qué soñaste:

— Pues yo soñé que de tan alto, tan alto que me encontraba, me encontré en la puerta del cielo.

El segundo dijo:

— Pues yo soñé que de tan alto que estaba me encontré en las puertas de la Torre de Babel.

Entonces dijo el tercero.

— Pues yo no soñé nada, pero como los ví tan alto y tan lejos dije, “Ya ellos no vienen”, y me comí el pollo.

4. LOS TRES GALLEGOS.

Una vez había tres gallegos que perdieron su colocación y sólo les sobraron nueve centavos.

Uno de ellos dijo:

— Como con esos nueve centavos no nos da para almorzar compremos arroz y bacalao y hacemos una sopa, luego nos acostamos a dormir, y el que sueñe que ha ido más lejos, ese se comerá la sopa.

Aceptaron, y después de estar la sopa, se acostaron a dormir. Uno de ellos despertó y llamó a otro y le dijo:

— ¿Qué soñaste?

— Yo soñé que estaba por Roma y después por Londres. ¿Y tú?

— Yo, que estaba por el planeta Venus. ¿Y tú?

— Yo, como ustedes se fueron tan lejos, creí que no volverían, me levanté y me comí la sopa.

5. CUENTOS GALLEGOS.

Había una vez tres gallegos que tenían mucha hambre.

Tenían un caldero de habichuelas y dijeron: —

— El que sueñe más alto se come el caldero de habichuelas.

Uno de ellos se levantó bien temprano y se comió el caldero de habichuelas.

Por la mañana el que se comió las habichuelas, se levantó muy temprano, llamó a los otros dos y les dijo: —

— ¿Qué soñaste tú? Y uno de ellos dijo:

— Yo soñé que estaba más alto que el cielo. Y el otro dijo:

— Pues yo soñé que estaba más arriba que tú!

— Pues yo, como ví que ustedes estaban tan altos me comí toditas las habichuelas.

Y empezaron a pelear hasta que se mataron unos a otros.

Salí por un camino y entré por otro y el que me está oyendo que me cuente otro.

6. LOS TRES GALLEGOS.

Una vez vivía en España un gallego muy bueno.

Un día se presentaron en la puerta tres galleguitos que tenían mucha hambre.

Ese día era de Navidad. Los galleguitos decían:

— Esta noche es Noche Buena,
cantemos todos en coro;
suena mi tiple sonoro
cuando el bolsillo nos suena.

Entonces salió el gallego y les dijo:

— El que sueñe un cuento gracioso le doy la parte mayor.

Al otro día el más grande dijo que había ido hasta el cielo y el otro dijo que había ido más arriba y el más pequeño dijo: — Y yo como me quedé abajo, pues me lo comí todo.

De este modo le tocó la mayor parte al más pequeño.

7. LOS TRES SOLDADOS.

Había una vez tres soldados que eran muy inteligentes, pero el mayor era todavía más inteligente que los otros dos.

Una noche llegaron a una fonda y pidieron comida, pero no había mas que una liebre, la cual no daba para comer los tres.

Entonces el mayor, como era el más inteligente les dijo a sus compañeros:

— Vamos a acostarnos a dormir y el que sueñe que ha subido más alto se comerá la liebre.

Entonces se acostaron los tres y el más inteligente se hizo el dormido y cuando los otros dos se durmieron él se levantó y se comió la liebre. Entonces, cuando despertaron los otros dos soldados el mayor le preguntó a uno:

— ¿A dónde soñaste que habías ido?

— Yo soñé que andaba por los jardines de Cupido.

— ¿Y tú que soñaste?

— Pues yo soñé que estaba junto con las estrellas.

Entonces dijo el mayor:

— Pues yo creí que ustedes no volverían por acá y me comí la liebre.

8. EL MEJOR SUEÑO.

Dos gallegos y un andaluz salieron para países extranjeros a buscar trabajo, para de esta manera ganarse la subsistencia. Para desembarcar y tener algo para pasar el primer día llevaron un pedazo de pan. En un camino acordaron comérselo y en efecto, así lo hicieron.

Ya no tenían nada que comer y al final de un día llegaron a casa de una vieja y pidieron, posada. La vieja les concedió un aposento. Les dijo que sólo tenía una pequeña cantidad de comida que nada más mitigaría el hambre de uno de ellos.

— Señora, — dijo el andaluz que sentía un hambre aterradora, — guarde la sustancia y se la dará por la mañana al que mejor haya soñado.

— Sí, — dijo la vieja, — así lo haré.

De acuerdo los otros se acostaron quedándose dormidos como troncos. El andaluz se levanta y devora la comida.

— Señores, — dijo el gallego al amanecer, — yo soñé que había asistido a un banquete que dió el rey a nombre de los pobres necesitados, y comí manjares succulentos y comidas muy ricas.

El otro replicó: — Estuve en el cielo donde se celebraba un gran banquete y una recepción en donde debían acudir todos los que padecieran de hambre; comí cosas muy variadas y ricas hasta que satisface el hambre.

— Pues señores, — dice el andaluz, — como uno ha estado en el cielo y otro en casa del rey dándose un hartazgo. yo que no podía soportar el hambre, me levanté y me comí la comida.

9. EL MEJOR SUEÑO.

Esta era una vez que en un campo del pueblo de Bayamón hicieron tres estudiantes una excursión, hace como veinte años. Uno se llamaba Juan Conrado, que estaba estudiando leyes; otro se llamaba Pedro Sánchez, y estaba estudiando para ingeniero mecánico y el otro se llamaba José Rivera: éste estaba estudiando para doctor. Estos tres chicos eran bastante pobres y a falta de no tener más recursos para seguir sus estudios, decidieron un día hacer una excursión la cual duró cinco días.

Salieron los tres estudiantes del pueblo de Bayamón y se dirigieron a un campo de los más lejanos del pueblo nombrado. Su capital consistía en dos centavos que tenía cada uno. Ya como al medio día el hambre les atacaba bastante y todos decidieron comprar un centavo de lo que más les rindiera para aplacar un poco el hambre. Por fin llegaron a una tienda y lo que era más barato eran los guineos. Entonces compraron el centavo de guineos y a cada uno le quedaba un centavo, el cual lo compraron de pan para cenar en la tarde.

Ya por entonces los chicos pasaron el día. Luego al siguiente se encontraban sin un centavo para comprar que comer. Fue celebrada una reunión en la que se acordó que donde quiera que llegasen pedirían agua y donde vieran que ya el comestible estaba listo esperasen un poco para ver si les daban.

Esto fué aprobado por los tres estudiantes. Con este plan los tres estudiantes pasaron cuatro días, pero el quinto día fué tanto lo que habían pedido, que ya como a las cinco de la tarde no habían podido almorzar ni comer. Tan sólo habían comido unas frutas que se habían encontrado por el camino. Ya como a las seis se dirigieron a una casa en donde se vislumbraba un humo. Llegaron allí y vieron que estaban asando dos puerquitos muy pequeños. Pidieron posada los chicos y se las concedieron.

Cuando ya estaban asados los puercos, la dueña de la casa les dió uno con dos platanitos a los tres, para que se lo repartieran como pudieran. Estaban tan hambrientos que el pequeño puerquito y los dos plátanos no daban para los tres. Viendo esto, ya para arreglar la cuestión, la dueña de la casa les propuso un plan en el cual ellos convinieron. El plan era este: Que se acostaran a dormir y que el que soñara que había ido más lejos se comería el puerco.

Entonces todos se acostaron a dormir para ver quien soñaba que había ido más lejos. Entre los estudiantes había uno más astuto que los otros al

cual le atacó el hambre tanto que se levantó de su cama y le entró diente al puerco y a los plátanos y después tapo la batea donde estaba el lechón.

Llegó el momento de despertar e ir a declarar sus sueños. El primero fué Juan que soñó con que había ido a las nubes y que había visto a Dios.

El segundo, o sea Pedro, soñó con que había andado más millas que gotas de agua había en el mar.

Y el tercero, o bien sea Joseíto dijo:

— Pues señores, yo no soñé nada y viendo que ustedes se fueron tan ejos y creyendo que no volverían más me comí el sabroso lechón con os dos pintorescos platanitos.

Y los otros cuando oyeron esto, le dieron unos palos a Joseíto y se quedaron sin comer.

Al día siguiente regresaron todos a sus casas.

10. LOS TRES AMIGOS.

Había tres amigos que salieron a correr fortuna.

A los tres días de estar andando se hallaron un huevo; como ellos eran tres y no era más que un huevo se pusieron a pensar de qué manera lo harían.

Ellos llamaban a uno de ellos el bobo, y uno dijo al bobo que dijera qué haría él con el huevo. El bobo dijo: —

— El que mejor diga dos palabritas al huevo ése se lo come. Los otros dos acordaron que sí y uno de ellos le quitó la corona y dijo: —

— Descoronado tú seas. El segundo le echó un polvito de sal y dijo: —

— Saliste piensa. Y el tercero que era el bobo cogió el huevo y se lo echó a la boca y dijo: —

— Manduca tú seas, — y se lo comió.

Siguieron andando otra vez y ya habían andado cinco días y no tenían ni un centavo; ya eran las tres de la tarde.

Ya que estaba obscuro llegaron a una tienda y compraron un bollo de pan, pero ellos eran tres y aquello no daba.

Volvieron a preguntarle al bobo y él dijo:

—Vamos a acostarnos y el primero que por la mañana haya soñado un sueño, ése es el que se come el pan.

Los otros dos convinieron que sí y se acostaron.

Al día siguiente se levantaron y dijo el primero:

— Yo soñé que estaba en unas bodas comiendo allí de todas clases de comidas.

El segundo dijo que él había soñado que se había hallado quinientos pesos.

Pero el bobo cuando los demás se durmieron, cogió el bollo de pan y se lo comió.

Después que el primero y el segundo dijeron lo que habían soñado, el bobo dijo: —

— Pues como ustedes estaban comiendo eso tan bueno yo cogí el bollo de pan y me lo comí.

Ya los dos compañeros no querían seguir andando con él. Siguieron andando y llegaron a la orilla del mar y a las dos o tres horas llegó un barco solo con el capitán. El capitán los vió parados en la orilla y se acercó a ellos. Allí les pregunto en qué andaban y ellos le dijeron. Entonces el capitán del barco les pregunto qué oficio tenían. Uno de ellos dijo que él oía mucho; el otro dijo que él veía mucho. El capitán le pregunto al bobo qué sabía hacer y el bobo dijo que él no sabía nada, pero que siempre el diablo se lo estaba queriendo llevar.

Entonces el capitán dijo que él se llevaría a los otros dos, pero que a él lo dejaría porque se los podía llevar a ellos también.

Pero al capitán le dió pena dejarlo allí y se lo llevó también. Ya que iban muy distantes por el mar el capitán le preguntó al que veía mucho que mirara a ver si veía algo.

El que veía mucho se subió a la cubierta y dijo:

— En México veo a una vieja en la puerta ensartando una aguja.

El que oía mucho dijo: — Cierto es, señor capitán, que yo oigo los tropezones que dá la aguja contra el hilo.

Entonces el bobo dijo: —

— ¿Ve, señor capitán? Por eso es que a mí siempre me quiere llevar el diablo, porque yo una mentira así no se la creo a nadie.

II. EL MÁS BOBO, EL MÁS LISTO.

Había una vez un padre que tenía tres hijos y uno era muy bobo. Una vez dijeron ellos: — Padre, nosotros nos vamos a correr fortuna.

Cuando iban por el camino uno de ellos dijo: — Vamos a comprar un huevo y el que le diga un discurso bien dicho al huevo, ese se lo comerá.

Compraron el huevo y lo cocinaron; entonces el mayor dijo quitándole la coronita de encima: — *Escoronaó tú sey*. Y el segundo dijo: — *Salistre Prensí*. Y le echó la sal. Y el bobo dijo: — *Manducato sey*. Y se lo comió.

12. EL CAYUCAZO.

En la guerra que hubo entre España y los Estados Unidos, entraban en Puerto Rico buques españoles con soldados destinados a ir a pelear a Cuba. Estos naturalmente tenían deseos de ir a Cuba, pero no a pelear. Entre estos soldados venían Mayorquinos, Asturianos, Catalanes, etc.

Uno de estos, un Asturiano llegó en uno de los buques que los conducía a Cuba. Al llegar aquí, pidió permiso para ello y en cuanto llegó a la marina vió a un botero y le dijo: — ¡Oye, che! ¿sabes a Cuba? — Sí, señor, — contestó el botero. — ¿Quieres llevarme allá y te doy diez pesos. — Yo le llevo allá por veinte pesos. — Yo voy allá a ver a un hermano y por

el solo deseo de verle no puedo darte veinte pesos. — Pues no puedo llevarle por menos — dice Ignacio, que así se llamaba el botero.

Registróse el español los bolsillos y encontró veinticinco pesos. Al momento exclamó: — ¡Bueno, te daré veinte pesos si me llevas bien! — ¡Ya lo creo! — dice el botero, y lo embarca en el bote y lo cubre con una lona para que no lo vieran.

Entonces el botero lo lleva hasta la salida de Cataño para Bayamón y le dice:

— El primer pueblo que encuentre es la Habana. En cuanto el pobre asturiano llegó a Bayamón, lo aprehendieron. Entonces él exclamó: — ¡Por andar en Cayuco he recibido un cayucazo!

13. LOS DOS VIAJEROS.

Eran las siete y media de la tarde, cuando todas las faenas del día habían terminado. Nuestro abuelo, que acababa de entrar en el corredor acercó una silla hacia nosotros y echando una bocanada de humo nos empezó a relatar el siguiente cuento:

— Era por allá en siglos muy remotos cuando vivía en cierta aldea una humilde familia descendiente de gallegos.

Cierto día llegaron a aquel sitio dos hombres cuyo origen era desconocido; sólo indicaban por sus rostros que eran unos zánganos. Al llegar a la casa pidieron posada, la cual obtuvieron con miles esfuerzos. Al anochecer todos buscaron el mejor sitio para rezar. Aquella noche nada se comió, lo que escamó mucho a los dos transeuntes.

Todos se acostaron cerca de las ocho y media. Los dos compañeros no hablaron ni una sola palabra, pero una mirada entre ambos lo explicó todo.

A media noche ambos se levantaron de puntillas y se dirigieron hacia la despensa. Allí encontraron un buen plato de arroz con pato. Estaban tan hambrientos que empezaron a pelear por él. Uno decía:

— Yo me lo debo comer por ser más viejo.

Pero nadie al fin se convencía. Llegaron al fin a un acuerdo, que era el siguiente:

— Nos acostaremos ambos, y el que sueñe que haya comido más, ese se come el arroz.

Así lo hicieron y al fin se acostaron.

Mas luego que despertaron, el uno le preguntó al otro:

— ¿Qué soñaste?

— Pues chico, soñé que había comido en casa del capitán general el mejor manjar del mundo, ¿Y tú?

— Pues yo me levanté a las dos y ví que tu barriga subía y bajaba muy a menudo, creí que tú habías comido más que yo y por lo tanto había de comerme el arroz con pato.

El dueño de la casa, al ver aquel escarceo se levantó y ambos salieron de la casa a fuerza de estacazos.

14. LOS TRES HERMANOS BRUTOS.

Había una vez un hombre que era tan pobre y tan pobre que tuvo tres hijos que nunca los pudo sacar a donde vieran gente y ellos quedaron huérfanos.

Un día dijo el más viejo llamado Pedro; le dijo al de enmedio llamado José:

— ¡Vamos a ir a dar un paseo! — y el de enmedio llamó al más chiquito y le dijo:

— ¡Vamos a dar un paseo, que nos convida Pedro! — y él le dijo:

— ¿Para dónde será? — y entonces Pedro le dijo:

— ¡Nosotros vamos a oír lo que dicen en el pueblo para nosotros conversar con ellos, porque nosotros aquí metidos no sabemos como conversan las gentes!

Se fueron y al llegar al pueblo cada uno cogió su calle y el más viejo llamado Pedro oyó decir:

— *Nosotros fuimos.* Y el de en medio llamado José oyó decir:

— *Por unos reales.* Y el más chiquito llamado Carlos oyó decir:

— *Razón con derecho.*

Se vinieron y en el camino estaban matando los bandoleros y ellos se pusieron a mirar y los bandoleros se fueron.

En ese tiempo iban los guardias y se tropezaron con el difunto y le preguntaron al más viejo que quién había hecho aquella muerte y entonces el más viejo llamado Pedro les dijo:

— ¡*Nosotros fuimos!* Le preguntaron al de en medio llamado José que quién había hecho aquella muerte y porqué, y él les contestó:

— ¡*Por unos reales!* Entonces le dijeron al más chiquito que habían hecho aquella muerte y que ahora los matarían.

Entonces Carlos les contestó:

— ¡*Razón con derecho!*

Los llevaron a los tres hermanos, los pusieron prisioneros y los mataron.

Así fué que salieron a aprender a hablar, otros hicieron la muerte y ellos la vinieron a pagar; y ese fué el resultado de ir a aprender a conversar.

15. LOS TRES GALLEGOS

Una vez que iban tres gallegos por un camino, se encontraron con una parranda de bandidos. Ellos en seguida corrieron a esconderse. Uno se subió a un árbol que había a la orilla del camino; otro se ocultó dentro de una mata y el otro dentro de una cueva que había un poco más adelante.

Cuando los bandidos llegaron al árbol dijeron: — Tenemos que tumbarlo para hacer un bote.

Y entonces el gallego gritó: — ¡Cuidado con el galleguito que está arriba! Los bandidos lo mandaron bajar en seguida y lo mataron.

Siguieron adelante cuando ellos iban diciendo: — ¡Qué sangre más colorada tenía ese gallego y el que estaba en la mata gritó: — ¡Oh, como

no iba a tener la sangre colorada, comiendo garbanzos y papas! También lo hicieron salir y lo mataron.

Entonces siguieron hablando y decían: — ¡Mira que bruto, si se hubiese quedado callado no hubiésemos sabido que estaba allí y nada le hubiera pasado!

Entonces salió el otro de la cueva y dice: — ¡Por eso yo estoy aquí tan calladito! — ¡Tú aquí, bribón! — dijeron los bandidos, — pues sal. Y también lo mataron.

Si los tres se hubiesen quedado callados, quizás ninguno hubiera muerto.

16. LOS TRES GALLEGOS.

Una vez tres gallegos salieron a correr fortuna.

Cuando habían andado bastante sintieron hambre. encontraron un palo y se pusieron a comer. En el tronco del palo había un hueco donde los bandidos de aquel bosque guardaban su dinero.

En aquellos momentos llegaron los bandidos a depositar lo de sus robos y cuando empezaron a echar dinero uno de nuestros gallegos dijo:

— ¡Ea, que mucho dinero! Entonces uno de los bandidos dijo: — Ajá, ¿allí estás tú? Y lo cogieron y lo mataron.

Los bandidos vieron que tenía la sangre negra y dijeron: — ¡Qué sangre más negra! Entonces otro de los gallegos dijo: — ¡Pero como nó, si estamos comiendo multas!

Cogieron a otro y lo mataron también. Guardaron el tesoro y ya se iban a ir cuando el otro dijo:

— ¡Todavía faltó yo! Entonces lo cogieron y lo mataron también y los bandidos dijeron que eran unos brutos.

17. LOS DOS CACHACOS Y LOS BANDIDOS.

Una vez iban dos cachacos caminando para una ciudad y en el camino observaron que a cierta distancia venían unos bandidos. Los cachacos para defenderse, se subieron a la cúspide de un árbol.

Resulta que los bandidos traían que comer y se sentaron debajo del árbol a comerse lo que traían y hallándose satisfechos uno de ellos dijo a otro. — Tú ves, si hubiera por allí otra persona se comería todo eso.

En seguida uno de los cachacos bajó del árbol para seguir comiendo y viéndolo los bandidos se le arrojaron encima y lo dejaron muerto, y entonces dijeron los bandidos; — Si ese hombre no se hubiera bajado, se hubiera quedado callado la boca nosotros nos hubiéramos ido; él hubiera bajado; entonces podía comerse eso tranquilamente y no lo hubiésemos matado. Entonces el otro cachaco dijo: — Por eso yo estoy calladito. Pero esto no bastó y los bandidos lo mataron también.

Entonces ellos continuaron su marcha muy tranquilamente, pero acordándose de lo que habían hecho anteriormente con aquellos infelices.

Y yo me metí por un callejón y me salí por otro y mis compañeros que me cuenten otro.

18. EL NEGRO BRUTO.

Había una vez un negro que era muy bruto y como no sabía que los santos eran estatuas, pues decía que los santos de la iglesia eran cristianos como nosotros.

Como a Jesucristo le prenden una lámpara con aceite que llaman la lámpara del Santísimo, y él como era bruto de los negros esclavos que pertenecían a la esclavitud, pues el pan que le daban lo guardaba todo junto para írselo a comer en la iglesia mojándolo en el aceite de la lámpara del Santísimo y tenía la costumbre de ir todas las noches o todas las tardes con su pan a comerselo allí.

Cuando llegaba a la iglesia se dirigía en seguida a la lámpara del Santísimo que estaba al pie de Jesucristo y empezaba a decir: — ¡Ay! mi Señor Jesucristo, si yo cojo esos judíos que lo estaban matando, yo los mato a ellos, porque eran muy malos con usted. *Mie* como lo tienen, bendito, si los cojo, mi Señor Jesucristo, yo los mato a todos antes de que ellos lo hubieran matado a usted.

Pero después que le lamía bien el ojo creyendo que era una persona pues le decía a lo último:

— Mi Señor Jesucristo, yo voy a mojar. ¿Mojo, mi Señor Jesucristo? Yo voy a mojar. Hasta que mojaba creyendo que le decía que sí.

Este negro venía todas las noches y después que le lamía bien el ojo pues empezaba a mojar el pan hasta que se bebía el aceite. El sacristán veía todos los días que se gastaba el aceite hasta que un día dijo: — Yo voy a ver que animal se bebe el aceite o que es lo que le pasa al aceite.

Una noche se escondió debajo del altar con dos piedras y cuando vió que el negro empezó a lamerle el ojo a Jesucristo, creyendo que era una persona y cuando le fué a decir que iba a mojar, metió el pan y se comió un canto y le dijo a Jesucristo:

— Si yo cojo a los judíos yo los mato, porque fueron muy malos con mi Señor Jesucristo. Y el sacristán sacó una piedra y le tiró cuando fué a mojar el pan otra vez y lo achocó, y entonces decía al negro:

— Si yo estoy allí cuando los judíos están matando a mi Señor Jesucristo, yo ayudo a los judíos a matar también.

El negro como era tan bruto, pues se creía que era Jesucristo el que le había dado un garrotazo y más nunca volvió a beberse el aceite de la lámpara del Santísimo.

19. CUENTO DE LA VACA.

Este era un hombre que tenía una vaca y debía cien pesos y cincuenta más, se encontró apurado y salió a vender la vaca y se la vendió a un hombre en cincuenta pesos y le dijo que se la dejara por ocho días. Se la vendió a otro en cincuenta pesos y le dijo que se la dejara otros ocho días. Se la vendió a otro hombre en cincuenta pesos más y los tres vinieron a buscarla a los ocho días y como se las había vendido a los tres fueron a denunciarlo.

Al contestar el juicio el hombre no encontraba como subir a la corte, encontró a un abogado y le contó lo que le había pasado.

Entonces el abogado le dijo que lo defendía por cincuenta pesos y entonces le dijo que como quisiera.

El abogado le dijo que cada vez que el juez le preguntara una palabra que le silbara, y cuando el juez le preguntó que como les había vendido una vaca a tres individuos, el hombre le sacó un silbido y al fin le dijo:

— ¡No venga con silbidos, que aquí no se viene a silbar! ¿Cómo es que usted les vendió una vaca a tres individuos? Y volvió a silbar y cada vez que le preguntaba una cosa él le silbaba.

Entonces el juez les dijo a los tres individuos que no volvieran a tratar con hombres locos, que aquel era un loco y dijo:

— ¡Están ustedes despachados!

El hombre se tiró a la calle adonde estaba el abogado esperándolo y el abogado le dijo al dueño de la vaca:

¡A ver, quiero que me dé los cincuenta pesos de la defensa! Y el hombre empezó a silbarle y dijo el abogado:

— ¡Cómo! ¿A mí también me vienes a pagar con silbidos? ¡Págame ligero! Y volvió a silbarle al abogado y el abogado tuvo que aguantarse el golpe y él se quedó con la vaca y con los ciento cincuenta pesos y no fué a la cárcel por ser entendido.

20. EL BORRACHO.

Había una vez un hombre que acostumbraba ir todos los años para la Semana Santa, a la iglesia. Todos los años, el cura predicaba el Viernes Santo y nuestro hombrer se encontraba en los sermones que el cura predicaba.

Un año que el borracho fué el cura empezó a predicar: — Nuestro Señor Jesucristo que murió en la Cruz para salvar a los pecadores, — y el borracho le contestaba: — Eso mismo dijo el año pasado. Y el cura volvía a predicar: — Que lo abofetearon, le escupieron. Y el borracho repetía: — Eso mismo dijo el año pasado.

Hasta que por fin tanto fué lo que molestó el borracho que el cura dijo: — Sacadme ese borracho de la iglesia. Y el borracho contestó: — Eso no lo dijo el año pasado.

21. HASTA EL GALLO.

Había un joven que andaba buscando casarse con una mujer que nunca comiera.

Cierto día encontró una que le juró que nunca comería y contrajeron matrimonio.

Todos los días se iba el marido a trabajar y cuando venía ya ella le tenía el almuerzo preparado y cuando estaban los dos en la mesa, él le decía: — Pero mujer, come, mujer, come. Y ella le contestaba: —
— ¿Pues no te juré que yo nunca comería?

Ella cuando iba a la mesa no comía, porque cuando él estaba en el trabajo, ella de unos pollos, gallinas, gallos, patos y varias aves más que él tenía, todos los días se comía alguno.

Así siguió todos los días hasta que por fin le acabó con todas las aves. Lo último que se comió fué un gallo que era lo más que él quería.

Un día al marido le dió por llamar a las gallinas para ver qué tan grandes estaban y notó que no apareció ni el gallo. Le dió un pesar y tuvo un sufrimiento tan grande al ver que la mujer se había acabado todos los animales, que se enfermó.

Ya que estaba muy grave mandó a buscar al cura para que lo confesara y cuando el cura estaba apuntando en una libreta los pecados, en su agonía él decía: — ¡Hasta el gallo! ¡hasta el gallo!

Y el cura le preguntaba a la mujer qué quería decir su marido con eso. Ella salía corriendo y diciendo que le apuntara el gallo también. Así estuvo hasta que el cura se fué, él murió y ella quedó viuda.

22. UN JOVEN AFICIONADO AL BAILE.

Ésta era una vez que había un joven llamado Carlos el cual era muy entusiasta para el baile.

En cierta ocasión iba a verificarse un baile y este joven quería participar de la diversión.

Llegó el día en que iba a verificarse el baile y el joven no tenía zapatos para ir, ni un céntimo con que comprarlos.

Llegó la oportunidad y él consiguió algunos céntimos, los que no le eran suficientes para poder comprar sus zapatos, pero él, deseoso por ir a bailar, compró unas alpargatas, las tiñó de negro y como no tenían tacones, púsose los de bolillos y clavó los con clavos, los que eran demasiado largos. Además, tenía dicho joven un flux algo traposo, el que cogió y tiñó también de negro.

Al empezar el baile sacó a bailar a una dama, la que quedó sorprendida al ver el porte del caballero; pero no obstante, aceptó su invitación. Estaban tocando una polca y ansiosos empezaron a bailarla.

Algunos instantes después de haber dado algunas vueltas, él quedó clavado del piso. Muy asustado miró en torno suyo y no pudiéndose contener gritó: — ¡Eh, compadres, vengan sáquenme! Los jóvenes se fueron a auxiliarlo, vieron que al sacarlo las alpargatas habían quedado clavadas y que los pies del joven estaban desnudos. El al verse en este estado se alejó corriendo desterrándose para siempre de sus amigos. ¡Figuráos cuán grande no sería la sorpersa que pasaron sus amigos y todos los concurrentes!

23. LOS SIESE JOROBADOS.

Una vez había un jorobado que se casó con la hija de una criada del Rey. El esposo no quería que ninguno de la familia de la muchacha fuera a su casa.

Un día en que él no estaba en casa, vinieron seis jorobados a cantar y ella los llamó para que le cantaran y tocaran. Entonces ella vió que venía su marido y les dijo que se metieran en un barril hasta que él se fuera.

Después de haber almorzado el esposo se puso a leer un libro y tardó largo tiempo en la casa, de modo que los pobres jorobados murieron asfixiados.

Más tarde llegó un hombre vendiendo gandules y la señora, sacando uno de los muertos, le ofreció un peso porque lo enterrara y el aceptó con mucho gusto. Botó el hombre los gandules y se fué con el muerto. Cuando volvió encontró otro de los jorobados en la puerta y creyendo que el enterrado se había salido, cargó con él.

Uno a uno hizo la señor a que se enterraran los jorobados por tan poco dinero.

Cuando el hombre volvió de enterrar el último, vió venir al esposo de la señora, que también era jorobado, lo mató y lo enterró también en la creencia de que el muerto se había salido otra vez.

24. EL JOROBADO.

Una vez había una mujer que tenía un marido jorobado.

Un día pasaron tres jorobados tocando y cantando, y la mujer le dijo a su marido que los llamara, pero él no quiso.

Cuando el marido se fué, ella llamó a los tres jorobados y entraron. Al poco rato vino el marido y ella puso a los tres jorobados en un barril.

El marido se fué y ella llamó a un hombre para que llevara a los jorobados al río y los matara, que le pagaría. El hombre se llevó al primer jorobado y cuando volvió a la casa la mujer le dijo: — Ya se le vino. Entonces él cogió el otro jorobado y lo llevó al río. Cuando — volvió a la casa la mujer le enseñó el otro jorobado diciéndole que se le había venido de nuevo. Lo cogió el hombre creyendo que era el mismo y se lo llevó.

Cuando vino por tercera vez a buscar el dinero, vino por la escalera el marido de la mujer, y el hombre, como lo vió jorobado, creyó que era el jorobado que había llevado al río, lo cogió y le dijo: — Sinvergüenza, te viniste otra vez.

Lo cogió y lo llevó al río. La mujer gritaba: — Ese es mi marido, no me lo mate.

25. LOS TRES JOROBADOS.

En una alta montaña, en el barrio del Peñón, a la orilla de un gran río caudaloso, había una chocita de un matrimonio pobre.

El marido era jorobado y le había prohibido a su señora que no saliera a ninguna parte, ni que a su casa fuera nadie con música, que ella se divirtiera.

A ella le gustaba mucho la música y un día salió el marido a su trabajo y llegaron a su casa tres jorobados a cantar con música. Llevaban un güicharo, un cuatro y una guitarra. La señora les dijo que entraran y le tocaran una danza en lo que ella les preparaba un almuerzo.

Ella estaba preparando el almuerzo y se asomó por la ventana y vió venir a su marido. Les dijo a los tres jorobados que se escondieran en un cuarto que había debajo de la casa. Ellos hicieron caso y se metieron en el cuarto. El marido se lo malició y estuvo sin salir de la casa tres días y los jorobados estuvieron sin salir de allí tres días también.

A los tres días el marido salió a trabajar y la señora fué a sacarlos de allí, y cuando los encontró estaban muertos. Vió a un arador y le dijo que si quería un peso por echar en la corriente del río a un muerto. El arador fué, lo echó, volvió a la casa y le dijo que el muerto se había devuelto, y era que había sacado al otro muerto jorobado del cuarto,

Entonces fué a echarlo al río otra vez y volvió a la casa y la mujer le dijo que se había vuelto otra vez. El lo cogió y lo echó en el agua y el arador le dijo que ya tres veces que lo había hecho, que ya no lo echaba más.

Vió venir al marido de la señora, que era jorobado, montado en una yegua y cogió un garrotte y le dió un garrotazo, que cayó muerto. La señora salió gritando que le había matado a su marido, y él le dijo que no había matado a su marido, que al que había matado era al jorobado.

26. EL JOROBADO.

Esta es una vez y dos son tres, que vino al pueblo un jorobado negro que llevaba un tambor y solía cantar al compás de la música del tambor.

Sucedió que un día fué a tocar en casa de un sastre y le dieron de almorzar un plátano y bacalao. Cuando el jorobado dió el primer bocado se tragó una espina y se ahogó. El sastre muy asustado lo cogió y se lo echó al hombro y lo puso en la escalera de un hombre muy rico y cuando este bajaba le dió una patada y lo tiró por la escalera abajo.

Cuando este hombre lo vió muerto se lo echó al hombro y lo paró en una puerta de la tienda de un comerciante. Cuando el comerciante fué a abrir la puerta, vió a aquel hombre allí y le dió una patada y lo tiró a la calle.

Al poco rato pasó por allí el teniente de la policía y vió al jorobado tendido muerto en la calle y preguntó:

— ¿Quién fue el autor del crimen? Y el comerciante muy asustado contesta:

— ¡Yo....! El teniente en seguida lo mandó ahorcar. Cuando ya le tenían el lazo puesto, vino el hombre rico y le dijo al teniente:

— Señor teniente, yo he sido el autor del crimen, así es que yo soy el que tengo que morir.

En seguida el teniente mandó quitar al comerciante de la horca y le pusieron el lazo al hombre rico.

Cuando ya lo iban a matar se presentó el sastre y dijo que él era el autor del crimen y por lo tanto a él era a quien tenían que matar. Entonces bajaron al hombre rico del cadalso y pusieron al sastre. Cuando iban a matarlo vino un doctor y dijo:

— Señor teniente, lo mejor que se puede hacer, si usted me da permiso, es examinar al jorobado. El teniente en seguida dijo que sí. El doctor le dió al jorobado por el cerebro, saltó la espina que tenía atravesada en la garganta el jorobado, salió corriendo y nunca más comió bacalao.

27. LOS TRES JOROBADOS.

Una vez vivía en una aldea un matrimonio. El marido era de esa clase de personas que no les gusta cantar ni bailar.

Resultó que se acercaban las fiestas de Navidad y él le advirtió a la señora que no admitiera ninguna clase de parrandas en su casa.

Un día el esposo tuvo que salir a dar algunas vueltas a la finca de su casa y al mismo tiempo que el esposo estaba fuera se presentó una parranda compuesta de tres jorobados.

Y también hay que saber que el señor era jorobado.

Bueno, dejemos eso y sigamos adelante. Empezaron a cantar y cuando iban como a medio aguinaldo se apareció el señor.

La señora cogió a los tres jorobados y los metió debajo de un caldero y se olvidó de ellos.

Al poco tiempo tuvo el señor que salir otra vez y entonces la señora se acordó de los jorobados y mandó a la sirvienta sacarlos, pero ya estaban muertos. La señora no encontraba que hacer cuando se presentó un negro y ella lo alquiló, pero le dijo que no era más que uno.

El negro cogió al jorobado y fué y lo enterró y cuando volvió, la señora le tenía otro para que lo enterrara y le preguntó la señora que si había dejado volver al jorobado. Entonces el negro lleno de coraje cogió al jorobado, lo llevó y lo enterró mejor que al primero. La señora le hizo la misma operación. El negro más furioso cogió al jorobado y le dijo:

— Bueno, ahora tú no te vas a salir.

Cogió un leño y desde que salió de la casa fué dándole palos hasta que llegó cerca del mar. Entonces cogió gas, lo quemó y lo enterró.

Cuando venía muy contento con su pico al hombro, a cobrar el importe de su trabajo, se le apareció el señor de la casa.

Entonces lo vió el negro y le dijo: —

— Con que te volviste otra vez, so canto de pícaro. Te enterré y vuelves otra vez.

Y le metió el pico por la joroba y lo mató.

28. EL JOROBADO.

Una vez había un jorobado que iba con un violín a tocar por las calles.

Un día se encontró con hambre y salió a la calle y una señora que

estaba almorzando lo llamó para que tocara y le dió comida. Le dió un pedazo de pescado y se tragó una espina y se ahogó.

La señora muy apurada corrió a ver a un médico para que le curara. El médico no estaba allí y la señora le puso al jorobado en la puerta.

Cuando el médico vino que fué a subir la escalera, tropezó con el muerto y lo echó a rodar por la escalera. El médico al ver aquel hombre se sorprendió y creyó que lo había matado. Corrió, lo montó en un coche y lo llevó a una tienda; mandó que le dieran cerveza y se fué. El dependiente le estaba dando la copa de cerveza, pero como estaba muerto no respondía. El dependiente ya con coraje le tiró la copa de cerveza en la cara y le hizo una herida.

Entonces llegó el médico y dijo que él había matado aquel señor. Vino la policía y se llevaron al dependiente a la cárcel.

Cuando lo iban a matar, que ya estaba en el cadalso el médico corrió y dijo que aquel hombre era inocente, que él había sido quien había matado a aquel hombre.

Entonces treparon al médico en el cadalso; cuando ya lo iban a matar vino la señora y dijo que el médico era inocente, que quien lo había matado era ella, que le dió un pedazo de pescado y se había ahogado.

El médico cogió al jorobado, le metió la mano dentro de la garganta y le sacó la espina.

Entonces el jorobado al verse vivo corrió por en medio de toda la gente y ni siquiera dió las gracias.

29. LOS TRECE BURROS.

Iba un ratero con trece burros para Ponce; llevaba doce de manos y en el otro iba él montado y cuando llegó a San Juan se paró y contó los burros. Le faltaba uno y volvía a contarlos y siempre le faltaba uno. Entonces cogió una varita y se puso a contarlos: — Uno, dos, tres, cuatro, cinco, seis, siete, ocho, nueve, diez, once, doce. No están completos. Pero era porque el no contaba el que llevaba debajo.

Viró de San Juan para atrás creyendo que se había quedado dormido y se le había soltado. Cuando llegó a Loiza un pasajero le preguntó que por qué había virado. Y él le dijo que parecía ser que él se había quedado dormido y un burro se le soltó. Entonces el pasajero le preguntó que cuantos burros llevaba él. El le dijo que llevaba trece. Entonces el pasajero se puso a contarlos y había trece y le dijo: — ¡Si hay trece! — No señor, mire: uno, dos, tres, cuatro, cinco, seis, siete, ocho, nueve, diez, once y doce. — ¿Y ese burro que llevas debajo, no son los trece?

Pero él le quiso dar a entender que el burro era el hombre que iba montado, que no era el animal.

30. EL REPARTO DE LA HERENCIA.

Un padre tenía dos hijos y les dijo: — Cuando yo muera, todo lo mío lo partirán por la mitad.

Cuando murió el padre, los hijos no supieron repartir los bienes como debía ser. Fueron donde estaba un vecino para que les repartiera el capital, el señor este les preguntó como era como ellos querían repartir su herencia. Contestáronle ellos que la querían por la mitad. Entonces el vecino les dijo que partieran todos los trajes, vajillas y ganado por la mitad.

Los dos hermanos siguieron el buen consejo de su vecino, exactamente como les dijo. Cogieron todo y lo dividieron en dos partes y hasta cada cabeza de ganado la partían por la mitad.

De esta manera todo fué destruído no quedándose ninguno con nada.

31. UN MATRIMONIO.

Un día en casa de un matrimonio tenían unos gandules para ponerlos a ablandar y el marido se fué a cortar bejucos a un monte.

Cuando el marido estaba por el monte, se encontró un chivo salvaje que andaba huyendo por el monte. El hombre bregó y bregó hasta que pudo cogerlo. lo amarró con unos bejucos y se fué con él. Cuando iba cerca de su casa gritó a la mujer y le dijo: — ¡Mujer, mujer, bota los gandules que yo llevo carne. . . . !

La mujer, al decirle él así cogió y botó los gandules, los echó por el corral de los cerdos y se puso lo más contenta. El hombre llegó a la casa y soltó el chivo para matarlo; cuando éste se encontró suelto, en seguida se fué corriendo por una tala de yuca que el hombre tenía sembrada. El hombre lleno de coraje le gritaba: — ¡Corre derecho, no me rompas la yuca! Entonces le dijo el marido a la mujer: — Mujer, anda a ver si puedes recoger unos granitos de los gandulitos que botaste en el corral de los cerdos.

Entonces la mujer fué a recoger los gandules, pero ya los cerdos se los habían comido y se quedaron sin gandules y sin carne.

32. UN JOVEN PRETENCIOSO.

Había una vez un joven muy pretencioso y era pobre. Estaba enamorado de una hija de un hombre riquísimo y para ir a ver a la muchacha cogió un flux prestado, unas polainas de espuelines y un caballo.

A un amigo que tenía le dijo:

— Tú me sirves de sirviente. Cuando yo diga: “Espuelines”, tú me quitas las polainas. Cuando yo me asome al balcón y diga: “¡Qué lindo está el cielo y qué muchas estrellas!” tú dices: “Así de muchos escudos tiene usted.”

Se fueron los dos para la casa de la muchacha. Cuando llegaron le mandaron entrar y se sentaron.

Cuando llegó la noche dijo: —Espuelines, — y el que iba con él le dijo: — Quien se los puso que se los quite. Y al poco rato se asomó al balcón

y dijo: — ¡Qué lindo está el cielo y qué muchas estrellas tiene! Y le dijo el otro: — ¡Así de poco dinero tiene usted!

El hombre se quedó abochornado. Al poco rato se fué de la casa de la muchacha. Entregó la ropa y todo lo que había cogido prestado.

33. UN MUERTO.

Una vez había un hombre que murió de una enfermedad que se llama catalepsia.

Cuando al hombre le dió ese ataque, su señora que lo quería mucho se desesperó y gritó, buscó médicos y todos decían que era muerte natural.

¡Qué sorpresa, Dios mío! Cuando lo enterraron rompió la caja y sacó una mano por la bóveda de su panteón. Las gentes se asombraron de lo que habían visto, corrieron a dar cuenta y en seguida vino la justicia. Cuando llegaron, encontraron al difunto que se había salido y estaba de pie con su sudario puesto y los ojos elevados al cielo, las manos cruzadas y los pies juntos cojidos con el encaje que tenía puesto en la orilla.

¡Qué miedo le dió al sepulturero cuando le dijeron que lo iban a denunciar porque no lo había pisado bien!

Entonces el muerto a la justicia dijo que le perdonaran a ese hombre, porque si no les salía todas las noches. Las gentes decían: ¡Qué cosas se ven en el siglo veinte, que hasta a los muertos les gusta la charla! iserá bueno morirse uno para estar siempre charlando allá con San Pedro!

— El día que yo me muera, me voy a poner de capataz de los muertos, para que al que haya sido malo mandarlo al infierno.

— ¿Qué será lo que yo haré aquí? — dijo el muerto. — Si allá a donde yo iba es lo más, que San Pedro no da permiso para jugar cuica y bailar chancleta, que es la única diversión que le dan al que se muere. También le dan de comer calabazas nuevas y guarapo de tua, tua y unas sopitas todos los días. No les puedo contar más porque si me tardo, me dejan sin almorzar.

34. EL SANTO CRISTO.

Sucedió que un día un hijo de un campesino cayó enfermo muy grave y en seguida su padre muy apurado mandó a uno de los chicos a la ciudad por el médico. Tan pronto como llegó el médico le recetó al paciente, pero antes de todo preguntó: — ¿Tiene reloj? Contestan: — No. — Bueno, — dijo él, — le darán una fricción en toda la caja del cuerpo, una enema y si esto no le presta, al Santo Cristo que cobre.

Bueno, se retiró el doctor y en seguida mandaron por las medicinas a la ciudad.

Ellos tenían una caja de echar comestibles y la cogieron y le dieron un pavón de la pomada en lugar de dársela al enfermo; mandaron a coger al gallo y le sirvieron la enema en vez de darsela al enfermo; cogieron al Santo Cristo que lo tenían en un cuarto y lo sentaron en la bacinilla.

Pasaron días y el enfermo seguía cada vez más malo. Mandaron otra vez por el médico y cuando llegó les preguntó:

— ¿Cómo, le hicieron la medicina?

— ¡Oh! sí.

Y entonces le explicaron la manera de como se lo habían hecho. Dijo el doctor:

— Si siguen así concluirán por matar a su hijo

¿Y qué sucedió?

Que a los pocos días murió y ellos vivieron felices.

35. EL PIOJOSO.

Hace mucho tiempo vivían en un pequeño pueblo, cerca de un río, un hombre y una mujer, que en el tiempo que llevaban de casados, que serían por lo menos cinco años, no habían estado una hora completa contentos.

La casa en que vivían no era de las más pobres del pueblo y flores y árboles se encontraban en los alrededores. También a un lado se encontraba un gran pozo de bastante profundidad.

No pasaban dos horas del día sin que ellos ya estuvieran peleando. El era muy áspero con ella y tenía la suerte que cualquiera palabrita que le dijera, por inofensiva que fuera la hacía poner demasiado violenta. Pero ella no, por más palabras que le decía a él no le causaban ninguna incomodidad y se quedaba como si no le hubieran dicho nada.

Ella se encerraba en su cuarto y decía:

— ¡Dios mío! ¿qué le diré yo a este hombre que le haga dar coraje? Pero mientras más pensaba, menos encontraba qué decir y para sí decía: — Si le digo feo, no le ha de dar coraje, porque yo he probado ya otras veces. Mas voy a ver si diciéndole piojoso acierto.

No bien había pensado esto cuando salió del cuarto y se encontró con su marido que venía ya con coraje. Ella al decirle a él algunas cosas le dijo: — ¡Piojoso! ¡Eh! ¡Piojoso, piojoso! Y ninguna palabra le había hecho tanto daño como ésta.

El hombre se enfureció, y ella al verlo con tanto coraje continuaba diciéndole: — Piojoso y piojoso. Entonces él le dijo: — Si me sigues diciéndole piojoso, te tiro dentro del pozo. Pero ella no cesaba de decirle piojoso. — ¡No me digas piojoso, mujer de Dios, que te voy a tirar dentro del pozo.

No haciendo caso y volviendo a decirle piojoso, el hombre la cogió por el moño y sin encomendarse a nadie la echó dentro del pozo.

Ella iba hundiéndose poco a poco, pero según se hundía le decía a su marido: — ¡Piojoso y piojoso eres!

Cuando ya no le quedaban nada mas que las manos por fuera, sacaba las uñas de los dedos grandes y dando con una sobre de la otra, le quería decir piojoso.

36. UN OFICIAL.

Pues señores, esta era una vez que en la ciudad de Salamalacatrú, había un oficial, pero no de Sanidad, y sí del ejército que le llamaban foles y futas, y dicho oficial tenía un asistente llamado Romualdo, a quien le daba todos los días una peseta para que le comprara un pollo para la comida, y el oficial era muy glotón y se comía todo el pollo y no le daba nada al sirviente. Esto sucedió hace varios días.

El sirviente, deseoso de comer pollos, deseó comerse una pata, y le presentó al oficial el pollo con una pata solamente.

El oficial sin fijarse se lo comió y al día siguiente Romualdo hizo la misma operación. Esta vez el oficial se fijó y le llamó: — Dime Romualdo, ¿por qué has traído ese pollo con una sola pata? — Porque así lo compré en la plaza. — ¿Y habrá más? — Sí, señorito, quedan algunos más.

Y el oficial acompañado del asistente fué a la plaza y mirando un gallinero se encontró uno con una pata levantada y le dices Romualdo: — Señorito, allí tiene uno que le falta una pata. El teniente sopló al pollo y le salió la otra pata. El teniente dijo: — ¡Mira gachó, como el pollo tiene dos patas! — ¡Ah, mi teniente, si usted hubiese soplado al pollo que estaba en la mesa, quizás hubiese sacado la otra pata!

Entonces el teniente encolerizado le dijo:

— Te he de condenar a prisión y no te indultaré hasta que no me digas cual de estas dos cosas vino primero al mundo: ¿el huevo o la gallina?

Y cuando el amable lector lo adivine, le seguiré el cuento.

37. LA DECLARACIÓN DE UN ANDALUZ.

Una vez había en un tiempo muy remoto un andaluz que fué denunciado por el robo de una escopeta.

El día del juicio, que era jueves, se vistió muy temprano y se dirigió a la ciudad, anda, anda y anda, hasta que llegó a la corte. Mientras se le llegó el turno al andaluz, presenciaban allí otro juicio de otro andaluz, que se había robado un caballo. El Juez lo llamó a declarar.

— Señor Juez, — dijo el andaluz, — iba yo una tarde en mi caballo, muy pensativo, cuando sentí un ruido detrás de mí; miré hácia atrás y ví un potrillo muy pequeñito detrás de mi caballo. Yo lo espanté y le dije que se fuera para su casa, pero no quiso irse. Viendo que el potrillo era temerario lo deje que hiciera lo que su mala cabeza le dictaba; el potrillo me siguió hasta que llegó a casa junto conmigo; yo le daba hierba a mi caballo y él comía también. Creció, creció hasta que llegó a ser grande. Ya usted ve, honorable Juez, que yo no me lo robé.

— Está bién, — dijo el Juez, — pero otro día tenga cuidado si se le va otro potrillo detrás, no lo deje ir con usted hasta su casa. — ¡Buena declaración! — dijo el otro andaluz, — daré yo la misma y con seguridad quedará bién.

Por fin se llegó el turno del otro andaluz. El Juez lo llamó a declarar.

— Señor Juez, — dijo él, — iba yo una tarde muy pensativo montado en mi escopeta, cuando sentí un tirillo detrás de mí; miré hacia atrás y era una escopetilla muy pequeñita que venía detrás de mí. Yo la espanté, pero no se quiso ir para su casa. Llegué yo a casa y la escopetilla también; yo le daba todos los días municiones a mi escopeta y la escopetilla también comía. En un mes se puso grandísima y gordísima. Yo todos los días la mandaba para su casa, pero ella no quería irse. Ya usted vé, señor Juez, que yo no me la robé.

Los que estaban en la corte empezaron a reirse.

El Juez le dijo: — Por haber dicho un embuste tan grande, tiene usted dos meses más de cárcel.

38. HISTORIA DEL MUCHACHO MALDITO.

Había una madre una vez que tenía un hijo maldito. Ellos vivían en la orilla de la carretera.

Un día de Reyes que él y la madre se encontraban en la casa y no tenían nada que hacer, se pusieron a moler unas cañas para sacar un guarapo; sacaron el guarapo y lo pusieron sin tapar, encima de una mesa y la madre se fué a buscar agua al río.

Pasó por allí un viajero con sed y entró en busca de agua, el muchacho le dijo que agua no había, que lo que había era guarapo, que si él quería.

El señor le dijo que no, que su madre lo podía regañar, y el muchacho le dijo que no, que su madre no lo regañaba.

El muchacho le dió a tomar guarapo en una *dita*; después que se lo tomó, el muchacho le preguntó que si quería más y el muchacho le contó de esta manera: — No, si mamá no lo *quele*, porque tenía un ratón *podrilo* dentro.

El hombre sacó la *dita* para tirarle, y el muchacho le dijo que con la *dita* de su mamá no le tirara, que lo hiciera por su madre.

El viajero siguió su camino con mucho coraje al ver que había sido engañado por un muchacho, que en la vida lo había visto ni conocido.

39. EL SOLDADO GALLEGO.

Había un soldado llamado Juan, que tomaba mucho licor y un día salió a pasear por la ciudad y fué a un café; tomó tanto, que se embriagó de tal manera, que veía todas las caras volteando a su alrededor. Ya llegaba la hora de tener él que estar en el cuartel. Viendo el capitán que el soldado no venía, salió en busca de él. Cuando lo encontró le dijo: — ¿Qué haces allí? Ya ha pasado la hora de tener que estar en el cuartel.

Entonces él le contestó: — Mi capitán, estoy esperando que pase el cuartel.

40. LOS DOS VIEJOS.

Había una vez un matrimonio pobre que vivía en una casa mal hecha cerca del camino. A pesar de que eran tan viejos eran muy vagos.

Una noche, al tiempo de acostarse ellos, estaban sentados cada uno en su hamaca. La vieja le decía al viejo que cerrara la puerta, pero el viejo no quiso y convinieron en que el que primero hablara, cerraría la puerta. Tanto fué que ninguno quería cerrarla. La vieja se fué para la cocina a hacer un funche de harina de maíz.

Mientras la vieja estaba en la cocina, pasaron por allí unos barberos y pidieron agua en la casa. Como no quería hablar por no cerrar la puerta, les señalaba donde estaba el agua. Como ellos no entendían las señas, creyeron que el viejo sería mudo.

El viejo tenía mucho pelo, y los barberos por hacerle la maldad, idearon pelarle la cabeza a navaja. Cuando terminaron de pelarlo se fueron.

Después la vieja mandó el funche con un muchachito y el funche estaba aguado.

El viejo le hizo señas al muchacho de como lo habían puesto. El muchacho creyó que él le había dicho que se lo echara por la cabeza.

El muchacho le echó el funche por la cabeza y lo peló más de lo que lo habían pelado. Cuando el viejo gritó llamando a la vieja, entonces ella dijo: — ¡Marido, tú tienes que cerrar la puerta!

41. DE GATO A GATA.

Un día un jíbaro echó un gato en un saco y se fué diciendo: — Hoy tengo que ganar mil pesos a mi *compae* y desquitarme de lo que me ganó el otro día.

Se echó el saco al hombro y se fué a buscar a su *compae*: — ¿A que no me adivina lo que traigo aquí?

El otro le vió las uñas al gato en seguida y le dijo: — Yo le apostaría algo a que le adivino. — ¿Cuanto? — Pues mil pesos. — ¡Voy!

Entonces el *compae* de nuestro jíbaro, alborozado de alegría, creyendo ganar dijo: — Usted lleva allí un gato. Cuente los ochavos, *compae* usted ha perdido. — No *compae*, usted ha perdido, lo que llevo aquí es una gata.

Efectivamente, lo que había echado en el saco era una gata y no un gato.

42. EL EMBUSTERO.

Esta era una vez que dos amigos iban por un camino y el uno le dijo al otro: — ¿Usted sabe, *compae*, que yo tengo una cabra que da doce cuartillos de leche? — ¡No diga, *compae*! — le contestó el otro. Y por asusterle como astuto, le dijo al de la cabra algún tiempo después: — ¿Usted había andado por este camino antes de ahora? Pues en este camino hay un puente por donde el embustero que pase se hunde y no sale más. — ¡No diga eso, *compae*! — contestó muy asustado.

Siguen andando y un poco más adelante pregunta el dueño de la cabra: — ¿*Compae*, ese puente queda cerca? — Un poco, — dice el otro

— ¿Sabe usted que la cabra no da más que diez cuartillos de leche? — dijo el dueño de ella.

Anduvieron otro poco más y volvió a preguntar si el puente estaba cerca. El otro le dijo que sí, y de nuevo afirmó: — ¿Sabe usted que la cabra no daba más que ocho cuartillos?

Fué preguntando y bajándole dos cuartillos a cada pregunta, hasta que le dijo que la cabra era como todas las cabras.

Así por miedo dijo la verdad al fin. Su cabra era igual que todas las cabras.

43. EL SANTO QUE SACABA LA LENGUA.

Un día una señora que era muy devota, fué a la iglesia y se sentó en una nave del Señor San Juan; y ella estaba entretenida rezando y miraba al Santo, cuando vió que le estaba sacando la lengua y fué y se lo dijo al sacerdote y él le dijo que si ese Santo era tan milagroso que le sacaba la lengua, que se la sacara ella a él. El sacerdote se escondió y vió que era cierto y llamó gente para que vinieran a ver el milagro y cuando fueron a ver si era verdad y vieron que el Santo estaba comido de cucarachas y una le había comido la boca y se le salía.

44. HISTORIA DE UNA APUESTA.

Yo le oí contar a un amigo mío en San Juan que una vez dos jóvenes que se la echaban de valientes, apostaron cual de los dos se atrevía a ir a clavar un clavo con un martillo a un panteón, a las doce de la noche, pero los golpes habían de ser fuertes de tal modo, que los golpes se oyeran afuera a gran distancia.

El más valiente fué el primero que arrojó el peligro. Iba él vestido de levita, pues antes generalmente todo el mundo vestía de levita, y se dirigió al cementerio con su clavo y martillo. Era una noche oscura y tenebrosa; todo estaba en calma y solamente ellos dos eran las almas vivientes por aquellos contornos.

Bajó uno al cementerio quedándose el otro afuera. Empezó a clavar su clavo, pero como no veía resultó que se clavó también la punta de la levita.

Cuando quiso volver de regreso, sintió que le sujetaban y creyendo que era un muerto, fué tal su miedo que allí mismo se quedó muerto.

El otro se fué para su casa, levantándose muy de mañana para saber la suerte de su compañero. Allí lo encontraron muerto.

45. EL NEGRO Y EL REY.

Una vez en una de las centrales de Puerto Rico había muchos negros esclavos, los cuales eran tratados de tan mala manera que no les daban alimento. Entre ellos había uno muy arrojado, este se llamaba Francisco.

Francisco les dijo a sus compañeros: — ¿Quieren ver cómo yo como con el amo hoy? — ¡Quien, tú! — dijeron sus compañeros, — ¿a que no lo haces? — ¡Lo hago, — dijo él. — Lo veremos, — dijeron ellos. A la hora del almuerzo díjole el negro al amo: — Mi amo, ¿cuanto vale una bolsa repleta de oro?

Al oír esto el amo se puso tan contento que cogió al negro y lo sentó a la mesa donde le dió de lo mejor que en ella había.

Después que comió bien volvió el negro preguntándole: — ¿Cuanto vale la bolsa de oro, mi amo? Y el amo le dijo: — ¡Vente ahora que has comido para que me la des, para decirte cuanto vale! Pero el esclavo le contestó: — Todavía no la he encontrado, mi amo, es para cuando la encuentre.

Así fué que comió bien y se ganó la apuesta que había hecho.

46. EL NEGRO Y EL REY.

Había una vez un hombre que le dijo a un negro: — ¡A que tú no comes en casa del rey! Y el negro le contestó: — ¡A que sí!

Entonces el negro fué a la casa del rey y le dijo: — ¿Mi rey, cuanto vale una pelota de oro? El rey en seguida lo mandó entrar y mandó poner la mesa y los mejores vinos que había en la casa. Después de estar puesta, convidó al negro a almorzar y se sentaron a la mesa los dos.

Después que terminaron de almorzar, el negro que estaba ya satisfecho, llamó al rey a la galería al negro y le dijo: — Bueno, ¿donde tú tienes esa pelota de oro? Y el negro le contestó: — ¿Cuando me la halle, mi rey?

El rey lleno de cólera mandó que le dieran unos palos y lo mandaron para su casa.

47. EL JÍBARO Y SU FLOCHE.

Hubo un jíbaro que no sabía otra cosa sino sacar batatas y correr por las cuestras en su caballito.

Una vez se enamoró de una muchacha y la pidió, pero sucedió que cuando iba a hacerle la visita, ella se sentaba en una esquina y él en otra. De esta manera permanecían hasta al obscurecer sin hablarse una palabra, pues ninguno sabía palabritas dulces.

El pobre jibarito ya estaba aburrido de ir todos los días a visitarla sin decirle nada. Un día montó en su floche y se dirigió al pueblo; llegó a un billar donde estaban jugando y se detuvo a mirar. Cuando uno de los jugadores ganó el otro dijo: — Es difícil ganarte.

El jíbaro oyó la palabra difícil y pareciéndole muy bonita, la aprendió para decirle a su hembra.

Montó en su floche con una mano cerrada, porque él se figuraba que la palabra la llevaba allí y por todo el camino iba repitiendo: — ¡Difícil, difícil, difícil! El flochito dió un tropezón y ambos cayeron a tierra. El jíbaro exclamó: — ¡Ay, Dios mío, se me ha perdido la palabra dulce!

Estaba todavía en el suelo cuando pasó una comadre y le preguntó: — Compadre, ¿qué busca? — Una cosa, comadre, que usted no se imagina. Replicó el jíbarito. — Siendo así, compadre, yo me voy — dijo la vieja.

No habían transcurrido cinco minutos de esto cuando se acercó un compadre. Al ver al jíbaro tan ocupado buscando algo, le preguntó que buscaba por aquellos sitios. El jíbaro le contestó que se le había perdido una cosa de mucha importancia y que estaba dispuesto a darle cuatro reales si se la hallaba. El compadre dijo: — Eso es difícil. El jíbaro lleno de alegría contestó: — ¡Eso mismo es, compadre!

Pagó los cuatro reales al compadre y continuó su camino, siempre repitiendo la palabra difícil.

Cuando llegó a casa de la novia repetía lo mismo, pero como tanto él como su caballito estaban muy débiles, la novia y sus familiares creyeron que se había vuelto loco, le dejaron la casa y el pobre allí murió de hambre y de desesperación.

48. EL VENDEDOR DE QUESOS.

En el barrio del Duque había un jíbaro que se dedicaba a vender quesos.

Un día salió con una carga mayor que las anteriores. Serían como las cinco de la mañana y cuando venía como a una cuerda distante de su casa el caballo saltó y de la falda del campesino saltó un queso.

El campesino al ver que iba el queso corriendo por el camino le dijo: — Puedes ir corriendo hasta el mercado, pues te voy a tirar estos detrás de tí. Entonces tiró todos los quesos al suelo.

Cuando llegó al pueblo fué al mercado y le preguntó al primer hombre que encontró en el mercado: — ¿Usted no ha notado si mis quesos han llegado? El hombre le preguntó que quién los había llevado. — ¡Ellos venían por sí mismos! — dijo el campesino.

El otro se echó a reír y le dijo: — Quizás hayan pasado al pueblo cercano. El campesino se dirigió al otro pueblo, pero no pudo dar con ellos.

49. LOS DOS JÍBAROS

Dos jíbaros que nunca habían ido al pueblo decidieron confesarse, porque creían que confesando al cura todo lo que habían hecho, no deberían algo a Dios, y así saldarían cuentas con Este.

Cuando el primero fué a confesarse, el cura le preguntó que si sabía algo de la muerte de Cristo, y el hombre, creyéndose que era que habían matado a alguno, se levantó y le dijo al compañero que por allí habían matado a un hombre llamado Cristo, y que aquel cura parecía ser abogado y que estaba investigando el caso.

Entonces los dos hombres llenos de miedo, se fueron para sus hogares, sin haber podido el cura confesarlos.

50. EL MÉDICO Y EL PRACTICANTE.

Una vez había un médico que poseía grandes facultades. El tenía un practicante que había estado muchos años con él.

Poco tiempo después murió el médico y dejó por heredero al practicante, Este como era un bruto, se creyó que podría hacer también de médico y en poco tiempo ser muy rico.

Un día lo llamaron para que viera a un enfermo. Todos los días iba a verlo, pero no encontraba que decir acerca de la enfermedad. Un día vió una cáscara de guineo en el cuarto del enfermo y dijo: — ¡Por Dios, ya lo han matado!

Le contestaron que nadie le había dado guineo, pero que quizás él lo había tomado de sobre la mesa. Pudo librarse de aquel aprieto, pero otro día en que el enfermo se empeoró y fué necesario mandarlo a buscar empezó a pensar la manera como saldría de tan grande compromiso.

Miró por todas partes y viendo unos aparejos debajo de la cama del enfermo dijo: — ¡Ay, Virgen, este hombre se ha comido un caballo, por eso tiene la barriga tan grande!

Los familiares dijeron que aquello era imposible. El practicante arguyó.

El pobre hombre estaba hidrópico y a los pocos días murió, pero aquella gente sigue creyendo lo que el practicante dijo.

51. AVENTURAS DEL SEÑOR TÍO.

Una vez había un hombre llamado Tío.

Cierta vez oyó decir que la vergüenza del hombre eran los bigotes. Se dejó crecer los bigotes hasta que llegaron a las orejas y acostumbraba hacerse trenzas.

Un día unos amigos, con objeto de burlarse de él, le dijeron que le envidiaban sus hermosos y largos mostachos. Preguntó por qué razón y éstos le dijeron que teniendo buenos bigotes, cuando uno no tuviera dinero, podría comprar cualquier cosa, solamente con dar un solo pelo de su bigote.

El señor Tío se quedó preocupado con aquello. Tan pronto como pudo, empezó a buscar aventuras. Entró a una tienda y empezó a comprar lo que más le gustaba; al tiempo de pagar entregó un pelo de sus mostachos, pero cual no sería su sorpresa al ver que el dueño de la tienda, en vez de coger el cabello fué en busca de un litro de alcohol y mojó sus bigotes con aquel líquido a la vez que le aplicaba un fósforo. Al fuego acudieron los bomberos y empezaron a lanzar agua sobre aquel hombre, que estaba envuelto en una capa espesa de humo.

Cuando todo terminó, el señor Tío juró matarlos.

52. EL HUEVO MONUMENTAL.

Una vez había un campesino que tenía una gallina. Un día la gallina puso un huevo y el huevo fué creciendo hasta que no cabía en la casa.

El hombre asustado cogió un carro con dos yuntas de bueyes, amarró en él al huevo sujetándolo con fuertes cadenas y lo llevó a la carretera, pero cuando estaba sacándolo del carro se rompió en dos mitades. Entonces el hombre tomó una mitad para vivir y en la otra puso una fuerte tienda de comercio.

Los dependientes eran un gorgojo y una cucaracha y el administrador un grillo.

Una noche en que hizo temporal, los empleados de la tienda se metieron en fiesta y un ratón vino y se llevó la tienda.

53. INÉS EL ASTUTO.

En cierta época existió un hombre llamado Inés a quien no le gustaba el trabajo, pero era amante del robo.

Había una casa en la ciudad en la cual se mataban todos los días dos cerdos para vender la carne en el mercado. Inés llegó allí a pedir posada a la dueña, con intención de robarse la carne. Saluda y suplica luego que se le permita descansar por aquella noche en cualquiera habitación de la casa.

Indicóle la señora que entrara y tomara asiento. De pronto, cuando estaban en conversación, se apareció un gato por la sala y el huésped pregunta a la dueña: — ¿Qué animal es ese que ha llegado aquí? Y la dueña queriéndose hacer la sabia, cambióle el nombre de gato y dijo que se llamaba “Chiquiritán.” Levántase ella y se pone a echar gas al quinqué y pregunta él: — ¿Qué cosa echa usted a la lámpara? Le contestó: — Alcuntán.

Después de esto, arrastraba ella una mesa de un lado para otro de la sala y volvió el pícaro a interrogar: — ¿Cómo se llama eso que usted arrastra? Contesta ella: — Mericuntán.

Preguntó de nuevo que cómo se llamaban esas cosas que tenían guindando (que era la carne), y ella le dijo, que esas cosas, según él decía, eran los santos para rezar de noche.

Luego interrogóle: — ¿Cómo se llama usted? Y ella cambiándose el nombre dice: — Manus Day. Y por último preguntó: — ¿Cómo se llama su esposo? — contestó ella: — Jordán. Es decir, que cambió de nombre a todas las cosas.

Así que hubiéronse acostado, maduró el ladronzuelo una idea para hacer rabiarse a la mañana siguiente a los dueños de la casa.

Levántase por la madrugada, coge el gas del quinqué, se lo derrama encima al gato y le pegó fuego; atravesó la mesa frente a la puerta del cuarto, de modo que cuando ellos dos se levantasen tropezaran; cogió toda la carne y al irse dijo con voz fuerte: — ¡Levántate Manus Day y llama a

Jordán; si te levantas de pronto tropiezas con mericuntán y encontrarás a chiquiritán bañado con alcuntán, que yo me llevo los santos para la Corte Celestial!

Y salió Inés precipitadamente con la carne y la realizó.

54. LOS DOS INGLESES ASTUTOS.

Una vez había un hombre que tenía un compadre que todos los días venía a almorzar con él. Ya cansado de esta visita, a la hora del almuerzo el hombre le dijo a su mujer: *Mi compay veni to lo día a comel mi comía*, cuando mi *compay* venga y el *armuelzo etá* yo te voy a *preguntá*: “¿En qué año tú nació?” Y tú me va a *contestal*. “En el tiempo de ya *etá*.” Yo te diré: “Yo soy más viejo que tú, yo nació en el tiempo de guárdalo *pa* luego.”

El compadre que era bastante astuto dijo: — Yo soy más viejo que tú y mi *compay*; yo nació en el tiempo de siéntate a *esperal*.

Eran cerca de las doce y ya cansados del compadre, en vista de que no se movía llamó a su mujer para que sirviera el almuerzo para los dos.

Ese día habían cocinado carne de familia y ñame; pues fué lo que pusieron en la mesa en una gran batea redonda. Al poner ésta sobre la mesa, la carne quedó al lado del dueño de la casa y el ñame al lado del otro. El compadre viendo que se comía toda la carne dijo: — ¿Coma *ñama* usted, *compay*?, — queriéndole decir que comiera ñame. A lo cual respondió el otro: — Yo me *ñamo* Francisquillo de los Santos, *pa* servirle a *usté*. — Yo no *disió* eso, yo *disió* que coma *ñame* *usté*. El otro cogió la batea y puso la carne al lado del compadre y el ñame al lado de él y dijo: — El mundo son *reondo*, *reondo*, como *ete* batea. El mundo se *voltía* así, — y viró la carne al lado del compadre. Este al ver eso dijo: — ¡Ay, *compay*, si *uté* supiera lo que es el mundo, *uté* volvería loco; deje el mundo como *etá*! Y de esta manera pudo comerse la carne.

55. EL HOMBRE SANTO.

Ésta era una vez que había un hombre que quería hacerse santo y el cura lo mandó al monte a orar.

Cada vez que el hombre ese hacía un bien tenía una varilla que le nacía una florecilla. La varilla tenía veintisiete florecillas. Como vemos, le faltaba una para tener las veintiocho, para morir santo.

Un día vió a un hombre que iba a matar a otro y dijo: — Veintisiete y una veintiocho.

Y murió santo, porque le salvó la vida al que iban a matar.

56. CUENTO ANTIGUO.

Una vez había un matrimonio del campo y un día la mujer estaba cociendo unos frijoles. El marido estaba cazando y cuando llegó traía un cabrito vivo y le dijo: — ¡*Mujé*, bota *frijó*, que yo traigo carne! La mujer botó los frijoles.

Cuando fueron a matar el cabrito, éste como más listo se fué. El hombre dijo: — ¡*Mujé*, recoge *frijó*, que el cabro se fué! Esta tuvo que recogerlos y ponerlos a cocer otra vez. Su esposo sin más remedio dijo: — ¡Bah! ¡*Pa* lo que tú *silvi*! Tu cuerpo no *silvi pa tamburí*; tu pata como palillo *tocal timbal*; tu cara lo *memo* una higuera seca; tus *ojo* lo *memo* que un *carobali*; tu nariz prieta como el carbón; tu carne que no da mucho gusto; ¡bah! ¡*pa* lo que tú *silvi*! Mejor que te *fuá*.

57. CHISTE.

Una vez entraron en nuestra capital dos gallegos que no tenían ni un centavo y el hambre les estaba apretando; pero al llegar a una esquina uno de ellos dijo: — Bueno, yo me voy por esta calle y tú por esta, para ver si separados tenemos mejor suerte y encontramos algo que comer. — Eso es, — dijo el otro, — pero falta una cosa que advertir. — ¿Qué? — pregunto el otro. — Pues nada, avisarnos donde nos encontraremos mañana. — ¡Anda chico! aquí mismo, — respondió el otro compañero separándose.

Después de andar algunos pasos, el último que había hablado entró en una fonda y pidiendo de las mejores comidas que allí había, después de satisfacerse dijo al dueño de la fonda: — ¿Qué le hacen aquí al que come y no paga? — Nada menos que hincharle un ojo, — dijo el hombre. — ¡Anda, tunante, pues eso es poco! Toma, hincha ese. Y presentándole el ojo recibió el puñetazo más grande que yo he visto.

Salió de la fonda y al otro día cuando lo vió el otro compañero le dijo muy admirado: — ¡Chico, cómo tienes ese ojo! — ¡Bah! chico, — le contestó, — no te fijes en el ojo, fíjate en mi estómago que está repleto.

58. LA VIEJA Y LA PUERCA.

Una vez y dos son tres, había una vieja que tenía una puerca. Un día ella le dijo a su marido: — Viejo, yo no mato la puerca hasta que eche manteca por las patas.

El viejo fué a la tienda y compró dos centavos de manteca; se los untó en las patas a la puerca y llamó: — ¡Vieja, vieja, vieja, ya la puerca echa manteca por las patas! La vieja dijo: — ¡Ay, pues vamos a matarla! La mataron y la vieja le dijo: — Viejo, ve tú a buscar los plátanos en lo que yo aso la puerca.

El viejo se fué y quiso traer tan buenos plátanos que fué muy lejos y en lo que vino la vieja se había comido la puerca y al viejo no le había dejado ni los huesitos. El viejo como la vieja no le dejó carne, le cortó una cadera y se la comió con los plátanos.

Colorín, colorado, cuento acabado.

Salí de casa, fuí a la escuela y el otro cuento que lo cuente abuela.

59. EL ADULÓN.

Cierta vez un joven oyó decir de una joven rica que deseaba casarse con un joven que le igualara en capital. El joven era pobre y buscó un adulón para que fuera con él y todo lo que él dijera que tenía lo aumentara.

Llegaron a la casa y después de la presentación entablaron conversación los dos jóvenes y en seguida, el enamorado le dijo a la muchacha que tenía una finquita. — ¡Una fincaza! — dijo en seguida el adulón. El joven continuó diciéndole que tenía unas vaquitas, unos caballitos, etc. y el adulón todo repetía: — ¡Unas vacotas, unos caballotes!

La muchacha se estaba entusiasmando y ya iba a decirle que sí, cuando vino una perrita y empezó a lamerle una pierna al joven. La muchacha se fijó y le dijo: — ¿Qué tiene allí en esa pierna? — Una llaguita, — contestó el joven. El adulón que había sido alquilado para todo agrandarlo, en seguida repuso: — ¡Una llagaza!

Todo eso desbarató el plan del joven y no pudo concertarse el matrimonio.

60. YA VEO Y EL CIEGO.

Una vez había un pobre limosnero que no tenía quien le avisara los tropiezos.

Un día encontró un muchacho muy malo que decía llamarse "Ya veo" y se fueron juntos a correr fortuna y reunieron una bolsa de dinero.

El muchacho con ganas de robarse la bolsa, la cogió y se fué a comprar un pedazo de pan. Cuando el viejo echó de menos su bolsa empezó a gritar: — ¡Ya veo, Ya veo! La gente y el cura del pueblo creyeron aquello un milagro y empezaron a decir: — ¡Gracias a Dios, que ya el ciego ve! El cura cogió al ciego de la mano y le dijo: — ¡Vaya, dele gracias a la Virgen, porque usted ya ve!

Pero el ciego que entendía su negocio, le contestó enfadado: — ¡Al diablo es al que yo voy a dar gracias, yo lo que quiero es a Ya veo. ¡Ya veo, Ya veo!

61. EL PADRE Y EL HIJO.

Una vez había un padre que estaba viejísimo, que tenía un hijo casado. Un día la señora le dijo a su esposo: — ¡Tú debes botar a tu padre, ya a mí me da asco que venga gente aquí con ese viejo!

El hijo oyendo los consejos de su esposa, invitó a su padre a dar un paseo por la finca. Al llegar cerca de un risco en donde había una grande piedra, el hijo le dijo al padre que se quedara allí hasta que él viniera. Como el padre era ya ciego no pudo irse y allí murió de hambre y sufrimientos.

Mas después el hijo del viejo tuvo también un hijo, que se casó después. La mujer un día le dijo a su esposo: — ¡Mira, bota de aquí a ese viejo, que ya me da asco cuando viene gente aquí!

El hijo invitó a su padre para que viera la finca y al llegar a la piedra donde él había puesto a su padre, el hijo le dice: — Padre, siéntate aquí,

que yo vuelvo en seguida! Entonces el padre llorando exclamó: — ¡Sí, hijo mío, hasta aquí traje yo a mi padre!

Mas el hijo teniendo pena de su padre lo llevó otra vez a su casa, diciéndole a su mujer que si él botaba a su padre, sería cadena que nunca se rompería.

“Hijo eres, padre serás;
según lo hicieres así lo verás”.

62. EL ISLEÑO Y EL BURRO.

Había un isleño que era vendedor de pimienta. Salió un día por un campo y se le cansó el burro; se apeó y le quitó la carga y la cogió él. Volvió y montó en el burro y le decía: — Camina, mi burrito, que tú no llevas la carga, que llevo yo.

63. EL VENDEDOR DE POLLOS.

A principios de haber venido los Americanos a Puerto Rico, iba uno de nuestros ciudadanos con un canasto de pollos para venderlos. En su camino se encontró con un yanki que le dijo: — ¿How much? Entonces él dijo: — Sí, señor, todos son machos menos esa *poyanca* blanca que la quiero *pa* un regalo. Vuelve el yanki y le pregunta: — ¿Do you speak English? Dícele el jíbaro: — Si usted me da por la ingle yo lo mato con éste cuchillo. Entonces el yanki para poderse salvar tuvo que soltar rienda a su caballo. Si no lo creen, pueden pedirle el recibo a Telémaco Carrasco, que era el Alcalde en aquel tiempo.

64. UN AMERICANO Y UN CAMPESINO.

Una vez un campesino vino al pueblo á vender un guineo gigante a un americano. En seguida el americano le dijo: — How much? Y el hombre le contestó: — ¿Joseíto Camacho? En seguida se lo voy a traer.

El hombre muy contento se fué a buscar a Joseíto Camacho y en seguida Joseíto Camacho vino a donde estaba el americano y el americano le preguntó. — How much? Y Joseíto le dijo: — Ten cents, — porque Joseito no sabía decir en inglés mas que ten cents.

En seguida el americano sacó diez centavos de su bolsillo y se los dió al campesino.

El guineo valía más de treinta centavos y el hombre del campo se tuvo que ir con sus diez centavos sin más remedio.

65. EL CURA.

En cierta ocasión había un cura que se encontró una carabela y se puso a dar un sermón, entonces se puso a hablar y decía: — ¿De quien será esta carabela? ¿Si será de un rey? ¿De quien será esta carabela? ¿Si será del papa?

Se le pegaron las avispas y dijo: — ¡Esta carabela es del diablo!

66. LA COMADRE EMBUSTERA

Había una vez una mujer que iba todos los días a casa de su vecino. Un día fué y dijo:

— Pues compadre, mi hija Brígida fué ayer al monte y cogió un San Pedrito y esta mañana se soltó y cantó diciendo:

Todas las monjas
son mis comadres
y todos los frailes
son mis compadres.

— Esos son embustes tuyos, que ese pajarito canta. Pero no dice eso ese pajarito, lo que dice es:

Todos los de tu casa
son embusteros
y los dos más viejos
son los primeros.

67. EL GALLEGO.

Pues señor, había un gallego y fué un día a visitar a una señora muy fea y que se creía que era bonita y joven, cuando tal vez era la más vieja que existía en aquella calle.

La señora preguntó al soldado si había oído decir que tenían exhibiendo una momia en la casa del gobernador y si él la había visto.

Entraron en conversación la vieja y el soldado. Ella le preguntó al soldado si se recordaba de una vez que había venido un buque siendo ella muy chiquita y señalando a una niña como de cinco o cuatro años, para poder explicar mejor la edad que ella tenía entonces.

El soldado molesto por haberle hecho esta pregunta la mujer vieja y compararlo en edad con ella, quiso insultarla y no atreviéndose creyó vengarse de la ofensa diciéndole:

No señora, yo no ví esa momia, porque en aquel tiempo mi madre no había nacido.

68. EL PROFESOR Y EL DISCIPULO.

Hace algunos años que vivía un niño llamado Castillo en la ciudad de Caguas, el cual era muy aficionado a la poesía.

Ya que él estaba en secto grado, un día le dijo a uno de sus condiscípulos: — ¡Cuanto quieres apostar que todo lo que me pregunte el profesor yo se lo contesto en verso! — ¡A que no! — dice el otro. — ¡Ya verás!

Se apostaron medio peso contra una pluma de fuente. El profesor le preguntó: — ¿Que es ley? — le contesta: — Ley es la que hace el rey.

— ¿Usted es poeta, señor Castillo? — Un poquillo. Le dice el profesor: — Usted se chancea. — No es esa la idea. — ¡Salga afuera! — ¡Lo que usted quiera!

El niño se ganó el medio peso y habló con el profesor y le dijo por lo que era y lo admitieron y fué al día siguiente a la escuela.

69. TRES EXTRANJEROS EN PUERTO RICO.

Una vez desembarcaron en la ciudad de Aguadilla, alucinados por la idea de que aquí en Puerto Rico hallarían mucho oro tres extranjeros, que eran: uno andaluz, el otro gallego y el otro aragonés.

Al entrar en la marina el gallego vió un dólar en unas hierbas que había allí y le dió una patada y dice: — ¡Rediablo! ¿para qué lo voy a coger? Como éste he de encontrar más en Puerto Rico y después no voy a poder con ellos.

Pasaron tres días en aquella ciudad sin comer nada porque no tenían dinero para pagarlo. Al cumplirse los tres días de estar así, sentáronse bajo la sombra de un árbol; de pronto el gallego dijo: — ¡Qué hambre tengo! — ¡Yo también, tengo más hambre que *lechón*! — dijo el andaluz. El aragonés dice: — Pues vamos a comer en aquella fonda que está allá abajo. — ¡Rediablo! ¿con qué vamos a pagar? — dijo el gallego. — Vamos a comer y después ustedes se van y yo respondo por lo demás.

Se dirigieron a la fonda y pidieron de todo lo mejor que allí había. Después que terminaron pidieron tres tabacos, los encendieron y el gallego y el andaluz salieron. El aragonés pidió un periódico y se puso a leerlo y el mozo se sentó al frente a mirarlo. Después que hacía rato que estuvo leyendo se levantó y dice al mozo:

— Caballero, si a esta fonda viene un pirata y le hace el gasto de tres o cuatro dólares y después no tuviere con que pagarle, ¿qué haría usted en tal caso?

— Pues yo, — dijo el mozo, — le daría tres patadas.

— Pues deme a mí tres, que no tengo con que pagarle.

70. EL SUEÑO.

Esta era una vez y dos son tres, que había una niña que tenía una hermanita y dormían juntas.

Un día, cuando se acostaron las dos se quedaron dormidas y la mayor salió soñando que se había muerto y que había ido al cielo. Al llegar a la puerta se encontró con San Pedro y le preguntó que si se podía entrar y él le dijo que sí, y la llevó a un salón grandísimo donde había muchísimas lámparas en platos, y al ver aquellas lámparas ella le preguntó a San Pedro que qué significaban aquellas lámparas y San Pedro empezó por decirle que aquellas eran las ánimas, y ella le dijo: — ¿Cuál es la mía? Y él le dijo: — Esta que está aquí y esta otra es la de tu hermanita.

Ella vió que la de su hermanita estaba alegre y muy bonita y la de ella estaba triste, casi apagándose y le preguntó a San Pedro la causa porque algunas estaban alegres y las otras estaban tristes. Entonces él le dijo que algunas estaban tristes porque esas eran las personas muertas y las alegres eran las personas que les quedaba mucho tiempo de vida. Cuando él estaba explicando, ella notó que la lámpara de su hermana estaba llena de aceite y la de ella estaba casi seca y entonces le preguntó que si se podía echar aceite de una lámpara a otra y él le dijo que sí, y ella como quería vivir más, pues empezó a meter la mano en la lámpara de su hermana y a echar en la della muchas veces.

En esto se despertó de una bofetada que le dió su hermana, porque estaba metiendo la mano en una palangana que había al lado de la cama y se la estaba pasando por la boca a su hermana.

71. LOS ISLEÑOS.

Una vez había unos isleños y querían llegar al cielo. Para ejecutar su empresa, empezaron a poner barriles unos sobre otros. Cuando muchos, dijo el isleño que estaba arriba: — Falta uno para llegar al cielo. El que estaba abajo le contestó: — ¡Po, hay más ninguno! Entonces el de arriba dijo: — ¡Saca el de abajo!

Cuando lo sacó cayeron los barriles. Cuando venía el isleño de arriba decía: — ¡Abre tierra que te rajo! El que se rajó fué él.

72. EL JÍBARO POETA.

Había una vez una mujer que quería que su marido fuera poeta, porque en la casa que ella estaba alquilada había un señor que era un buen poeta.

Ella oyó un día al señor recitar una composición y llegó a su casa donde estaba su marido y le dijo: — Marido, si mañana tú haces lo que hace el señorito, te voy a remendar los mejores pantalones que tengas y te pondré el *jingibre* bien caliente.

El jíbaro al ver la exigencia de su mujer, se levantó bien temprano y empezó así:

— ¡Que acanelada está la mañana!

¡Los *esparramados* montes apenas se divisan!

¡Mi hijo Encarnación!

— Mande, mi querido padre.

— Ve en casa de compadre *Enecudemio* y dile que si hace el favor de que me preste su volcán escandaloso, que estos pájaros picotereros han tenido la osadía de venir a mis pascuas a comerse a los píos, píos, hijos de los clocs, clocs, y si no entiende la fraseología dile que me mande la escopeta.

73. ¿QUE ES FÉ?

Una vez iban en un barco unos hombres y un cura. El cura le preguntó a la gente aquella qué era fé y la gente le contestó que no sabían. El cura se puso entonces a explicarles lo que era fé.

En el barco iba un jamón en una caja y el cura les dijo que si ellos estaban seguros de que allí iba un jamón. La gente le contestó que sí, y entonces el cura les dijo que ellos tenían fé de que el jamón iba allí, y que eso era fé.

Ya que había pasado algún tiempo, volvió el cura y le preguntó a la gente qué era fé. Entonces uno de ellos contestó: — ¡Fé es un jamón dentro de una caja!

74. EL CAZADOR.

En cierto pueblo vivía una vieja, la cual tenía la boca de medio lado.

Un día pasó por dicha casa un cazador que iba muy cansado y le pidió agua. La vieja le trajo el agua en un jarro, el cual tenía un pico por un lado y un roto por el otro. Después de darle el agua, la vieja se marchó. Quedó el cazador solo, se puso a examinar el jarro, pues le había cogido asco a la vieja, y decía: — ¿Por donde beberá esa vieja, por el pico o por el roto? Y después decía:

— Ella debe beber por el pico. Y cuando se iba a pegar lo retiraba diciendo: — No, ella bebe por el roto.

Así estuvo largo rato y al fin se decidió a tomar por el pico. No bien se hubo pegado se presentó la vieja diciendo: — ¡Ay, mi *jijo*, *¡as tenio* el mismo gusto mío!

El cazador de coraje tiró el jarro al suelo y se marchó murmurando: — ¡Quién había de creerlo.....! ¡quien había de creerlo.....!

75. LOS ISLEÑOS.

Una vez iban unos isleños por un camino, llegaron a un puente y a uno le dió sed y dice: — ¿Qué hacemos amigo para beber? Y otro le contestó: — Yo me sujeto del puente, los demás me echan a colgar hasta que beba.

Así lo hicieron. Cuando el último estaba bebiendo el de arriba dice: — ¡Me arden las manos! — ¡Escúpetelas! — dice otro.

Cuando se las fué a escupir, cayeron todos de cabeza en el río.

Les pasó esto por burros.

76. EL PELÓN.

Había un muchachito de la cabeza pelada, que vivía en un ranchito.

Un día el rey de los bandidos llegó a su casa y le preguntó: — ¡Muchachito, qué haces tú allí?

El le contestó: — Comiéndome los que están y esperando los que llegan.

El bandido le preguntó: — ¿Tú con quién hablas? — Yo hablo con los pies de un hombre y con la cabeza de un caballo.

Decía así, porque el rancho era bajito y sólo se le veían los pies al hombre y la cabeza al caballo.

El bandido le preguntó: — ¿Dónde está tu papá? El le contestó: — ¡Papá está entre puente y tierra! Quería decir que estaba muerto. — ¿Y tu mamá? — Mamá, pagando lo que se comió ayer. Era lavando. — Dame agua. — ¿La quiere de azúcar? — dijo el muchacho. — ¡Dámela! — dijo el bandido.

Después que se la tomó le preguntó: — ¿Usted quiere más? El le contestó: — No, que te regaña tu mamá. — ¡Eh! ¡que me va a regañar, si tenía un ratón! — ¡A que te tiro con el coco! — Entonces sí que me pega, porque *ende* ella beben café.

Había un río y el hombre le preguntó: — ¿Ese río es hondo? El muchacho le contestó: — ¡Eh! bajitito, que *en ganao* de casa pasa y no se moja el lomo.

El ganado eran los patos que pasaban nadando. El hombre se tiró y salió casi ahogado. Después denunció al muchacho y este se lo ganó.

77. EL MUERTO Y LAS PIEDRAS DE MOLER MAÍZ.

Una vez en el campo se murió un hombre con las piernas zambas y para que cupiera en la caja le pusieron unas piedras de moler maíz para que se le enderezaran.

Al ir a sacar al muerto del catre donde estaba, le quitaron las piedras de las piernas. Al no tener nada que le sujetara, el muerto se sentó en el catre.

Todo el mundo creía que estaba vivo y emprendieron la marcha para su casa y los de la casa, casi todos cayeron con ataques.

78. LAS MUJERES SIEMPRE QUEDAN BIEN.

Un anciano me dijo que una vez un ciego se casó con una mujer muy bella, pero el ciego tenía el don de ser celoso.

Un día salieron los esposos al campo y por el camino había unas frutas tan sabrosas que vencieron al ciego.

Entonces la mujer le dijo: — Marido, quiero que me subas. Y se subió, pero como él era tan celoso abarcó el tronco del árbol, Arriba había otro hombre.

Después pasaron el Señor y San Pedro y vieron lo que pasaba y le dice San Pedro al Señor: — Si ese hombre tuviera vista ¿qué haría? — Nada, — respondió el Señor, — las mujeres siempre quedan bien. — No lo crea, Señor. Y el Señor dice: — ¡Ya lo verás, ya lo verás, Pedro!

El Señor le da vista al ciego, mira lo que pasaba y le dice: — ¿Qué es eso, mujer? — Pues estoy pagando la promesa por tu vista. — ¡Pues sigue!, ¿por qué no lo hiciste más antes? — ¡Lo ves, Pedro, como quedó bien!

79. CUENTO.

El Señor hizo al hombre de tierra y le faltó la compañera que es la mujer y San Pedro le dijo que la hiciera de una costilla del hombre, y así lo hizo; pero al tener Dios la costilla en la mano, llegó una mona y se la

arrebató y San Pedro le persiguió hasta la cueva, pero no la pudo agarrar nada más que por el rabo y se lo arrancó.

Entonces el Señor no teniendo otra cosa de qué hacer la mujer, la hizo del rabo de la mona.

80. LOS TRES EMBUSTEROS.

Pues señor, esta era una vez que iban tres personajes por un camino, los cuales eran: un sordo, un ciego y un calvo y no encontraban que conversación poner. Por fin dijo el sordo: — Estoy oyendo una pelea que está a siete leguas de aquí y oigo hasta los sablazos. El ciego dijo: — Mira, yo veo los chispetazos de candela que salen de los sables. Y el calvo dijo: — ¡Jesús, compañeros, no digan eso que se me paran hasta los pelos de la cabeza!

81. EL HOMBRE EN EL HOTEL.

Una vez fué un hombre a un pueblo en el que no conocía a nadie. El pobre hombre no tenía ni un centavo para comprar nada y tenía tanta hambre que ya no podía aguantar más.

Un día estuvo un señor en un hotel y el hombre entró junto, con ese señor. Se sentó en la mesa el señor y él se sentó también. Entonces el amo del hotel vino y le preguntó al señor: — ¿Qué quería usted? Y el señor le dijo: — Unas sopas. Se las trajo. Después le preguntó al otro hombre: — ¿Qué quiere usted? — y él le dijo: — Otras.

Entonces le preguntó otra vez al señor y él le dijo: — Traiga usted un arroz con pollo. Y le dijo al otro hombre: — ¿Quería usted otro arroz con pollo? Y él le dijo: — Sí. Luego el señor tomó una breva y el hombre tomó otra.

El amo del hotel creía que aquel hombre era peón de aquel señor, porque de todo lo que el señor pedía el hombre también pedía.

Después, el señor le dijo al amo del hotel: — ¿Cuánto vale el almuerzo? Y él le dijo: — Cinco pesos y medio. — ¡Cómo! ¿Está usted dormido? ¿Tanto dinero por tan poco almuerzo?

Entonces el amo del hotel dijo: — No, si es el almuerzo de usted y su peón. Y el señor le dijo: — ¡Pero si ese hombre no es peón mío! El amo del hotel dijo: — Pues si es usted solo, son dos pesos y medio.

Entonces el amo del hotel cogió el dinero y el señor se fué. Cuando vino para la mesa le dijo al hombre: — Vamos, son dos pesos y medio. Y el hombre dijo: — ¿Cuánto? Y le respondió: — Dos pesos y medio. El hombre dijo: — Pues yo no tengo más que cuatro centavos en el bolsillo y son para comprárselos de bacalao a mi mujer, que me lo encargó mucho, *asina* es que no se los voy a dar.

Entonces el amo del hotel llamó a un guarda y se lo dijo. El guarda dijo: — ¿Qué vamos a hacer con ese hombre después de haberse tomado el almuerzo? Dele un palo.

Entonces el amo del hotel le fué a dar una bofetada y el hombre fué a correr por la escalera y se le cayó la breva. Cuando se le cayó viró para atrás a cogerla y entonces le dieron la bofetada, pero cogió la breva. Cuando fué a su casa dijo: — Mujer, por una bofetada que me dieron, almorcé.

La mujer se fué a una fonda y pidió una bofetada. Se la dieron y no le dieron almuerzo.

82. EN TIEMPO DE TURISTAS.

Había una vez y dos son tres, que si no era pan era café.

En tiempo de turistas vinieron muchísimos americanos a comprar a la plaza del mercado.

Llegó un americano a comprar unas gallinas. El americano le dijo al jíbaro: — How much? — ¡No son machos, que son hembras! — How many are these? — ¡No se crea que me las va a quitar! — Do you speak English? — ¡No son inglesas, que son búlicas!

Entonces se formó una *garata* allí, y el americano salió perdiendo.

Y colorín colorado, este cuento se ha acabado.

83. INFORTUNIOS DE UN EXTRANJERO.

Encontrábase un día un portorriqueño en los Estados Unidos. El no sabía inglés ni los americanos el español. Iba por el camino y vió una preciosa casa; acercóse y díjole al portero: — ¿De quién es esa casa? El criado le dijo: — What do you say? El portorriqueño se creyó que el portero le había dicho que "Juan José."

Siguió caminando; vió un palacio y le preguntó al hombre que estaba allí: — ¿De quién es ese palacio? — What do you say? — le respondió el hombre. — ¡Vaya por Dios, de Juan Jose! — dijo el portorriqueño.

Vió un ventorrillo y preguntó de quién era aquel ventorrillo con tan ricos frutos. El hombre le contestó: — What do you say? Y el portorriqueño se figuró de nuevo que era de Juan José.

Siguió caminando y vió un grupo de gente y se figuró que estaba peleando y preguntó: — ¡Oh! ¿qué es eso? ¿Quien está peleando? Y un americano le dijo: — What do you say? — ¡Ah! peleando Juan José. Vió un carro fúnebre y preguntó: — ¿Quién se murió? — What do you say? — ¡Ah! Juan José se murió. Vió a un amigo y le dijo: — Oye, se ha muerto un señor llamado Juan José, que posee todo lo de los Estados Unidos y quería poseer todo pero no pudo.

84. WHAT DID YOU SAY?

Había una vez un portorriqueño que estaba paseando por una ciudad de los Estados Unidos y él vió un edificio y dijo: — ¡Qué edificio más grande! Y le preguntó a un americano que le quedaba al frente y como el americano no entendía español le contestó: — What did you say?

Y el portorriqueño le dice: — ¡Ah! sí. Y siguió paseando y encontró otro edificio y le preguntó a otro americano de quién era aquel edificio tan grande y el americano le dijo: — What did you say? — ¡Ah! sí.

Entonces siguió y vió unos carros eléctricos y preguntó de quién eran y otro americano le contesta: — What did you say? Y el portorriqueño dice: — ¡Ay! ¡qué rico es Jua Chú Sai. Y más adelante vió un entierro y dice: — ¿De quién será aquel entierro? Y un americano le dice: — What did you say? — y él dice:

— ¡Pobrecito Juá Chú Say, tan rico como era y se murió y dejó todas sus riquezas!

85. EL HOMBRE Y LA LANCHAS.

Una vez había un hombre que lo único que tenía era una lancha. Todos los días se iba al río y daba sus paseos; otras veces pescaba. Un día se le aparecieron unos cuantos hombres y le dijeron: — Préstanos tu lancha para pasear. Y el viejo gritaba: — ¡Que no, bah! Ellos volvían y le decían: — Préstanosla para dar un paseo. Y él volvía a gritar: — ¡Que no, bah!

Entonces los hombres le dijeron: — Pues te vamos a llamar “El viejo que no va.” El les contestó: — Po ñámenme asina. ¡A mí qué!

Los hombres no tuvieron más remedio que irse y todos le gritaban: — ¡Que no va, que no va, que no va!

86. EL QUESO DE ORO.

Una vez había un muchacho que fué a buscar agua a un pozo. Vió la sombra de la luna y dijo: — ¡Ay, mira, un queso de oro!

Se fué y buscó una sogas muy larga y empezó a echarla dentro del pozo y cuando ya se creía que tenía dentro del balde al queso, haló con mucha fuerza y como no traía nada, se cayó para atrás; miró para arriba y vió la luna en el cielo y dijo: — ¡Ay, mira donde la enganché!

87. LAS PATAS DEL CARNICERO.

Una vez una ama mandó a la criada que fuera a la carnicería y le dijera al carnicero que le mandara las patas.

La criada fué a la carnicería y como no le vió las patas se fué para su casa. Al llegar a la casa le preguntó la ama por las patas que había mandado a buscar.

— Señora, — dijo ella, — no se las pude ver, porque el carnicero tenía los zapatos puestos.

88. LA VIEJA.

Una vez había una vieja que era enamoradísima y decía:

— ¿Quién pasa?

— Una gente que va pasando.

Pasó después el cura y dijo ella:

— ¿Quién pasa?

— El cura que va para su casa.

Pa só después un muerto y dice la vieja:

— ¿Quién pasa?

— Un muerto. Y dice ella:

— ¡Camino que todos tienen que pasar!

Pa só entonces un grupo de gente y dice la vieja:

— ¿Quién pasa?

— Unos novios que van a casarse.

— ¡Camino que tenemos que pasar todos! — Dijo ella

89. LOS CIEN PESOS.

Había una vez un hombre que todos los días se iba debajo de un árbol de mango y decía: — ¡Ay Dios mío, dame cien pesos, pero que no les falte ni un medio, porque no los quiero!

Y eso era de todos los días, hasta que un día un hombre de maldad le puso noventa y nueve pesos noventa y cuatro centavos y cuando él llegó y dijo: — ¡Ay Dios mío, dame cien pesos, pero que no le falten ni un medio, porque no los quiero! El hombre tropezó con ellos y entonces dijo: — ¡Ya tu ves si Dios es bueno! Y se puso a contarlos y después que acabó dijo: — ¡Dios mío, les falta un medio, pero contigo no reparo!

Y entonces el otro hombre se le fué corriendo detrás y no se los pudo quitar.

90. EL LORO Y EL YAGÜERO.

Había una vez en una casa un loro, y un yagüero pasaba vendiendo yaguas.

El loro estaba en el balcón y llamó al yagüero diciendo que apeara las yaguas.

El yagüero no había visto a nadie, pero fué y apeó las yaguas. Viendo que no venía nadie a verlas, llamó al amo y dijo que allí estaban las yaguas. El amo le dijo que él no había llamado a nadie y él le dijo que lo habían llamado por tres veces. El le dijo que sería el loro.

El yagüero se fué y el amo le dió una fuetiza al loro que se metió al cuarto y tras de él iba un gato y el loro le dijo: — ¿Tú también compraste yaguas?

91. LOS TRES CURAS.

Una vez en un campo había tres curas; había tres caminos y no sabían cuál coger para ir al pueblo. En este momento pasaba un niño. Uno de los curas le interrogó: — Oye niño, ¿para dónde siguen estos caminos? El le dijo: — Estos tres caminos no siguen para ninguna parte, están allí quietos.

Otro cura le preguntó al muchacho: — ¿Cómo tú te llamas? A esto él respondió y dijo: — Yo no me llamo, a mí me llaman.

Salió el tercer cura y le preguntó:

— ¿Qué harían con los muchachos como tú? Y él dijo que los mandaban a estudiar para curas, como queriéndoles decir que ellos no valían nada.

92. EL LORO.

Érase una vez que un panadero tenía un loro. Éste como todos, hablaba todo lo que oía decir.

Un día que el panadero estaba haciendo el pan, dijo que el pan estaba manco. No bien lo oyó el loro, empezó a decir: — Pan manco, pan manco!

La gente en seguida dió cuenta a la policía y lo denunciaron. Éste tuvo que pagar la multa. El panadero, cuyo nombre era Pedro, cogió al loro y le dió una patada y lo tiró a un tanque donde se enlodó todo.

Sucedió que pasó un cerdo todo lleno de lodo por allí; en seguida que el loro lo vió, como estaba lo mismo que él, le dijo: — ¿Tú también dijiste pan manco? ¿Tú también dijiste pan manco?

Esto le suele suceder a aquel que habla todo lo que no le conviene.

Según me lo contaron lo cuento y si quieren saber si es verdad, pregúntenselo al loro.

93. EL PADRE GALLEGO.

Una vez había un gallego que tenía un hijo estudiando en Madrid y necesitaba mandarles unos zapatos.

Habiendo oído decir que se mandaban telegramas creyó que los telegramas eran paquetes. Compró un par de zapatos, los colocó en un poste del telégrafo y le puso un rótulo que decía: — ¡Para mi hijo que está en Madrid!

Por allí había un vagabundo que veló que el viejo se retirara, hizo sus pesquizas, cogió los zapatos nuevos y le puso unos viejos en la caja.

A los pocos días fué el anciano, vió la caja y se encontró con los zapatos viejos. Exclamó: — ¡Ah tunante, cogiste los nuevos y me mandas los viejos para que te los componga!

94. COCHERO Y AMO.

Ayer tarde al salir de la escuela observé un caballero desconocido, que según visto tenía gran prisa por llegar a cierto sitio; tomó un coche de alquiler, cuyos caballos le parecieron excelentes.

Al principio andaban bien, pero poco a poco fué disminuyendo su marcha y el caballero observó además ciertas vacilaciones en el cochero. — ¡Bah! — se dijo; — es nuevo y no conoce las calles este zanganote.

La marcha disminuía cada vez más y noté que el caballero se impacientó y sacando la cabeza por la portezuela, gritó desesperadamente: — ¿Tendré yo que subir al pescante y entrar tú en el coche?

El cochero sonriendo estúpidamente dijo.

— Esos eran mis deseos, pero no me atrevía a proponérselo a usted.

95. AUTOMÓVIL EN CIDRA.

Cuando entró el primer automóvil a la Cidra, estaba una vieja soñando que se iba a acabar el mundo.

Esta vieja tenía una hija que se llamaba Carmela; cuando el maquinista tocó la sirena, la vieja dijo: — ¡Verdad es, Carmela, que el mundo se acaba!

Hija y madre se pusieron a rezar hasta que amaneció. No fué esta vieja sola la que decía que el mundo se estaba acabando. Había otras viejas que decían que era el diablo o una cosa del otro mundo, que venía a llevarse la gente, y empezaron a rezar y a mandar promesas con tal que se fuera esa cosa de la Cidra; y si era el diablo, que se fuera también.

96. CASUALIDAD.

Una vez estaba un señor "carrao" bañándose en un caudaloso río, en la parte central de esta isla.

Después que acabó su baño, voló hacia una loma y dijo: — ¡Qué buen blanco estoy yo haciendo ahora para que un cazador me mate!

Cuando él dijo así, un cazador le tiró y le hirió. El pájaro siguió rodando por la loma y diciéndo para sí: — ¡Ya no se pueden decir las cosas, ni en bromas!

97. EL HOMBRE HARAGÁN.

Había una vez un hombre muy haragán.

— Yó, — dijo un día, — me voy a sentar en esta hamaca para que Dios me mande la comida aquí.

Y estuvo todo el día allí sentado y viendo que no conseguía nada, dijo: — Dios, mándame una libra de pan, que me estoy muriendo de hambre.

Parece que alguno lo oyó y le tiró un pedazo de pan dándole en la cara un golpe. El creyó que era lo que él pedía y lo fué a coger, pero cual no fué su sorpresa al encontrarse con un pedazo de tosca blanca.

Esta fué una buena lección para él, pues desde ese día cogió la azada y empezó a trabajar.

Así pudo comprender el adagio que dice: "El que no trabaja no come".

98. EL HOLGAZÁN.

Había una vez un hombre que no trabajaba y decía que Dios tenía que darle lo que él había de comer.

El muy ocioso siempre hallaba una persona que lo alimentara, pero . . . ¿qué sucedió un día? Nadie se presentó a darle lo que había de comer y él muy triste se sentó en una hamaca hasta que Dios le enviara la comida.

Estando allí, vió bajar del techo de su casa una hogaza de pan, que empezó a brincar en el suelo. Loco de alegría se levantó a cogerlo, pero el bollo de pan seguía brincando y él no podía agarrarlo.

Cansado ya el holgazán resolvió sentarse y aguantar el hambre, pero oyó una voz que le dijo: — ¡No podrás cogerlo hasta que no sudes demasiado!

Así fué, se levantó de su hamaca y siguió detrás del pan, que cada vez brincaba más. Por último, cuando ya el hombre estaba rendido y muy sudado, pudo cogerlo y se lo comió en un momento.

Desde aquel día fué un hombre muy trabajador.

99. EL CABALLO Y LA MATA DE CALABAZA.

Una vez había un señor que poseía un caballo, el cual tenía una peladura en la parte superior. Su amo no había podido curarlo con ninguna medicina; pero un día uno de sus amigos le dijo que se curaría si le echaban en la peladura, ceniza con pepitas de calabaza.

El señor, como deseaba que su caballo se curara, hizo lo que le dijeron y llevó a su potro a un sitio distante de su casa; allí lo dejó al cuidado de un criado.

Al poco tiempo se apareció el caballo en la casa. Estaba muy hermoso, pero con una mata de calabaza donde le habían echado la ceniza para que se curara. Le arrancaron la mata y el caballo quedó bueno.

100. EL CABALLO Y LA MATA DE CALABAZA.

Una vez había un hombre que tenía un caballo.

En tiempo viejo siempre se acostumbraba de que cada vez que el caballo hacía un viaje, se le echaba en las mataduras del espinazo ceniza.

Ese hombre cada vez que el caballo hacía un viaje, en las mataduras que le hacía el aparejo, le echaba ceniza.

Un día en la casa cocinando calabazas, en la ceniza se habían metido algunas pepitas de calabazas. Cuando el hombre vino del viaje, en seguida lo que procuró fué ceniza para echarle en las mataduras al caballo. Le echó la ceniza al caballo en las mataduras. Bien parece ser que en la ceniza venían algunas pepitas de calabaza; después que le echó la ceniza, el caballo se fué a la montaña. Pasaron días y días y el caballo sin aparecer.

Como a los dos años el hombre salió para la montaña y se encontró una hermosa mata de calabaza. El hombre trató de averiguar el nacimiento del tronco de la mata. Anduvo más para adelante y encontró la mata pegada del espinazo del caballo y el caballo estaba muerto, porque no podía andar.

101. LOS DOS NEGROS QUE VIVÍAN EN UNA MONTAÑA.

Una vez había dos negros que vivían en una montaña, solos. La casa de ellos era de hojas y como no tenían dinero ni nada, uno de ellos hizo un banquito; y al no tener nada, uno hizo un peso de palo redondito y lo guardó y después se le murió el compañero y fué a donde estaba el cura y le dijo: — Padre, usted quiere ir para que le diga misa a mi compañero que se me murió, que yo le doy ciento uno peso que tengo.

Era un asiento que él tenía y un peso de palo que había hecho, y le dijo el cura: — ¡Vamos allá! Y el cura anda, y anda hasta que llegó allá y le cantó la misa. Después le presentó el asiento y el peso de palo y el cura le dió tres fuetazos y se fué para su casa.

102. EL CABALLERO ANDANTE.

Me cuentan mis tíos que había una vez un hombre al que le llamaban “el caballero andante”.

Una noche, entre doce y una de la misma, un señor estaba sentado en el balcón de su casa. Estaba fumándose un cigarro cuando se le acercó un hombre y le dijo que si le hacia el favor del cigarro para encender el suyo.

Dicho señor le dió el cigarro, pero al alzar la vista para mirarlo, fué tal la impresión que recibió al ver aquel hombre tan alto y delgado, que se enfermó y estuvo muy grave. El gigante desapareció sin saberse por dónde.

Cuando el señor aquel se curó y le hizo la historia a sus amigos, estos cogieron mucho miedo y trataban de recogerse temprano para no ver aquel fantasma que le llamaban “el caballero andante”, porque siempre estaba andando de noche.

103. LA MADRE Y SUS HIJAS.

Una vez había una vieja que tenía tres hijas y eran brutísimas, pero tenían muchísimo dinero.

Un día unas amigas de ellas las convidaron para una fiesta que tenían en su casa. Las muchachas se pusieron los mejores trajes que tenían y las prendas más bonitas. La madre les había dicho que no hablaran cuando llegaran, porque sabía que iban a meter la pata.

Cuando llegaron las llamaron para ir a la mesa donde había muchísimos refrescos, dulces y muchísimas cosas.

Cuando se sentaron, a una de las tres muchachas se le cayó una copa y la otra le dijo: — ¡Rompió el cocobete! Y la segunda le contestó: — ¡Mamá dijo que no jablete! Y la tercera le contestó: — ¡Mamá dijo que no jableque!

104. EL VIAJE AL CAMPO.

Había una vez y dos son tres, que un día dos niños en las misas de aguinaldo se fueron para el campo.

Al empezar a andar por la carretera que los conducía al campo, se encontraron con unos bueyes que no los dejaban pasar y un hombre que iba a pasear por la carretera los pasó de los bueyes, pero más adelante uno de ellos que se llamaba Jorge, le dijo al otro: — ¡Vámonos para el otro camino! Pero el otro niño le dijo que por el otro camino había perros.

Entonces siguieron caminando y al llegar al punto situado, se encontraron con la casa cerrada y el más atrevido llamó a la casa. El amo con-

testó que quien estaba llamando y el niño le contestó: — ¡Soy yo, Tellín. Y entonces contestó que ya venía.

La muchacha de la casa se puso a hacer café y el amo les ofreció y los niños le dijeron que sí.

Después les dieron café y entonces se vinieron para el pueblo.

105. LA CANDELA, LA VERGÜENZA Y EL AGUA.

Una vez se juntaron la candela, el agua y la vergüenza para dar un paseo. Después de todo un día de paseo, cuando la tarde se acercaba y el sol se iba ocultando por detrás de los montes, ellas acordaron que ya era hora de despedirse y cada cual tomar su destino que les correspondía; pero que antes deberían despedirse con un discurso de cada una de las tres.

Entonces dice la candela: — Pues yo haré el mío primero. Si en algún tiempo me perdiere, para conseguirme no tienen nada más que coger un eslabón, dar fuertemente en una roca y allí saldré yo. Y desde entonces ha salido candela de las piedras cada vez que se da con un hierro o con otra piedra en ellas.

Llególe el turno a la vergüenza, pero esta suplicó al agua que se despidiese primero, y ésta continuó: — Si a mí me perdieren alguna vez, me buscarán en un gran peñasco y en lo más profundo me encontrarán.

Entonces la vergüenza empezó a llorar y todas le decían que se despidiese, que se tenían que separar, pero ella seguía llorando hasta que por fin dijo: — Yo no puedo hacer nada, ni decir nada sobre mi conducta, porque el que me perdiere a mí no me encontrará jamás.

Y se apartaron todas muy llorosas con el relato de su amiga la vergüenza, al considerar que cuando se les perdiese su amiga no la volverían a encontrar.

106. EL NIÑO MALO.

Había una vez un matrimonio que tenía un hijo muy vago.

Un día la madre lo mandó a buscar leña, el niño se demoró tanto que la madre empezó a echarle maldiciones, hasta que dijo: — ¡Permita Dios que te lleven las nubes!

Una nube vino y lo cogió y se lo vendió a la luna; y por eso es que en la luna se ve un hombre sentado.

107. EL VOLVER DE JAUJA.

Una vez había en un pueblecito un muchacho perezoso que no ambicionada nada mas que comer y hacer todas sus cosas acostado en el piso.

Este muchacho tenía un amigo llamado Pedro, el cual le narró una historia de un pueblo donde la gente hacía todo acostada. Esto le interesó mucho al muchacho y no tardó mucho tiempo en decírselo a su papá.

Juan, que así se llamaba el muchacho, le dijo a su padre que le comprara un caballito para ir a Jauja. El padre, como éste era su único hijo, le

compro el caballito. Toda la noche se pasó pensando en lo mucho que gozaría allí.

Al día siguiente bien de mañana montó y cogió camino, pero cuando iba bien distante encontró unos trabajadores que le preguntaron a dónde iba y él les dijo: — ¡A Jauja!

Los trabajadores se mofaron de él y siguieron. No tardó mucho tiempo en llegar nuestro hombre al sitio que deseaba. Allí las paredes de las casas eran de dulce, el melado caía en las bocas de los habitantes que vivían acostados; era aquello muy bueno para Juan, había hasta música para distraer a los visitantes.

Juan se quedó allí y creo que no volvió más a su casa de tan bien que le va en este sitio ambicionado por él.

108. EL ESQUELETO.

Había una vez un matrimonio y no tenían que comer. Un día se fué el marido a donde estaba un esqueleto a ver si le daban unas pocas de asaduras para almorzar y le dió unas poquitas. En lo que el hombre había salido para la calle la mujer se las había comido.

Por la noche cuando la mujer estaba acostada oía que le decían: — ¡Arrón, arrón, arrón, en el balcón de tu casa estoy! ¡Arrón, arrón, arrón, en la sala de tu casa estoy! ¡Arrón, arrón, arrón, en el comedor de tu casa estoy! ¡Arrón, arrón, arrón, en el cuarto de tu casa estoy! Y la mujer no encontraba que hacer.

— ¡Arrón, arrón, arrón, del lado de tu cama estoy! ¡Arrón, arrón, arrón, desarropándote estoy! ¡Arrón, arrón, arrón, a buscar mis asaduras vengo!

Y la mujer se murió del susto y cuando el marido vino de la calle y vió que su mujer se había muerto, le dió un ataque y se murió.

Se acabó mi cuento con ají y pimienta.

109. EL ARROZ CON LECHE.

Había una vez una señora que tenía un niño, y eran los más pobres y todo lo que compraban era un centavo y un día la madre hizo arroz con leche, pero a ninguno de los dos les gustó y lo cogieron y lo botaron, y al otro día la madre se fué a lavar y se llevó un calabazo, para cuando viniera traer el agua en él.

Vino un hombre que iba seco de la sed y le dijo al muchachito que si le daba un poco del agua, y él le dijo: — Si hubiera venido ayer, hubiera comido arroz con leche que se hizo aquí, pero a mamá no le gustó y ni a mí tampoco.

Se fué y ya que iba lejos el hombre empezó a llamarlo; el muchachito empezó a gritarle: — ¡Mire, mire, mire! Y el hombre vino y le dijo: — ¿Quiere un poquito de guarapo? Y él le dijo que sí y entonces le dió una dita llena de guarapo y se fué el hombre y ya que iba por donde iba

antes lo empezó a llamar y él vino y le dice: — ¿Quiere otro poquito? Y él le dijo que sí, y entonces le dijo el hombre: — ¿Y tu mamá, no te dice nada?

Entonces él le dijo: — ¡Si eso tenía un ratón podrido! Y entonces el hombre le dijo: — ¡Mira tú muchacho, te rompo la dita en la cabeza!

Y entonces el muchacho le dijo: — ¡Mírese si esa dita es la de echarle la comida al perro!

IIIO. LOS CINCO HOMBRES.

Una vez había cinco hombres que eran muy groseros. Una vez encontraron a un hombre que les dijo que en una cueva había muchos cabros, entonces esos hombres se fueron andando en busca de la cueva. Después de haber encontrado la cueva se fijaron bien a ver si podían bajar; entonces ellos dijeron entre sí que se podían bajar.

Después se preguntaron ellos que cual se bajaba y uno dijo: — ¡Yo me bajo! Entonces ese que se tiró se dió un golpe y dijo: — ¡Ah!

Entonces oyendo todos que el primero que había bajado había dicho que había cabros, se tiraron todos oyendo esa voz. Entonces esos hombres por haber sido tan groseros se fueron todos por la cueva y no volvieron a aparecer jamás.

IIII. EL HOMBRE AVARIENTO.

Esta era una vez que había un hombre y vió a otro que sacó una pomada del bolsillo y se untó en el ojo izquierdo y el hombre le dijo: — ¿Qué se ha sacado usted del bolsillo? — Una cajetita de una pomada que todo el que se unta en el ojo izquierdo, ve todo el tesoro del mundo. Y el hombre le dijo: — ¡Ay! únteme a mi.

El caminante le untó en el ojo izquierdo y alcanzó a ver los montones de oro que llegaban al cielo.

Loco de contento el avaro le dijo: — ¡Únteme en el ojo derecho también! A lo que el otro replicó: — No le puedo untar en los dos, porque va a quedarse ciego. El avaro le arrebató la cajeta diciendo: — ¡Traiga acá! Se la quitó y se untó en el ojo derecho y se quedó ciego en el acto. Entonces dijo: — ¡Permita Dios que donde quiera que vaya a pedir una limosna me den una bofetada que baile como un trompo!

Y así fué que donde quiera que iba a pedir limosna, primero le daban el pescozón y después la limosna.

Así quedó el avaro por todo el resto de su vida.

IIIZ. LA VIEJA QUE MANDO AL HIJO PARA LOS ESTUDIOS.

Ésta era una vieja que tenía un hijo y lo mandó para los estudios y al poco tiempo vino con título de cura y la primera misa que celebraron en la ciudad fué la vieja a oirla y de la alegría que tenía se echó el vestido a la cabeza y la gente le decía: — ¡Mira que te veo el culo! — y ella les decía: — ¡Así vea los suyos!

Pero ella se creía que le decían: — ¡Mira que te vea el cura. Y ella les decía: Así vea usted los suyos. Era a los hijos que los viera de cura.

113. EL NEGRO DEL CALABAZO DE MELADO.

Éste era un negro que su amo lo estimaba mucho y un día se celebró una gran fiesta en la ciudad y le pidió permiso para ir a ella y que si le daba una peseta y el amo le dijo: — Yo no tengo dinero, pero te daré un calabazo de melado para que hagas la peseta.

El negro cogió el calabazo de melado y se marchó para la fiesta. Así que llegó a una loma, puso el calabazo entre las patas y se puso a decir: — Ahora vendo el calabazo de melado en dos reales y me voy al billar a jugar y juego los dos reales y los hago cuatro; juego y los hago ocho y los ocho los hago diez y seis y los diez y seis los hago treinta y dos y sigo jugando al doble hasta que tenga mil pesos. Así que tenga mil pesos compro un caballo y me voy y le compro la hacienda a mi amo y de allí me voy y me enamoro de la hija de don fulano y en seguida me caso con ella y apenas me case vengo a echarle el brazo por el pescuezo a ella.

Y cuando se levantó cogió el calabazo de melado por la falda abajo y llegó contra una piedra y se hizo dos rajadas y de allí se volvió para atrás.

114. EL HOMBRE Y EL BURRO.

Había un hombre que salió para la ciudad con un muchacho y un burro, el muchacho montado y el hombre a pié. Pasó por donde había una gente y dijo uno: — Mira, como ese hombre es más burro que el burro que monta el muchacho, pues se debía de haber montado él, pues es más viejo. El al oír estas palabras desmontó al muchacho y montó él en el burro.

Más delante dijo otro: — Qué hombre más burro que el burro, que se montó él y el muchacho va a pie.

Pués entonces se montaron ambos y el burro se ariscó y se mató y se golpearon los otros.

Eso es para que nadie se deje llevar de cabeza ajená, ni de dícere de mundo.

115. CUENTO DEL COJO.

Éste era un rey que tenía un hijo que era cojo y no salía para ninguna parte y nadie sabía que era cojo y había otro rey que tenía otra hija que era coja también.

Se llegó el día en que por cartas se llevaron relaciones y el día que se fueron a casar, el padre de la novia la llevó del palacio al coche y el padre del novio también, pero era para que no se notara que eran cojos.

Después que se casaron, el cura le dijo a la novia y al novio: — Bueno, pues se acostumbra después que se casan los novios ir hasta la puerta del perdón.

Se cogieron de la mano y cuando fueron a andar, como ninguno sabía que eran cojos creían que se hacían, porque tal vez estaba de moda.

116. CHISTE.

Había un campesino muy bruto, tan bruto era que todo el dinero que ganaba lo partía con San Antonio, que era el Santo de su devoción.

Un día estaba con dolor de muelas y ya desesperado le dijo a San Antonio que si le quitaba el dolor de muelas le daba una de sus novillas, de dos que tenía. Al día siguiente amaneció sin dolor de muela; se fué al pasto y cogió la novilla más bonita y se la llevó a San Antonio, pero no encontró al cura en la iglesia y entró y le dijo: — Toma, San Antonio tu novilla que te la ganaste muy bien.

Y San Antonio, claro está, un santo de palo, no contestó, y él se empeñó en que él la cogiera y se la amarró de un brazo y después que él salió y la novilla se encontró sola en la iglesia, partió como un rayo y cuando él miró para atrás y la vió, le gritó: — ¡San Antonio, dale vuelta en el troncón! ¡San Antonio, dale vuelta en el troncón!

Ahora el cura estaba que picaba de cólera, pero como la novilla le iba a tocar a él, no pudo menos que echarse a reir.

A poco tiempo vuelve el hombre con el mismo dolor de muelas y ya por segunda vez pensó volver a donde estaba San Antonio, pero su hermana le dijo: — Yo te saco la muela sin gasto. — ¡Como! — Con una hebra de hilo yo te la saco. — Bueno, vamos a ver. Y tomó ella un cordón, amarró la muela y después la amarró de la aldaba de la ventana, y él si miedo le tenía al arma de fuego, más le tenía al gasto.

Después de amarrada la muela se fué escondida y le presentó un revólver y del susto cuando haló dejó la muela.

117. EL JOVEN QUE FUÉ A ESTUDIAR PARA CURA.

Una vez un joven se fué a estudiar para cura y todo lo que aprendió lo aprendió en jerigonza y cuando vino a su casa lo recibieron de lo más bien y al otro día después al levantarse dijo: — La bendición, mamona, la bendición papon. ¡Ay! mamona, anoche no dormitona, pensantona como coloquen colocona ese catrín catrona, por ese puertín puertona, tan chiquitona.

Y ellos no le entendían y buscaron quien entendiera la lengua y no pudo predicar, porque no le entendían lo que decía.

118. CUENTO DE OTRO CURA EL DÍA DE MUERTOS.

Una vez en una ciudad había un anciano muy amigo de sermones y llegó el día de los muertos y abrieron el cementerio e iban gentes al cementerio y uno vió una calavera con un pan de avispa y la cogió y la llevó a la iglesia y la puso en un altar donde el cura la encontrara y cuando el cura entró a la iglesia y fué mirando los altares, vió la calavera y en seguida propuso un sermón acerca de la calavera y había una vieja que anunciaba los sermones y salió a anunciar el sermón para el pueblo.

Toda la gente preparóse para el sermón y cuando en la noche se fueron a la iglesia a oír el sermón de la calavera, cuando subió el sacerdote al púlpito con la calavera en las manos, empezó el sermón y dijo:

— Señores, esta calavera apareció hoy en un altar; (pero él no se había fijado en el pan de avispa y siguió) si será de algún sacerdote, (y salió una avispa y se le pegó en la cara y él se la quitó), si será de algún Papa o de algún Obispo; (y meneó la calavera y salieron tres avispas y se le pegaron en la cara y se las quitó); si será de algún Cardenal o de algún Pontífice; (y meneó la calavera y se alborotó el pan de avispa y salen y se pegan en la cara y la viejita estaba debajo del púlpito y el sacerdote la alcanzó a ver y le tiró la calavera y dijo). — ¡Si será de la puta de tu madre! Y la viejita la cogió y se la tiró diciendo: — ¡Si será de la gran puta de la tuya!

119. EL SINVERGÜENZA.

Estaba una vez un sinvergüenza pastoreando un burro en la orilla del camino y al mismo tiempo pasó un guachinango y le dijo: — Oiga amigo, ¿quiere que le diga un secreto a su burro?

Al sinvergüenza como no le costaba nada el decirle el secreto, pues aceptó y el guachinango llevaba un cabito de cigarrillo fumando y el sinvergüenza no lo vió cuando él lo sacó y se lo metió en una oreja al burro, pero a pocos pasos que anduvo, según el burro iba sintiendo lo caliente se iba molestando cada vez más y el guachinando caminando. Pero ya era mucho lo que el burro brincaba y saltaba y entonces el sinvergüenza gritó al guachinango preguntándole que cuál había sido el secreto que él le había dicho a su burro, y él le contestó: — ¡Que su madre se murió! Y dice el guachinango: — ¡No en balde está tan contento!

Y el burro sufrió la quemada del cigarrillo y los macanazos que le dió su dueño, y el sinvergüenza se dió gusto y se divirtió.

120. CUENTO DEL ANCIANO Y EL JOVEN.

Este era un anciano que tenía una hija moza y ésta tenía un novio. La muchacha se llamaba Juanita.

El sábado siguiente había un baile en otra casa y el joven le dijo: — Juanita, tú no vayas al baile y yo a la noche vengo y te traigo cigarros y chocolate y te doy muchos besos.

Y el padre estaba escondido escuchando y el día del baile dijo la muchacha: — Mamá, yo no voy al baile, yo me siento con dolor de cabeza; yo no voy. Y el padre le dijo: — ¡Tienes que ir, porque si no vas te mato!

Pues Juanita se fué llorando y en la noche vino el novio y por un roto del cuarto le dijo: — ¡Juanita, Juanita! El viejo respondió por ella y le dijo: — ¡Que! Y el joven creyendo que era Juanita, le dijo: — ¡Levántate y toma! Y el viejo se levantó y el joven le dijo: — Trae la cara para besarte.

Y el viejo le puso el culo y el joven empezó a besarlo y a morderlo, pensando que era la cara de la novia y le dijo: — ¡Fó! Juanita, ¡que a tí te hiede la boca! ¿Tú no te enjuagas la boca? y el viejo le dijo: -- Hijo, si yo me la enjuago, y no sé que es.

Y después que lo besó y lo mordió pensando que era la novia, prendió un cigarro y le dijo: — ¡Toma! Y el viejo le dijo: — Pónmelo en la boca. Y el joven le ponía el cigarro y se le caía y él le decía: — ¡Pero muchacha, no juegues, coje ese cigarro! Y él decía: — ¡Si es que se cae!

Y cogió el cigarro y volvió a besarlo y a morderlo y después que estaba cansado le dió los cigarros y el chocolate y el viejo le dijo: — Vete a bailar ahora, para que te diviertas. Y era porque allá estaba la novia y él se fué a hacer el chocolate y a tomárselo.

El joven creyendo que la novia no estaba en el baile llegó y subió y vió a la novia y le dijo: — Juanita, ¿no te dije que te quedaras allá? Y ella lo desengañó y él se fué diciendo: — ¡Oh! yo a quien besé fué al culo de aquel condenado viejo malvado.

Y no volvió a la casa.

121. EL MÚCARO Y LA GUINEA.

Ésta era una vez que había un hombre que tenía una tala de trigo en la falda de una montaña, pero había muchos animales que se la comían y el hombre no hallaba qué hacer con la tala hasta que un día habló a la guinea y al múcaro para que se la cuidasen y los dos amigos convinieron en el trato.

Al otro día por la mañana se fueron los dos a cuidar la tala y después que la voltearon por todo alrededor, se subieron los dos a un palo y se pusieron a cantar. La guinea cantaba: — ¡Aidegüere, degüere, degüere, güeren, degüerey, güenden, gondegora!

Y el múcaro cantaba: — ¡Acurutú, curutú, curutú, cumenducuray, quete, queté, guenden, goraiguere, aicurucutuguru!

Y cuando acabaron de cantar volvieron a voltear la tala y la guinea como inteligente, desde que el múcaro se descuidaba, ella se hartaba de trigo y el múcaro no comía nada y volvieron al palo otra vez a cantar y la guinea le cantaba: — ¡Aiguerete, querete, querete, querendenguey, quenden, guey, guendey, guerez, gondey, denren, ay queretequere!

El múcaro: — ¡Ay curutú, curutú, curutú, curú, curuntuncurú, gundungurú, ay curuturú!

Y así fué que la guinea se ganó al múcaro.

122. LA HIJA DEL MARTINETE.

Había un martinete que tenía una hija que era muda y no encontraba a manera de hacerla hablar, y él se ponía a cantarle: — ¡Don chalí don chá lí dongo! ¡Como chonchone como sopotina guilín, guilín! Y le decía: — Canta mi hija, canta.

Y la hija como si no fuera con ella, y él volvía:

— ¡Don chalí don chá..... lí dongo. Como chonchone como sopotina, guilín, guilín.

Eso era todos los días y la hija siempre lo mismo.

Pero él tenía un compadre o sea el padrino de la misma muchacha. El padre de la muchacha le dijo al compadre que él se hacía el muerto y mandaba hacer una caja y se metía dentro de ella y que le dijera que si ella cantaba su padre resucitaba, y como él estaba oyendo, pues cada vez que él oyera que iba aclarando la voz, se iba meneando hasta que por fin se sentara.

El compadre aceptó, él se hizo el muerto y lo metió dentro de la caja y le decía a la ahijada: — ¡Ahijada, si usted canta, mi compadre resucita! Vamos a hacer la prueba. Y se ponía: — ¡Y don chalí donchá.....lí dongo! ¡Como chonchone como sopotina, guilín, guilín! Cante ahijada, cante que ahorita vive, vamos. ¡Y don.....chalí donchá.....lí dongo! ¡Como chonchone como sopotina, guilín, guilín! Cante ahijada, cante. Y ella salía: — Dunchali doncha lí dongo! ¡Como conchone como sopotina, guilín, guilín!

Y así estuvo hasta que aprendió a cantar poco a poco igual que su padre y entonces cantaba mejor que él.

123. UN JÍBARO QUE FUE A VENDER.

Un jíbaro fué a San Juan a vender una carga de pavos. Llegó a una casa y preguntó que si no compraban pavos, le dijeron que sí y le preguntaron que cuánto valían los pavos; él les dijo que valían todos cinco pesos.

Le trajeron un billete de cinco pesos y no lo quiso, que él lo que quería eran cinco escuditos de a peso. Le devolvieron los pavos y se fué.

Después que estaba cansado de andar llegó a la casa de un americano donde había un tórtolo de intérprete y le preguntó que qué deseaba, el jíbaro le dijo que si no compraba pavos y el tórtolo le dijo que sí y los estuvo mirando y se lo dijo al americano y el americano le dijo que los trajera para verlos él. El tórtolo los trajo y los trataron y el jíbaro dijo que valían cinco pesos. Fué el tórtolo y se lo dijo al americano y le mandó cinco billetes de a peso. Cuando el jíbaro vió los cinco pesos no los quiso, dijo que él los quería en escuditos de a peso.

En esa época ya corrían los centavos americanos y el jíbaro no los había visto nunca. El tórtolo tenía cinco centavos nuevecitos y los sacó del bolsillo y se los dió al jíbaro; el jíbaro cogió sus cinco centavos y se fué.

Llegó a una tienda y pidió una pieza de género, un saco de arroz y de todo. Después que acabó de comprar tiró los escuditos para que se cobraran, dijo: — Cobre y deme la vuelta. El dependiente le dijo que si él estaba loco. — ¡Oh! ¿y por qué? — Porque echa tres centavos para comprar tantas cosas. — ¡No, señor, que son tres pesos! — ¡No, señor, que son tres centavos! Y tuvo que intervenir la policía.

El guarda le preguntó que qué pasaba. Entonces el dependiente le contó lo que pasaba; el policía le dijo que eran tres centavos. Entonces el jíbaro fué con el policía a donde vendió los pavos, pero como no encontraron la casa, le metió dos macanazos y lo echó para su pueblo. El policía le preguntaba: ¿Dónde es? — Por aquí, . . . no, no, aquí . . . *Mi usté siño* guardia, aquí es ¡Ah! no, aquí no es.

Y así lo tuvo casi medio día andando calle arriba y calle abajo y después que ya habían andado le dijo que era en la calle de ¡Rómpete el alma! y el policía le dijo: — ¡Ah! sinvergüenza, en la calle de ¡Rómpete el alma! no.

Y le dió dos macanazos y lo echó para su pueblo.

124. EL CORTEJO.

Había una señora que tenía su marido y un cortejo. La gran puta cuando su marido estaba en la casa, ella le guindaba el hueso y cuando su marido no estaba en la casa le guindaba un pañuelo. Sucede que la puta tenía un pañuelo y un hueso, y unas veces amarraba el pañuelo en la puerta y otras amarraba el hueso.

Ya el marido estaba encororado con el hueso y el pañuelo y le preguntó a su mujer que para qué cuando él estaba allí guindaba un hueso y cuando no estaba guindaba un pañuelo. La señora le dijo que ella hacía eso, porque como él les tenía tanto miedo a los muertos pues cuando él estaba guindaba el hueso para que los muertos no llegaran, y cuando él no estaba allí guindaba su pañuelo para que vinieran.

Entonces el marido también se puso a velar el cambio de hueso y de pañuelo y una noche el marido estaba en la casa y a la señora se le quedó el pañuelo y no puso el hueso; entonces vino el cortejo arañando por el seto. El marido que les tenía muchísimo miedo a los muertos, al sentir que arañaban le dijo a la mujer que le dijera algo para que se fuera. Y la mujer le dijo:

— Hombres que andan por el mundo y les pasa algún suceso, mi marido está en la cama y no le pude guindar el hueso.

125. EL CABRO, EL JABALÍ Y EL GALLO.

Érase una vez que había unos bandoleros que no se mantenían nada más que robando y un día se fueron a la casa del cabro, el gato y el gallo y les robaban todo lo que ellos tenían allí.

Como al otro día, se levantó el cabro y llamó al gato y al gallo y les dijo: — ¡Vamos a seguir esos bandoleros!

Se fueron y llegaron a una montaña donde había una casa y pidieron posada y les dijeron que donde podían asegurar era en el cielo raso, y se acostaron a dormir.

Cuando a media noche dice el cabro al gato: — ¡Yo tengo ganas de orinar! Entonces el gato le contestó que aguantara las ganas, porque si

no los mataban. Como al cabo de un rato le dijo el cabro al gato: — ¡Yo no puedo aguantar más! Y en seguida empezó a orinar y despertó a todas las gentes. Entonces las gentes subieron a matarlos y entraron a pelear arriba.

Llega el cabro y le dá una cabezada a un hombre y el gallo a espuelazos a otro y el gato a arañar a todo el que entraba por en medio hasta que se aparearon el cabro, el gato y el gallo y se fueron.

Entonces al otro día decía el dueño de la casa: — ¡Qué cabezada buena me tiraba aquel cabro! — Porque usted no sabe nada; mire como estoy todo asesinado de los espolazos que me dió el gallo.

Entonces saltó y dijo: — ¿Usted no me ha visto a mí? ¡Estoy todo arañado del gato!

126. LA MUJER SABIA.

Un hombre andaba buscando a una mujer que fuera sabia, para casarse con ella y llegó a casa de un viejo muy pobre que tenía una sola hija y preguntó si allí había algo que comer pues traía mucha hambre. Entonces el viejo le dijo que sólo tenía una gallina que era de su hija y que si se la pagaba bien la mataría y le haría comida. El viajero le dijo que si no tenían otra cosa para comerla en su compañía, que se la hicieran guisada. Así sucedió, pues el viejito y su hija no tenían nada más.

Después de guisada y servida la gallina, el hombre le dió la cabeza al viejo, las patas a la vieja y las alas a la hija.

Por la noche le preguntó el viejo a su mujer: — ¿A tí que te dió? — Las patas, y no las pude roer. — A mí la cabeza. ¿Y a tí hija, qué te dió? — Las alas. Y entonces dice la muchacha: — ¿A que ustedes no adivinan por qué fué? — ¿Por qué, hija? — A usted le dió la cabeza, porque usted es la cabeza de la casa, y a usted las patas porque usted representa los pies de la casa y a mí las alas, porque yo soy de las alas.

Entonces el hombre al oír la explicación de la muchacha dijo: — Me encontré la mujer que yo busco. — Si me das a tu hija para casarme con ella, te protegeré.

El viejo y la vieja dijeron que estaba bien y se casaron y después que ella tuvo el primer hijo le dijo el marido: — Voy a mandar a mi hijo a nuestros padres para que crean en nuestro casamiento, pues ellos dicen que es nulo. Y ella le contestó: — Está muy bien.

Después que tuvieron el segundo hijo el padre hizo lo mismo y viendo que ella no se entristecía por nada de esto le dijo: — Tendrás que marcharte a casa de tus padres con tus pobres vestidos que trajiste.

Ella muy conforme así lo hizo y cuando iba le decían sus amigos: — ¿Cómo es eso, que tú con tan buenos trajes que tienes vas tan mal vestida? Ella contestaba: — Nada traje, nada llevo. Entonces el marido se compadeció de ella y volvió a llevarla a su lado con sus hijos.

127. LA CHINCHE YANQUI.

Era por el año de 1900, cuando ya se encontraban los americanos en posesión de esta isla, cuando en un vecino pueblo cuyo nombre no puedo recordar, vivía un norteamericano de esos recién llegados, que se comunicaban con el pueblo a duras penas o por medio de intérpretes.

Este americano tenía un nativo que mascullaba el inglés, empleado para servirle de intérprete, y ambos pasaban la vida holgada de aquellos tiempos, en fraternidad mutua.

Dicen que no hay felicidad cumplida y hé aquí que en este caso era cierto, porque el americano y el nativo de Puerto Rico, no estaban de acuerdo en cierta circunstancia que ambos a más y mejor se empeñaban en defender a favor de su patria.

El caso era pues que en sus paseos que de ordinario daban, el americano encontraba a todos los portorriqueños pequeños en comparación con los yanquis. Si por ejemplo veían una vaca, el yanqui decía:

— ¡Oh! ¡vaca americana mucho grande! ¡Esto vaca mucho pequeño!

El portorriqueño había visto las vacas Jersey y tenía que permanecer callado.

Una vez pasaron por cierto sitio y vieron unos caballos nativos y el americano volvió a decir lo mismo, pero el intérprete también tuvo que callarse al considerar el tamaño enorme de los caballos que trajeron.

En otra ocasión vieron muchas gallinas y sucedió igual.

Pero el yanqui no había aún reconocido el ingenio del nativo y éste no perdió ocasión para demostrárselo. He aquí que un día que pudo desprenderse de él se fué al mercado y compró media docena de cangrejos jueyes. Ese día el yanqui vino muy tarde a su casa y cuando hubo llegado el portorriqueño tenía todo preparado para hacerle pasar un gran chasco. De suerte que el nativo echó los jueyes en la cama del yanqui, todos sueltos.

El americano que venía cansado no hizo reparo en acostarse y tiróse rendido de cansancio como estaba, sobre su muelle lecho; pero, ¡qué sorpresa! los cangrejos empezaron a moverse y con sus agudas uñas molestaban al americano.

Sorprendido en extremo se levantó a oscuras y mascullando un poco de castellano le dice:

— Jack, ¿qué hay en cama mía que molesta mí?

El nativo comprimiendo la risa que apenas podía contener, le contestó:

— Son chinches de mi país.

Entonces el yanqui enfadado volvió a hablar y dijo:

— ¡Ah, jack, chinche portorriqueña mucho grande! Chinche americana mucho pequeña — y mientras así decía señalaba con el índice hasta la mitad.

De modo que si no le lleva jueyes por chinches, también la pierde.

128. LA ICOTEA.

Una vez un americano que vino de los Estados Unidos encontraba todas las cosas de Puerto Rico muy pequeñas.

Un día fué a un hotel y el cuarto que le pusieron le parecía muy pequeño, para los que hay en los Estados Unidos. Entonces un amigo que estaba hospedado en el mismo hotel, le puso una Icotea debajo de la almohada. A media noche le picó la Icotea y él llamó al amigo y le dijo: — ¿Qué es eso que me ha picado? Y el amigo le contestó: — Pues una chinche.

Y entonces dijo el americano:

— ¡Qué cosa tan grande! En mi pueblo las chinches son más pequeñas que aquí en Puerto Rico.

129. EL CAZADOR.

Esta era una vez que había un hombre que se mantenía cazando y una vez le dijo a la mujer que se iba a cazar, que aunque fuera al diablo lo mataba para traer algo a la casa, pues los muchachitos se le estaban muriendo de hambre y no tenía nada que darles.

Entonces se fué y se le apareció un animal haciendo: ¡Huy! Y él le dió; pero el animal siempre hacía: ¡Huy! Y el hombre le tiró otra vez y se lo llevó, pero siempre hacía.

Cuando llegó la mujer le preguntó qué llevaba y él le enseñó el animal.

La mujer lo puso a cocinar y el animal hacía: ¡Huy!

La mujer no dejó que los nenes comieran de él y el hombre se lo comió solo y el animal le hacía en el estómago: ¡Huy! Y al poco rato se puso el hombre que no podía estar hasta que reventó y se murió. Según decían, era el diablo.

130. CUENTO.

Había una vez una muchacha que tenía la boca grandísima y que estaba *mella*, que cuando se reía arrejimillaba la boca demasiado.

Su *may* le había advertido que no se riera con todita la boca, ni que usara palabras que tuviera que extenderla.

Esta muchacha se llamaba Marcolfa y ella tenía un novio.

Pues ocurrió que se llegó la hora de que el novio le avisó que se casaría pronto y era necesario que ella fuera a comprar los preparativos del caso que se iba a efectuar.

A la sazón fueron los dos juntos a hacer la compra de una prenda de mercería a gusto de ambos.

La *may* de la muchacha le advirtió que el color que eligiera fuera fácil de pronunciar.

La muchacha tuvo que elegir azul para evitar extender la boca y complacer a su *may* que le había dicho que lo hiciera así.

Cuando el novio preguntaba:

— ¿De qué color quiere usted la cotinilla? — ella le contestaba:

- ¡Azul! — el novio volvió a preguntar:
— ¿De qué color quiere usted los muebles?
Y ella volvió a contestar:
— ¡Azul!
Volvió a preguntar el novio:
— ¿De qué color quiere usted la cama? — y ella volvió a contestarle:
— ¡Azul! Entonces él le volvió a preguntar:
— ¿De qué color quiere usted el traje de boda? — y ella volvió a contestar:
— ¡Azul! Volvió a preguntar él:
— ¿Y las medias, los zapatos, las cintas, de qué color las quiere? — y ella le contestó:
— ¡Azul! Y a toditas las cosas que el novio le preguntaba ella le contestaba que azul. Entonces él mirando la rareza de su gusto le volvió a preguntar:
— ¿Por qué es que a usted le gusta tanto ese color? Entonces ella contestó:
— ¡A mí me gusta veeerde, pero mi *may* no quiere que yo lo diga! Y al decir ésto abrió y esparció tanto la boca que el novio le cogió hasta miedo y dijo:
— ¡Jesús! ¡Ave María Purísima! Quite cristiana, yo no quiero que usted me pesque; recoja su tarraya!
Y con la misma se fué y todavía lo está ella esperando en el almacén para continuar con la compra que estaban haciendo.
Cuento acabado arroz con melado.

131. LAS SOPAS DE AJOS.

Había una vez una pequeña aldea, no sé en qué punto de la isla, la cual estaba compuesta de pequeñas casuchas construidas con ramas de coco. La mayor parte de los habitantes de ésta eran pescadores.

Habitaba en la aldea un matrimonio; el esposo ejercía el oficio de agrimensor y la esposa se ocupaba de sus trabajos domésticos.

Sucedió que un día en que Fernando, que así se llamaba el esposo, salió a medir unos terrenos; llegó a su casa cerca de las dos de la tarde, rendido de cansancio y con mucha hambre. Vió que su mujer preparaba unas sopas de ajos que con sólo su aroma se alimentaba. A los pocos momentos lo llamó su esposa, Doña Antonia a comer.

Al sentarse a la mesa no pudo menos que preguntarle a Doña Antonia de qué eran aquellas sopas a lo cual contestó ella que eran de ajos.

Apenas llevó a la boca una cucharada de aquellas picantes sopas, hizo sorprender a Doña Antonia con estas palabras:

- ¡Ah! un barco, un barco.
— ¿Qué es? — preguntó ella muy apresurada.
— ¡Un pelo, un pelo! — contestó él.

— ¿Dónde está? — preguntó Doña Antonia.

— ¡Dentro de la sopa está, y por cierto que es tuyo! — replicó Fernando.

— ¡Mío no es! — contestó Doña Antonia con gesto airoso; — ¡es un pelo blanco y es de tus barbas! Tenía Fernando las barbas muy largas y blancas.

— ¡No vuelvas a decir que es mío, pues es un pelo muy largo para ser desprendido de mis barbas!

— ¡Tuyo es! — volvió a repetir ella.

— ¡No vuelvas a insistir, mujer, en que es mío, que me vas a acabar la paciencia; el pelo es tuyo, tuyo y tuyo!

— ¡Hombre, no seas tan imprudente! ¿no estás mirando que es un pelo blanco y en mi cabeza no hay pelos blancos?

Entretanto la sopa ya estaba fría y dió Fernando un puntapié a la mesa y la derribó con todo. No hallándose conforme con ésto, cogió a su mujer por el pelo y la sacudió como si hubiese sido un saco de plumas. Ella no tuvo otro remedio que echarse a gritar. A los gritos, se llenó la casa de gente que corrió a presenciar lo que pasaba.

Todos corrían y se apresuraban a defender a la pobre mujer, pero cuando lograron recuperar la paz entre ellos ya la pobre mujer estaba adormecida con la paliza que había recibido, pues él había cogido la cadena de medir y se la había querido acabar en las costillas.

SEVEN FOLKTALES FROM PORTO RICO.

BY RALPH S. BOGGS.

The following aspires to be only a humble supplement to the grand collection of Porto Rican folktales gathered by Espinosa and Mason and published in this same journal. The Porto Rican material is very rich and offers a fruitful reward to anyone who will dedicate time to it. Unfortunately, my time for such matters was very limited, and the present group of seven tales represents an odd collection made upon chance occasions during two years in Porto Rico.

I have given the texts of the tales word for word exactly as they were dictated to me. At first I attempted to preserve also the exact pronunciation, but soon gave this up, for, to be accurate, a phonetic alphabet must be employed and all details of pronunciation recorded, and this in itself would be a complete study. So I have confined myself to the conventional orthography and simply ignored all matters of pronunciation, being content with a record which would show vocabulary, syntax, style, etc. The year which Navarro Tomás dedicated to a linguistic study of Porto Rico, especially to pronunciation, will probably bear fruit in print shortly.

The list of published collections of folktales of Spain itself is lamentably small. Wherever possible I have made reference to the versions of these tales in the mother country. One of the largest and richest collections from Spain has been made by Espinosa. This collection has the advantage of being taken from many different provinces, so in many cases, where no special local collection has been made, a few versions may be found in Espinosa. I have just submitted for publication in *Folklore Fellows Communications*, published in Helsinki, Finland, an index of Spanish folktales, based on Thompson's revision of Aarne's *Types of the Folktale*, in F. F. Com. No. 74. The type numbers in this index for the tales below are as follows: La Cenizosa, no. 510; Los niños y el ogro, no. 327; La cosa más rara del mundo, no. 653; Si Dios quiere, no. 836*A; and La adivinanza del bobo, no. 851. Juan Bobo and Aparicio do not appear in the Spanish types.

LA CENIZOSA.

(This tale was dictated to me by Ignacia Nieves, a beggar woman, fifty years of age, on January eighth of 1927. She came from Morovis, a town in the central part of the island, and has lived in the vicinity of San Juan for the past twenty years.)

Pues, señor, esta era una vez un padre que tenía una hija. Pues el padre le dijo a la muchacha, — Hija mía, haga lo que Vd. quiera, que yo lo

llevaré a gusto. Se casó el papá con una señora. Cogió la muchacha y se fué con la madrastra. La madrastra ya tenía una hija, así que eran dos. A los dos o tres días la niña del padre repugnaba y le dijo la madrastra a la muchacha, — Esta noche vas a dormir en la ceniza. Y entonces le dijo la muchacha al papá, — ¡Ay papá! ¿No te lo dije yo que hoy era de miel y mañana de hiel?

Pues la muchacha le dijo al papá, — Papá, mátame la cabrita. Yo quiero ir al río a limpiarla. La muchacha se fué al río a limpiar las tripas de la cabrita. Lavándolas se le fué una por el río abajo. Sigue la tripa río abajo y dice, — Río, río, dame mis tripitas; río, río, dame mis tripitas. Y así encontró un palacio. Entró y limpió la casa. Ella le puso un ramo de flores en todos los rincones. Pues ella tendió la cama, hizo el almuerzo, hizo la comida.

Después, cuando las encantadas vinieron, dijeron, — ¡Ay, Dios mío! ¿Quién será que me haría este favor? Si yo supiera quién me ha hecho este favor, ¡qué regalillo no le haría yo! Entonces había una perrita escondida detrás de la puerta que le dijo, — ¡Jai, jai, jai, detrás de la puerta está!

Eran tres encantadas. Vino la primera y le dijo, — ¿Qué quiere que le regale? Llegó la muchacha y dice, — Yo quiero que me regale una varita de virtud. Vino la segunda y le dijo, — ¿Qué quiere que le regale? Llegó la muchacha y dice, — Yo quiero que me regale un anillo de oro. Dice la tercera, — Hija mía, que cada vez que vayas a hablar, sean diamantes que echas por la boca. Llegó la muchacha y se fué a su casa muy contenta.

Ella fué a hablar con su padre. Cada vez que hablaba, eran diamantes que echaba por la boca. Le contesta el padre y le dice, — Hija mía, ¿Qué es lo que te pasa, que cada vez que hablas, echas diamantes por la boca? Dice, — Nada, papá, que yo me encontré en un palacio y le hice toda la limpieza necesaria. Pues entonces ellas me regalaron todo eso.

La otra muchacha le dice a su mamá, — Pues, mamá, mátame la cabrita, que voy al río a limpiarla. Pues la muchacha dejó caer una por el río abajo. Cogió la muchacha río abajo y dice, — Río, río, dame mis tripitas; río, río, dame mis tripitas. Y llegó al palacio. Entró y se cagó en los cuartos. Ella ensució en la mesa. La rompió toda que tenían las encantadas allí. Ella rompió las cántaras; rompió la losa; rompió todo, todo que tenían allí.

Llegaron las encantadas y dicen, — ¡Ay! ¿Cuál sería ésta que nos hizo este mal tan grande? Pues, en cambio, la otra encontramos todo bien preparado. ¡Qué infamia lo que ha hecho con nosotras! Entonces la muchacha estaba escondida detrás de la puerta. Y dijo la perrita, — ¡Jai, jai, jai, detrás de la puerta está! Entonces sale la muchacha y dice la encantada, — Cada vez que hablas, sea que cagarrutas de cabra sea lo que echa por la boca. Permita Dios que te crezca un cuerno de buey en la frente, que no te lo puedan cortar.

Llegó la muchacha y se fué para su casa y dijo a su papá, — Bl, bl, bl, — echando cagarrutas de cabrá por la boca cada vez que hablaba. La madre le dijo, — Quítate de allá. No hables allá en donde la gente te oiga.

La madre va para misa. Le dice la primera, — Yo me voy a misa. Y le responde la madre, — ¿Dónde tu vas a la misa, siendo una cenizosa? Se fué la madre para misa y le dejó en las cenizas. Sale la niña y dice, — ¡Ea, varita de virtud! Por la virtud que tienes y la que Dios te ha dado, que me pongas la niña más linda que no haya en toda la ciudad. Cogió ella un traje de todos los peces del mar. Se fué para misa. Se quedó todo el mundo admirado. No oían la misa con sosiego en ver a la muchacha. Pues un príncipe que le quedaba al lado de ella, se enamoró de la muchacha. El mismo día le manda una esquila, invitándole a la niña para que fuere a un baile. Salió de misa la muchacha y se encontró con el príncipe. Y él le dice, — Vida mía, tu vas a ser con quien yo me voy a dar la mano. Pues la muchacha llegó a casa y se desvistió antes que llegara la madre. Cuando vino la madre, la encontró en las cenizas. Por la noche sale la niña y dice, — ¡Ea, varita de virtud! Por la virtud que tienes y la que Dios te ha dado, que me pongas la niña más linda que no haya en toda la ciudad. Cogió ella el traje de todos los peces del mar. Va para el baile. Al salir del baile como a la una de la noche, se le cayó un zapato. Pues el príncipe cogió el zapato. — Por mi corona real, si no me encuentran la muchacha, les mando a quitar la vida. Van casa por casa, buscando a la muchacha los soldados. — ¡O señora! ¿Por aquí no hay una muchacha que le sirva este zapato? Ya ellos no encontraban que hacerse, se decían unos a otros, — ¡Dios mío, me quitan la vida! Llegaron al ranchito en donde vivía la cenizosa y dijeron, — Señora, ¿aquí no vive la ama de este zapato? Entonces viene la señora y le presenta la del cuerno de buey. Y le dicen ellos, — No, ésa no es. Tiene que haber otra. La madre dice, — Aquí no hay más que una cenizosa. Vino la muchacha casi desnuda y en seguida la probaron el zapato los soldados, y le quedó como de ella. Pues la cogieron y la llevaron en un capote y se la entregaron al príncipe y en seguida el príncipe les regaló a cada uno una moneda. Llegaron en casa de la mamá del príncipe y celebraron la bodas y se casaron.

Y se acabó mi cuento,

Y se lo llevó el viento.

(For comparative notes see Bolte u. Polivka, *Anmerkungen zu den Kinder- u. Hausmärchen der Gebrüder Grimm*, Leipzig 1913, I, 165. For Spanish versions of Cinderella see Llano Roza de Ampudia, *Cuentos asturianos*, Madrid 1925, nos. 31, 32; and Espinosa, *Cuentos pop. esp.*, Stanford 1924, II, nos. 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, C. Cabal, *Cuentos tradicionales asturianos*, Madrid [1924], pp. 30 and 36.)

JUAN BOBO.

(This tale was also dictated to me by Ignacia Nieves on January eighth of 1927. It is an odd mixture of scraps from various incidents about Juan Bobo. However, it was recited as one tale, so I took it down exactly as dictated.)

Había una vez una madre y tenía un hijo. Pues ella se fué para misa y le dijo al hijo, — Cúidame la chiquita, pues voy a misa. Entonces cogió Juan Bobo la puerca y le puso todas las prendas de su madre. Y cuando vino ella de la iglesia, encontró toda la ropa puesta a la puerca. Le dijo a Juan Bobo, — Ay, Juan Bobo, ¿por qué le pusiste toda la ropa a la puerca? — Madre, la puerca se fué para la misa. Cuando ella vino de la iglesia, pues encontró a la niña muerta. — ¿Por qué me mataste la niña? — Porque estaba llorando. Entonces le dijo a Juan Bobo, — Vete de la casa, pues no quiero saber más de tí, pues me ha matado una hija. La madre le sacó a la niña el alfiler que le había metido por la cabecita Juan Bobo, y quedó tan viva y tan sana como antes. Entonces dijo Juan Bobo, — ¿Quién compra moscas? Entonces lo mataron cuando fué a cobrar el dinero.

(I am unable to give exact citations to the more usual versions of the tales here involved. Several Juan Bobo incidents are given by Espinosa in volume III of his *Cuentos populares españoles*, Stanford 1926. Of these no. 187 contains an incident about killing the baby.)

APARICIO.

(This tale was also dictated to me by Ignacia Nieves on January fifteenth of 1927. I have never been able to find this story in any collection of Spanish tales in Spain. It may be purely local.)

Pues, señor, esta era una vez una viejita sentada en una hamaca y la mecía un muchachito. Llegaba un hombre a la puerta y le dió el niño una brasita de candela para prender un cigarro. Le dijo la vieja, — Yo no tengo quien me meza. Entonces le dijo el hombre, — Yo la mezo. Pues el muchacho que la mecía tardó mucho y el hombre, pues, la estaba enamorando. Cuando llegó el muchacho, le dijo la viejita, —

¡Mm, mm, qué uníu!

Mejor me mece él que tú.

La vieja tenía muchas gallinas y mucho dinero. Entonces, pues le dijo Aparicio, — Nos casemos. Y ella le dijo, — Lo más pronto. Entonces se casaron y después ella le dijo, — Vamos a dar un paseo por ahí. Pues, cogió a la vieja Aparicio y se la llevó por un aljibe. La sentó en el aljibe. Allí la pobre viejita le estaba llamando a Aparicio, pero él no apareció. Y dice ella, — Pues este es el último llamío que te voy a dar. Y se ahogó en el aljibe. Y Aparicio recogió todo lo que tenía la pobre vieja en su casa, desde gallina, puerco, todo se lo llevó.

Hasta allí llegó,
y se acabó.

LOS NIÑOS Y EL OGRO.

(This tale was dictated to me by a peasant girl, 25 years old, from Lajas, a village on the southern coastal plain. She said she had heard it from her mother in early childhood. It was dictated on May twentieth of 1927.)

Había una vez un padre que tenía dos hijos que no tenían madre, y toditos los días se iban a la escuela y tenían que pasar por donde vivía una mujer que los llamaba y les decía, — Vengan acá, hijitos. Vds. debieran aconsejar a su padre que se casase conmigo y verían que bien los trataba yo. Les daría todos los días sopitas de miel. Los niños volvían a su casa, corrían donde su papá, y le besaban y le decían, — Padre mío, allá abajo vive una gran mujer, que al regresar todos los días a casa nos llama para decirnos que te cases con ella, que nos dará sopitas de miel y nos cuidará bien. Y el padre les contestaba, — Ay, hijitos míos, si supieran que esa mujer solamente lo que quiere es casarse conmigo. Los primeros días les dará buen cuido y sopitas de miel, pero pronto los maltratará y les dará sopitas de hiel. Pero todos los días los niños molestaban al padre con que se casara hasta que un día se casó.

Todo iba bien los primeros días hasta que un día la mala mujer le dio a Pedro, que así se llamaba el niño, una paliza tan fuerte que su culo sufrió por muchos días. Y a la niña, que se llamaba María, la dejó sin comer por tres días. Y los niños no atrevían quejarse, porque sabían que el padre no tenía la culpa.

Cierta noche ellos oyeron a la madrastra peleando con el padre, diciéndole, — Esos niños no pueden estar aquí. Tienes que echarles al monte, para que las fieras se los coman. Como los niños estaban oyendo, se atemorizaron y decidieron abandonar la casa. Esperaron a ver cómo marchaban las cosas hasta una semana. Por fin una noche se decidió la mujer a matarlos, y cogió un cuchillo para degollarlos y ellos asustados huyeron al monte. Toda la noche se pasaron andando y oían los lobos muy cerca. Pero Pedro, cuando María lloraba, le decía, — No te apures, hermanita, que todo esto pasará. Tanto estuvieron andando que vieron una lucecita, y se acercaron a la casita y vieron que era como de cristal. Tocarón con el dedo y probaron y les supo a dulce. Se pusieron a sacar pedacitos de la pared que era caramelos. Dentro había un ogro y asomó la cabeza y vió a esos dos niños tan bonitos que los llamó y les dijo, — Vengan, hijitos. Miren que cosas bonitas tengo yo aquí. Los niños entraron y ella los encerró. Les dió golosinas y los niños engañados se dejaron encerrar en unas como jaulas. Al cabo de cuatro días el ogro vino a ver si estaban gordos. ¿Y sabe para que los quería? Para asarlos y comérselos. Los niños lo comprendieron y María le dijo a Pedro, — No le presentes tu dedo. Vamos a matar un lagartijo y enseñarle por el rotito el rabito y así ella se creerá que estamos flacos. Cada día venía el ogro a pedirles que enseñaran su dedito y así si el dedito estaba gordo ella sabía que se podían comer. Pero ellos le enseñaban el rabito del lagartijo y ella decía,

— ¡Ay, qué flacos están Vds! ¿Cuándo estarán dispuestos para que me ayuden a limpiar la casa y echarle leña a la paila? Pasaron días y la vieja, como la carne que comía era humana, le dió deseos de comérselos y fué y abrió la jaula y los sacó. Les dijo, — Vénganse, niños, váyanse al monte y traigan un haz de leña para que caliente el aceite de la paila. Los niños trajeron la leña, calentaron el aceite y luego llamaron a la vieja y le dijeron, — Madre vieja, enséñanos cómo tendríamos que ponernos para tirarnos dentro de la paila para asarnos. Y la vieja tan tonta que era, se puso en cuatro pies en la borda de la paila y los niños le metieron un empujón y cayó dentro y se quemó. Cuando la vieja se estaba quemando les decía, — Ay, hijitos, sácame que yo les doy todas mis riquezas. Pero los muchachitos no quisieron hacerle caso y le viraron las espaldas. Los niños quedaron con todo el dinero.

Un día Pedro salió a compras y María quedó cuidando la casa. Venía un pobre pidiendo limosna y la niña abrió la puerta y le dijo. — Entre, viejito, cuénteme algo de la historia de su vida. Y él le contó que una vez tenía dos niños y que por una mujer malvada había tenido que botarlos al monte y que ya estaba viejo y no había podido saber el para dero de ellos. María lo abrazó y le dijo, — Tú eres mi padre y nosotros somos tus hijos. Encontramos a una vieja que tenía estos tesoros aquí y la matamos y quedamos dueños y todo esto es de nosotros. Cuando vino Pedro, reconoció a su padre y se quedó con ellos y fueron muy felices.

Cuento acabado, arroz con melado.

El que me esté oyendo, que me cuente otro salado.

(For comparative notes see Bolte u. Polívka, *Anmerkungen zu den Kinder- u. Hausmärchen der Gebrüder Grimm*, Leipzig 1913, I, 115. Curiously enough, I have until now found only one tale in the collections of Spanish tales that resembles this very popular story of Hänsel und Gretel. It is in the *Biblioteca de las tradiciones populares españolas* (Director: A. Machado y Alvarez), Madrid 1886, X, 271.)

LA COSA MÁS RARA DEL MUNDO.

(This story was also dictated to me by the peasant girl of Lajas on June twenty-sixth of 1927.)

Esta era una vez y dos son tres que él que no tiene azúcar no bebe café. Había un rey que tenía una hija muy bella y había llegado el tiempo de casarse. Fueron llamados tres apuestos mancebos a presencia de ella y ella les dijo que iban a tener tres pruebas y él de ellos que pudiese hacerlas mejor, ése sería su esposo. Entre ellos había uno, el cual ella amaba en silencio y él sentía el mismo amor. Pasó esa noche, y al aclarar el nuevo día, los tres jóvenes ante un gentío empezaron sus pruebas. Diéronles para empezar tres bolas y él que la tirara más lejos, ése ganaría. El primer joven la tiró tan cerca que en seguida la hallaron. El segundo la tiró un poquito más lejos. Y por fin el último tiró su bola tan lejos que por muchos días mandaron sirvientes a buscarla pero nunca la hallaron.

No contento el rey, quiso probar la destreza del joven y mandó otra prueba. Les cargó camellos con viandas, oro y ropa, y les mandó a ver quién podía traer el regalo más precioso. Uno se encaminó al palacio encantado. Otro se fué a bosque desierto. Y el otro se quedó cerca del castillo del rey. Al cabo de muchos días regresaron los jóvenes. Uno traía la manzana que curaba al que la comiese. El segundo traía un instrumento que podía verse muy claro qué hacía la princesa. Y el último traía una alfombra que, montado sobre ella, los devolvió inmediatamente. Así caminaban los jóvenes camino al castillo y uno quiso probar su instrumento para ver lo que hacía la princesa y al querer intentarlo, vió a la princesa acostada en una cama y rodeada de sirvientas y médicos. Se temía que muriese. Así él les dijo a sus amigos, — Vamos inmediatamente a salvar a la princesa.

Tendieron la alfombra en el piso. Montáronse sobre ella y antes de que se pudieran dar cuenta, se hallaron al lado de la cama, dispuestos a entregar sus regalos. Pero como nada vivía la princesa de un momento uno de los jóvenes sacó una manzana muy bonita y dióla a comer a la princesa. Se incorporó ella y miró alrededor y estaba sana y salva. El mismo que había ganado la primera prueba, ganó la segunda, porque sin la manzana sin duda hubiese muerto. La princesa, aunque con tristeza, quiso dar a su amado la última prueba.

Les fueron dados tres arcos y fueron al jardín. El que lograrse herir primero un perro que fué puesto como para caza, ése ganaría. Empezaron la caza y al fin del día pudo traer Jaín, que se llamaba el mancebo que había ganado las otras dos pruebas, el perro muerto por un flechazo. Al otro día se celebraron las bodas de la princesa con su apuesto Jaín. El padre muy contento porque su hija casaba con un hombre valeroso, mandó invitar el rey vecino y se celebraron fiestas durante tres días. Se dieron limosna a los pobres porque la princesa era muy caritativa. Quedáronse marido y mujer en el palacio en unión a su padre que tanto los quería.

(For comparative notes see Bolte u. Polívka, *Anmerkungen zu den Kinder- u. Hausmärchen der Gebrüder Grimm*, Leipzig 1918, III, 267. For Spanish versions see Espinosa, *Cuentos pop. esp.*, Stanford 1924, II, no. 150; F. Caballero, *Cuentos, oraciones, adivinas y refranes pop. e infantiles*, Leipzig, 1878, p. 20; Llano Roza de Ampudia, *Cuentos asturianos*, Madrid 1925, no. 12.)

SI DIOS QUIERE.

(This story was written down for me on December twentieth of 1927 by a young lady student in the University of Porto Rico. Her home was in Arecibo, a city situated on the northern coastal plain. She was 18 years old. She told me she had heard the story from a friend. I asked her to find out where her friend had heard it and the report was "from another friend", so we may accept it as a true oral version. I warned her when she

wrote it out not to attempt any literary style nor to try to imitate dialect, but to write it in a simple colloquial style.)

Cierto día, debido a las muchas maldades e infamias de este mundo, Nuestro Señor mandó a San Pedro para que ayudase a los mortales; pero al mismo tiempo le concedió poderes absolutos de castigarlos cuando lo creyese necesario.

Un aragonés, conocido como todos los de su tierra por testarudo, se dirigía a Madrid, cuando, por mala suerte suya, se encontró con un anciano que no era otro que el portero de la mansión celestial. — ¿Adónde vas, hijo mío? — Voy para Madrid. — Si Dios quiere, hijo mío. — Quiera Dios o no quiera. Con mucha pena por el resultado de su primer encuentro, San Pedro quiso castigarlo y lo convirtió en un sapo, echándolo luego en un charco que cerca había.

Al cabo de un año volvió San Pedro al mismo sitio y luego de restituir al aragonés su primitiva forma le dijo, — ¿Adónde vas, hijo mío? — Para Madrid. — Si Dios quiere, hijo mío. — Quiera Dios o no quiera, allá iré. De nuevo volvió San Pedro a convertir en sapo al testarudo aragonés para sólo volverlo a su primitiva forma al año siguiente. Al saltar el sapo del agua y convertirse en hombre, no esperó que se le preguntase, sino que con aire convincente dijo, — Voy para Madrid o voy para el charco, quiera Dios o no quiera. Indignado San Pedro por su testarudez, y creyéndole incorregible, le dejó que siguiese su camino.

(For a Spanish version of this tale see F. Caballero, *Cuentos, oraciones adivinas* etc., Leipzig 1878, p. 88.)

LA ADIVINANZA DEL BOBO.

(This folktale was dictated to me by Juana María Hernández, about 60 years old, on April eighth of 1928. She lives in the country near San Sebastián, in the mountains in the western central portion of Porto Rico. It is this central mountainous district that is said to be most typical and truly representative of what is genuinely Porto Rican. *Gusarabajo* is a local name for a type of *escarabajo gigante*.)

Pues había una madre que tenía un hijo bobo. Y había un rey que tenía una hija. El rey había echado un bando que al que trayera una adivinanza que no podía adivinar su hija, que se casaba con ella. Pues ahora ése dijo, — Madre, yo quiero decir la adivinanza a la hija del rey. Pues entonces dijo la madre que no fuera a decir la adivinanza a la hija del rey porque no sabía la adivinanza. Pues ahora la madre le hizo una hogaza de pan que tenía veneno, para que lo comiera y se muriese antes de llegar adonde la príncipa. Pues entonces echó la hogaza de pan en la canasta y se fué para hacer una diligencia. Pues vino el burro y se comió la hogaza de pan de veneno. Cayó el burro muerto. Entonces vino el bobo llamando el burro y dijo, — Levántate, levántate. Pero no se levantó porque estaba ya muerto. Pues vinieron tres cuervos y se sentaron y

comieron del burro envenenado y se murieron. Él cogió los tres cuervos y se fué anda, anda, anda y se encontró con siete bandoleros. Le dijeron, — Bobo, ¿adónde tú vas? Y él les dijo que iba para decir la adivinanza a la hija del rey. Pues entonces le dijeron los bandoleros, — Bobo, si no nos da de comer, lo matamos. Pues ahora les dió los tres cuervos y se los comieron y cayeron los siete bandoleros muertos. Entonces él se paró y dijo, — Ya yo tengo mi adivina por aquí. Pues ahora llegó a corte y dijo, — Ya yo tengo mi adivina: Pan mató a Pando, y Pando mató a tres, y tres mataron a siete. Entonces llegó y anda, anda, anda y encontró una garza con un garcito vivo adentro. Sacó el garcito, lo envolvió en unos papeles, lo cocinó y se lo comió. Entonces dijo, — Pan mató a Pando, y Pando mató a tres, tres mataron a siete, y yo comí de lo que no nació, y con palabras de Cristo se cocinó.

(The "papeles" mentioned a few lines above are the "palabras de Cristo", for in other versions it is explained that he stopped near a chapel and found some leaves of an old prayerbook.)

Ahora llegó en casa de los reyes y dijo, — Señores, señores. Vinieron de arriba abajo con ropas muy finas para vestirlo. Lo llevaron arriba y lo pusieron en una silla, y a la princesa la pusieron en otra. Entonces vino el rey y dijo, — ¿Es Vd. el que iba a decir la adivinanza a mi hija? Le dijo que sí. Entonces dijo, — Pues adivínamela. Entonces él salió con la adivinanza. Pan mató a Pando, Pando mató a tres, tres mataron a siete, y yo comí lo que no nació. La princesa no la adivinaba. Él le dió plazo de tres días para adivinarla. Le dejaron en un cuarto a él, para que la adivinara la princesa. La primera noche ella mandó a una criada para que durmiera con él para que le dijera la adivinanza. Ella fué y dijo, — Bobo, la princesa me manda aquí para que duerma con Vd. y me diga la adivina. Entonces él dijo, — Pues yo te la digo si duermes desnuda conmigo. Ella no quiso, pero al fin lo hizo y él puso la ropa en una viga. Se acostaban a dormir, pero él no le dijo la adivinanza. Al amanecer ella se levantó apuradísima y él no quiso darle su vestido y tuvo que irse desnuda. La otra noche vino la otra criada y dijo que la princesa la había mandado que durmiera con él para que le dijera la adivinanza. Le hizo quitar la ropa y la puso junta con la otra. Se acostaban a dormir y no le enseñaba la adivinanza. Después ya iba a amanecer, se levantó ella y dijo, — Bobo, bobo, dime la adivinanza. Pero él no quiso. Entonces dijo ella, — Pues bobo, bobo, dame la ropa. Pero él no quiso y tuvo que irse desnuda. Pues la otra noche vino la princesa y le dijo, — Aquí he mandado a las dos criadas a decirles la adivina y no se la quiso decir; pues ahora yo vengo a dormir contigo para que me diga la adivina. Él le dijo que sí como no, pero tenía que ser desnuda. Le dijo, — ¡Ay, bobo! ¿Cómo voy yo a dormir desnuda, si venga papá y me encuentre? Pero le hizo quitar la ropa y la puso en la misma viga con la otra. Se acostaban a dormir pero él no hacía cuenta de la adivina. Pues ya quería amanecer y se levantó ella muy apurada y le pidió la ropa y él no se la quiso dar. Entonces se puso

el bobo a gritar, — ¡Ay, aquí está una conmigo! ¡Ay, aquí está una conmigo! Y le dijo ella, — Cállate, bobo, que me oyen. Pero más ella le dijo que no gritara, más gritaba.

Ya lo sacaron a él y lo sentaron en una silla y a ella en otra, para que dijera la adivinanza. El la repitió y dijo, — Tres cabras maté; todas las tres están vivas y tengo los tres cueros enganchados en una viga. La principa no podía adivinar ésa y ya era del bobo. Pues ahora se presentó un príncipe y le dijo, — Bobo, yo quiero que me dejes la princesa por una talega de dinero. Dijo el bobo, — ¡Ay, como no! Si me dejas comer en la mesa cuando se casaren. El príncipe estaba de acuerdo con eso.

El bobo tenía una rata y un gusarabajo que andaban con él y le ayudaban. Y le dijo el gusarabajo que no se apure. Hicieron su casamiento el príncipe y la principa lo más bien. Se acostaron a dormir y el gusarabajo vino y mordió al príncipe y a la principa. La rata les metió pimienta por las narices. Sacó un estornudo el príncipe y se despertó la principa y dijo, — ¡Foj! ¿Qué suciedad es ésa? Y el gusarabajo había ensuciado en la cama y ella creía que era el príncipe y dijo, — ¡Qué puerco eres tú! Vete de aquí, que ya no te quiero más. Pues entonces ella quería botar al príncipe, pero él le dijo, — No te apures, hija, no te apures, que yo voy mañana a un herrero que me ponga un tapón de hierro en el culo. Entonces se fué para donde el herrero y le dijo, — Póngame un tapón de hierro en el culo. Y dijo el herrero, — Echese el culo para arriba. Comenzó a poner el tapón bien firme con un martillo. Volvió a la principa bien tapado. Aquel día comió mucho y por la noche vino el gusarabajo con una pluma y pimienta y al príncipe se lo metió en las narices y el príncipe estornudó y salió el tapón con tanta fuerza que mató un gato. Entonces la principa se enojó con el príncipe y lo dejó. Y se casó entonces con el bobo. Y el príncipe se quedó sin dinero y sin mujer.

Cuento acabado
y arroz con melado.

(For Spanish versions see Espinosa, *Cuentos pop. esp.*, Stanford 1926, III, nos. 5, 6, 7, 8 and 16; Llano Roza de Ampudia, *Cuentos asturianos*, Madrid 1925, nos. 132 and 133; and F. Rodríguez Marín, *Cantos pop. esp.*, Sevilla 1882, I, 395.)

NOTES ON THE COOKERY OF TEPOZTLAN, MORELOS

BY MARGARET PARK REDFIELD.

Mexican cookery is a subject as complex as Mexico itself. So far as the writer knows it has been only summarily dealt with from an ethnological point of view¹. The present paper does not pretend to remedy this lack. It deals with the food habits of one small locality.² Tepoztlan in the State of Morelos, a pre-Columbian pueblo of the Tlahuicas, is today a vigorous community of about four thousand inhabitants who are of almost pure Indian stock.

Although only fifty miles from Mexico City, intercourse with the city is limited, and the interests of the majority are centered in the town itself or the valley which it dominates. The foundations of these interests and of life generally are very ancient, very well defined. It is true that revolutions have occurred which brought about a contrast between the rich who fled to the cities and the poor who fled to the hills. But the degree of sophistication attained by the former has not yet served to

¹ Cécilie Seler, in "Mexicanische Küche," *Zeitschrift des Vereins für Volkskunde*, Vol. 19 (1909), pp. 369—381, comments briefly upon the essential elements of Mexican cooking and makes some attempt to distinguish between native and imported elements in the materials and techniques. A small collection of recipes from the Valley of Teotihuacan was published without commentary in *Ethnos*, Vol. I, no. 1. *Mexican Folkways* printed some recipes in Vol. 3, no. 4 (Aug-Sept., 1927). Some materials in cookery are to be found in Frederick Starr's *Notes on the Ethnography of Southern Mexico*, Vols. VIII and IX, proceedings of the Davenport Academy of Natural Sciences, and in the (earlier) account of Cholula by Bandelier. *Report of an Archaeological Tour in Mexico in 1881* (Papers, Archaeological Institute of America, American Series, Vol. 2, Cambridge, 1884). Cooking among the Mayas is touched upon by Thomas Gann in *The Maya Indians of Southern Yucatan and Northern Honduras*, Bureau of American Ethnology, bulletin no. 64. Cookery of urban Mexico is treated in two Mexican cookbooks, including recipes of both the simple and the sophisticated classes: *La Cocina Poblana*, Herrero Hnos, Mexico City. 1926; and *Los Treinta Menus del Mes*, same publisher, 1925.

² Customs relative to food vary not only in the various sections of the Mexican Republic but even from village to village. For example, in Santa Catarina, a social and economic satellite of Tepoztlan, the method of cooking beans is quite different from that employed in Tepoztlan. Recipes from the Valley of Teotihuacan, on the semi-arid plateau, show much use of the tuna, uncommon in Tepoztlan. In parts of Oaxaca, where many goats are raised, *mole* of kid is eaten at the marriage festivities, as well as the commoner *mole de guajolote*.

modify to any important extent the techniques of the household or the attitudes bound up with the social and ceremonial occasions for which they are employed. The domestic economy of Mexico as a whole still rests upon the use of maize. In Tepoztlan more clearly than in a more mobile community, can be seen the ancient Aztec cultural tradition — a subsistence based primarily upon the use of ground corn, beans, chile peppers, tomatoes, squash, honey, and the domesticated turkey, still closely bound up with a traditional round of holy day and holiday. Spanish influence is not negligible here. Just as it has transformed pagan feasts and fasts to fit a Catholic calendar, it has modified the foods, both sacred and secular. Yet it appears to have become adapted to and assimilated by a fundamental pattern of life, rather than to have wrought any basic changes in the pattern itself.

Most of the detailed information given here came from one informant, a woman with whom the writer became rather intimately acquainted after some months of life in the village. She was an active participant in the life of the village, not of the poorest, least "civilized," nor yet of the richest, most hispanicized groups, but seemingly very well "adjusted" socially. She was thus acquainted with complexities — the use of lentils in Holy Week, a "novelty" introduced by sixteenth century Spanish, which the more ignorant Tepozteicans do not know, for example — as well as with the more simple, universal customs.

FOODS: INDIAN AND EUROPEAN.

It is clear from botanical and historical evidence which of the sources of food are native to Mexico. Sahagun¹ and Hernandez² serve as the principal historical sources, although there are many others of minor importance. In Tepoztlan the Nahuatl language offers still more evidence as to the antiquity of various objects. Although Aztec scholars may list Nahuatl names (manufactured descriptive) for utensils or food stuffs brought in by the Spanish, in actual fact in the mixed Spanish and Nahuatl spoken by the people. Spanish importations almost invariably keep their Spanish terminology, with perhaps the addition of a Nahuatl suffix. For example, *arróiz* — rice —, is called *arroztin*; *pan* — bread —, is *panztin*. This is true of domestic utensils and wearing apparel as well. Thus in the lists given below, pre-Columbian foodstuffs have the Nahuatl names, post-Columbian foods do not.

¹ Bernardino de Sahagun: "Historia General de las Casas de Nueva España". 3 vols. Mexico, 18—29—30.

² Francisco Hernandez: "Cuatro Libros de la Naturaleza y Virtudes de las Plantas en la Nueva España. Ed by Peñafiel, Morelia, 1888, (first trans. by Jimenez and published in 1615).

PRECOLUMBIAN FOODSTUFFS USED TODAY IN TEPOZTLAN.

<i>English.</i>	<i>Spanish.</i>	<i>Nahuatl.</i>
corn, green corn	maíz, elote	tlaolli, elotl
beans	frijoles	etl, yetl, yetzintli
green beans	ejotes	ejotl
tomatoes	jítomate	jítomatl
husk tomato	tomate	tomatl
chile pepper	chile	chilli
„ broad red	ancho	chilpatlactli
„ long dark	pasilla	tliltic chilli
„ black	mulato	chilchotl
„ green	verde	chilzolotl
?	cascabel	?
squash	calabaza	ayohtli
squash seed	pepita	yohuachtli
sweet potato	camote	camotl
turkey	guajolote	huexolotl
fish	pescado	michin
shrimps (freshwater)	camarones	chacalli?
rabbits	conejos	tochtli
wild ducks	patos	?
deer	venado	mazatl
wild chickens ¹	pollos de la laguna	?
honey	miel	cuaneuctli
saltpetre	tequexquite	tequexquitl
chocolate	chocolate (cacao)	chocolatl
juice of the maguey	pulque	neuctli (anciently, octli)
heart of the maguey	kiote	quiotl
vanilla	vanilla	tlixochitl
(not in general use today)		
mushrooms	hongos	nanacatl
grasshoppers	chapulin	capolli
peanuts	cacahuates	tlalcacahuatl
sage	chía	chian
Mexican tea ²	epazote	epazotl
acacia pods	guajes	guaxi
pine nut kernel	piñon	?
	xumiles ³	xomitl
(unidentified herb (blite?))	bledo	quexquiquaquilitl

¹ All wild game is rather rare today; fish are common only during Holy Week.

² *Chenopodium ambrosioides* L.

³ Small hemipterous insects of the genera *Edessa* and *Euschistus*, family *Pentatomidae*.

<i>English.</i>	<i>Spanish.</i>	<i>Nahuatl.</i>
manzanillo	tejocotes	texocotl
pineapple ¹	piña	matzalli
tuna	tuna	nochtli
white sapote	zapote blanco	iztactzapotl
dark sapote	zapote prieto	tliltzapotl
mammee apple	mamey	tezontzapotl
mexican cherry	capulin	capolli
chayote	chayote	chayohtli
custard-apple	chirimoya	tzapotl
	cuajilote	cuaxilotl
	papaya	cuahuaoyotli
wild plum	ciruela	tlatocxocotl
avocado	ahuacate	ahuacatl
?	lengua de vaca	axoxoxococ ²

FOODS AND FLAVORINGS INTRODUCED RELATIVELY EARLY.

<i>English</i>	<i>Spanish</i>
rice	arroz
potatoes	papas
lima beans	habas
wheat flour (practically limited in use to professional bakers)	harina
macaroni	fideos
lentils (limited use in Holy Week.)	lantejas
corn starch (limited use)	almidón
chick pea (not common)	garbanzo
cane sugar	azúcar
brown sugar	panela
chickens	pollos
beef	carne de res
pigeons	pichoncitos
pork	carne de puerco
lard (some other animal fat probably used in pre-Columbian times in a limited fashion).	manteca
milk	leche
eggs (hen's)	blanquillos (huevos)
onion	cebolla

¹ According to B. Laufer ("The American Plant Migration," *Scientific Monthly*, Mar., 1929, p. 247 ff.) the pineapple, although native to America, was not known in Mexico until after the Conquest.

² *Oxalis vallicola* Rose.

English	Spanish
garlic	ajo
cinnamon	canela
mint	yerba buena
tamarind	tamarinda
rosemary	romeritos
cumin seed	comino
saffron	azafrán
wild marjoram	orégano
coriander	cilantro
anis	anís
clove	clavo
black pepper (?)	pimienta
thyme	tomillo
sweet marjoram	mejorano
ginger	ajenjibre
bene (Sesame sp.)	ajonjolí
laurel leaves	hojos de laurel
citronella grass	té de limón ¹
soda bicarbonate	sosa carbonato
coffee	café
wine	vino
alcohol of cane sugar	aguardiente
bananas	plátanos
oranges	naranjas
shaddock	toronja
limes	límones
water melons	sandías

LATER INTRODUCTIONS; OR ELEMENTS
NOT SO INTIMATELY A PART OF TEPOZTECAN CULTURE

carrots	zanahorias
turnips	nabos
lettuce	lechuga
radishes	rábanos
cauliflower	coliflor
beets	betabel
beer	cerveza
lemon pop	limonada
rolled oats	avena
candies (cheap manufactured)	dulces
melons	melones
and melon seeds	y semillas de melón

¹ This grass, *Cymbopogon nardus* Renle (syn: *Andropogon nardus* L.) used to make a drink, may be indigenous.

Lists of a variety of food elements fail to give a proper picture of the actual situation in Tepoztlan. The aboriginal (then as now) corn and beans, and the omnipresent chili pepper, without which "they do not think they are eating,"¹ remain those of fundamental importance. Yet there have been a number of important substitutions and additions since the Conquest. Wild fowl are scarce; instead every doorway has its scratching chickens whose flesh and eggs are now an important element in the daily fare. But the turkey, domesticated before written history began, too precious for ordinary consumption, remains the festal meat *par excellence*.² Chocolate, now prepared in Spanish fashion, is, as perhaps it always was, the drink of the well-to-do; the poor drink coffee made from home-cured berries. Strangely enough the use of the native vanilla for flavoring seems to have disappeared; imported cinnamon has come to take its place. Brown sugar, made from sugar cane grown in the valley, now vies with honey as a sweetener. But squash is always cooked with honey. Perhaps the most important use of the sugar cane is for *aguardiente*, or as it is called simply *alcohol*, a powerful fluid which serves equally well to light up the charcoal fires or the natives. The less intoxicating *pulque*, which may be drunk by women as well as men, is liked for ceremonial occasions but is hard to get, since little maguey grows at this level. Onions are now grown in Tepoztlan, and garlic, clove, and a host of old-fashioned seasonings are imported by the market women as prime necessities. But none of them approach the importance of *epazote* and *tequexquite*, aboriginal condiments.³ Home grown bananas are almost a staple of the market place too, though like the other fruits they are used in cooking scarcely at all; but oranges and limes, now flourishing in Tepoztlan, can hardly compete in popularity with the native fruits⁴.

Of the starches, potatoes of a small poor variety are now grown not far from Tepoztlan. They appear frequently enough at the bi-weekly market

¹ Las Casas, Bartolome: "Historia de las Indias," Madrid, 1909, p. 436.

² On the fourth day after the birth of a child, the mother finds a special virtue in eating *necuatole*, the ancient corn gruel dish made for this occasion with the *pollo del monte* (mountain chicken) an example of the ritual survival of an ancient use. Home-grown beef and pork take the place of rabbits or deer or the dog, whose consumption by the Indians was noted by the early Conquerors. But milk has not as yet won for itself a place of first importance. (This will be touched upon later.)

³ Las Casas thus comments on the sale of *tequexquite* in the markets of Mexico City. "Y una principal mercaderia es sal que se hace del agua de la laguna salada que alli esta y de alli se lleva y desparce por mucha tierra de la Nueva Espana." *Historia de Las Indias*, p. 175.

⁴ Limes are used in the preparation of certain medicinal remedies; the peel of orange, lime, or shaddock, when blessed by the priest at Easter, also serve as specific remedies.

but are little used except by the upper class.¹ They are not nearly so common as the native *camote*, which when cooked with brown sugar or honey, is most popular as a *dulce*. Rice, which comes from outside the valley, and is sold in the stores, is reserved for certain festal occasions except by the above mentioned small group of the more prosperous. Macaroni, which is also sold in the stores, appears to be used exclusively in soups; corn starch is, as far as the writer knows, used in only one dish, (see *Mamón*) and wheat flour, also entirely imported, is purchased by the professional bakers alone and used in making a variety of rolls for sale daily.² This bread also, it may be added, is purchased largely by *los ricos*, while the poor are satisfied for the most part with tortillas.

Of the food (and drink) listed under Later Introduction, nothing is of much importance in the life of the community. Beer is expensive; the *limonada*, the bottling of which is the one man industry of Tepoztlan, is cheaper and more popular. Cheap candies are sold at most of the markets. Rolled oats, along with a few scanty canned goods, are sold in the stores. The writer encountered two families who had been known to cook rolled oats, but in both cases only for the children. Green vegetables, exclusive of tomatoes and young onions, almost never come to the market. They are sold at Cuernavaca, twenty miles away, and are sometimes purchased there by Tepoztecs. They are not in the least considered an essential part of the diet.

TOOLS AND TECHNIQUES.

In any form of human behavior which employs a special technique the methods employed will be closely dependent upon the tools used. It is the thesis of this paper that Tepoztecán cookery takes its character from two simple implements, the grinding stone, *metate* (metlatl) and the hand stone, *metlapil*, (metlapilli). These are found in the earliest known culture of Mexico, the archaic or sub-Pedregalian. All the important foods of Tepoztlan come under what may be called the Grinding Complex, a subdivision of the great maize complex of aboriginal America.

As in the foodstuffs, Nahuatl names distinguish ancient implements and dishes from those of post-Cortesian origin. The Nahuatl names, as far as is possible, will always be given after the Spanish form. There are five types of food preparations dominated by the grinding complex: *Tortillas* (tlaxcalli), *Tamales* (tamalli), *Atoles* (atolli), *Moles* (molli), and *Tortas*. All are of ancient origin except the last, which appears to be an adaptation of the grinding complex to more recently introduced foodstuffs.

¹ It has been reported to me by a friend, resident in Chile, close to the ancient source of the potato, that the popular expression for come to dinner is "Come to potato." In Tepoztlan, on the other hand, they say "Come to bean."

² Bakers are always men. The wife of a baker never thinks of baking or roasting in the oven (in the yard) which he uses.

A description of the methods used in making *tortillas* will serve to give an idea of the complexity of the technique connected with grinding. The corn is first boiled in lime *cal* (*tenextli*). When it has become somewhat soft, it is sometimes taken to the mill to be ground. More often, since it is both more economical and is then supposed to have a better flavor, it is ground at home on the *metate*. The boiled corn is the *nixtamal* (*nextamalli*), the *olla* in which it is boiled is the *nexcomill*, and the water in which it is cooked (used as a remedy to cool fevers) is the *nejayote* (*nexatl*). After the *nixtamal* has been ground to a paste with the *metlapil*, the flat cakes of the *tortillas* are formed with the palms of the hands, patting them from palm to palm (the process called "throwing," *echando tortillas*). During this process the hands are occasionally moistened with water which is called *machihuis* (*machihuiz*). The *tortillas* are then placed on the toasting tray or griddle, *comalli*, which has already been heated on the hearth, *tlequiltil* and are rapidly peeled off when toasted.

This same *nixtamal* is the basis for both the *tamales* and *atoles*. For *tamales* it is beaten in a round, rather low clay bowl called an *apazcle* (*apaztli*) with a wooden paddle, the *batedor*; or it may be placed in a small wooden trough, the *batea*. *Tamales*, *atoles*, whole chickens, are boiled in an *olla*; other boiling may be done in a *cazuela*, a low clay bowl with two small handles at each side, evidently an adaptation of the ancient pottery under Spanish influence, since it has no common Nahuatl name. Chili peppers, and other condiments are ground with the stone mortar and pestle, the *molcajete* (*molcaxitl*) and *tejolote* (*texolotl*).

Other implements used are the sieve, *cedazo*, perhaps formerly woven of straw or twigs but now bought ready-made of metal; the *chiquihuite*, (*xiquihuitl*), the handle-less basket woven of Mexican bamboo, (*otate*, *otahl*) used for storage and transportation of food as well as for clarifying honey; and the *tinaja*, (*acomitl*), the large red clay jar used by some to store water in places of large empty kerosene tins, the *botes*. Spoons, little used in eating (see below) are used not at all in cooking. Measuring is done in kilos for meat or sugar by the storekeeper who sells the food or on the small balance scales which are found in some houses. The *cuartillo*, an old measure standing for one quarter of a peck, used for corn, is a small wooden scoop. Other looser measures are, a *chiquihuite* or *cazuela* full, or so many *centavos* worth.

TORTILLAS.

The Spanish conquerors of Mexico found the most important food of the Indians a thin cake of ground maize, called in the native tongue *tlaxcalli* and by the Spanish *tortillas*.

Hernandez¹ describes the ancient method of making the ordinary

¹ Hernandez, op. cit., Ch. XXXVI, p. 201, "De la manera que se hace el pan de maíz."

tortilla; it is exactly that used in Tepoztlan today. *Tortillas*, those of the "nobles" especially, according to various sources, included a number of variations in shape, color, and texture.¹ A number of recognized variations of the *tortilla* are made in Tepoztlan today. Though in several cases names of ancient and modern forms coincide (*itacatl*, *mimilli*), the writer has not found sufficiently detailed descriptions of the modifications of ancient times to make positive identifications of them. However, it will be noted that the modification of the *tortilla* has a basis in use which seems to denote an ancient origin.

Though *tortillas* are mentioned in the sources as part of the offerings made to the gods,² they appear then, as now, to have had little religious significance other than that of the "bread and salt" of our tradition³. Yet the importance of the *tortilla* in daily life cannot be overestimated. Ordinary *tortillas* are eaten at every meal in Tepoztlan⁴. They are necessary, not only as food, but as the only eating utensil. Broken off pieces of *tortilla* are used as a scoop to convey beans or chili sauce to the mouth⁵.

Common variations on the ordinary *tortilla* are as follows:

1. — Round thick cakes to the dough of which some shortening has been added.
2. — Thick cakes, with or without shortening, combined with other foods, such as beans or chili sauce.

Of the first type are *itacates* (*itacatl*), of *nixtamal* ground up with pork fat; *Gorditas*, of *nixtamal* ground with curds (sometimes served with a

¹ Sahagun, Vol. II, Book 7, Chap. XIII, p. 287—8. *Tortillas* "Las tortillas que cada dia comian los senores, le llaman *totanquiltlaxcallitlaquelpacholli*, quiere decir tortillas blancas, calientes y dobladas, compuestas en un chicuitl, y cubiertas con un pano blanco. Otras tortillas comian cada dia que se llamaban *ueitlaxcalli* quiere decir tortillas grandes, estas son muy blancas, delgadas, anchas y muy blandas. Comian y tambien otras tortillas que llaman *quauhtlaqualli*, son muy blancas, gruesas, grandes y asperas otra manera de tortillas comian que eran blancas, y otras algo pardillas de muy buen sabor, que llamaban *tlaxcalpacholli*. Tambien comian unos panecillos son rollizos y blancos, y de largo de un palmo, o poco menos: otra manera de tortillas comian, que llamaban *tlacepoallitlaxcalli*, que eran ahojaldradas, y eran de delicado comer."

² Sahagun, Vol. I, Ch. XXI, Book 2 and elsewhere.

³ The custom in Atoyac, Jalisco, mentioned by Felisa Anguiana, *Apuntes sobre Supersticiones de los Indigenas Respecto a la Muerte*, El Mexico Antiguo, Nos. 5—8, 1924, of inviting friends to dinner on the first anniversary of a death, at which a *tortilla* and salt, first offered to the dead, is eaten in ceremonial fashion by all present, seems to be a sharing of food with the dead, rather than the usual consecrated offering.

⁴ The "upper class" may serve baker's bread and chocolate for breakfast. This is "city manners" however.

⁵ In the few houses where spoons exist they are usually for service only. Forks are rare even among the more urbanized.

sauce of tomato, chile, and onion); *migajes* (*xalli*) of *nixtamal* ground with brisket; and *memelitas* (*tlaxcamimilli*, see Sahagun, above quotation) which are thick *tortillas* having pork fat cut in with a spoon. The purpose of the shortening in all these is the same, to keep the cake from hardening, as does the ordinary *tortilla* when not eaten hot from the *comal*. Cakes of the type of the *itacate*, derived from the Aztec *itacatl*, meaning store of provisions,¹ are designed particularly for travelers or men at work in the fields. E., the Tepoztecan girl who visited us in the city, brought with her a small sack of *itacates*, designed to last for two weeks or more and provided by a careful mother who knew of our foreign food customs. By a natural transference, provision for a journey of the living becomes a similar provision for the dead. *Itacates*, made in various shapes, such as circles, squares, stars, pigs, dogs, etc., are part of the customary offering made to *Los Muertos* (October 31, November 1,) by all Tepozteicans.²

Of the second type are *Clacloyos*² (*tlahitlayollo*) which are nothing more than *itacates* wrapped around beans or peas or lima beans; *tacos*, thick *tortillas* wrapped around chile pepper or onion or rice; *chalupas*, thick *tortillas* with ground chile pepper, cut up onion and ground cheese cut in with a spoon. (*Enchiladas*, which are simply ordinary *tortillas* fried up with chili pepper and other seasonings, though common in other parts of Mexico, are little used in Tepoztlan.)

The use of the *tortilla* as a food container is obviously an extension of its use as food utensil. These too, are well adapted to the needs of the traveler or worker in the field.

TAMALES

As the *tortilla* may be considered the one most important element in the daily sustenance of Tepoztlan, so the *tamal* (made of ground *nixtamal* beaten for several hours, with pork fat added, then boiled, wrapped in corn husks) must be recognized as by far the most significant food element of the *fiesta*.

¹ Sahagun, Vol. II, Book VI, Ch. VIII, p. 69. "Speaking of the children who died in war, the prayer to Tlaloc says, 'y para ir su camino a la casa del astro bello, vuestra hermana la diosa de los mantenimiento los provee de su *itacatl*, o mo hila que han de llevar'."

² On the octave of *Los Muertos* the offerings include among other things *Clascales* (*yelotlaxcalli*) a type of corn cake not made or used at any other time. *Clascales* are not made of *nixtamal* but of *camahua*, (from Nahuatl *camahuac*, to ripen) corn still green at harvest time. *Clascales* for dead children are white, and include beside the ground corn, sugar, eggs, cinnamon, ground cheese, bicarbonate of soda. They are made in the form of dogs, birds and other animals. *Clascales* for dead adults are made of blue corn, ground with beans and brown sugar. They are made thick and square. The latter type are decidedly ancient in feeling.

That it served the same purpose in pre-Columbian times is clear from the sources. Sahagun and other writers abound in references to the use of the *tamal*, not only as part of the regular food of the *señores*, but also as the ordinary offering made to the gods, as the food eaten by the priests for the sacred fast (a special type of *tamal*), and as the food eaten by the populace on sacred occasions. It is likely that dough, similar to that used in making *tamales*, was used by the priests to form sacred shapes and figures offered to the gods.

The "hot tamale" of Mexico has become a commonplace in North American cities today. But in Tepoztlan it has to a very large extent preserved its sacred character. There are known in Tepoztlan many varieties of *tamales*: those wrapped about beans, meat, squash, or more rarely small fish or mushrooms; the sweet *tamales*, flavored with brown sugar and cinnamon; and plain *tamales* simply seasoned with salt. But though sweet *tamales* are made by Tepoztecan women to sell at the railroad station (two hours climb away,) in general the *tamal* here is reserved for festal occasions.

The eating of *tamales* with *mole verde*, a sauce of ground green chili pepper combined with a little meat, is the invariable concomitant of the celebration of the birthday of the saint of the local chapel of each *barrio* or ward. "Yesterday there was *mole* in Santa Catarina," remarked our friend E., in announcing the celebration of a saint's day in a near-by village. The people of each *barrio* take great pride in the celebration of the day of their *santo*, and most prominent in the ritual of celebration is the serving of *tamales* and *mole verde* to all visitors from neighbouring barrios or adjacent villages. At this time the women of the *barrio* often stay up all night grinding the corn, which must be extra fine for this occasion and never ground at the mill. The *mole verde* must not only be ground but must be cooked for three hours over fires which must constantly be replenished. Yet all is done with cheerful enthusiasm. The traditional beverage accompanying the eating of *mole verde* is *tepache*, *pulque* mixed with honey, of undoubted pre-Columbian origin. Occasionally in a small *barrio* the celebration of the *día del santo* is put off till the following Sunday in order that more people may attend. In this case candles are burned in the chapel, women come and pray, the *chirimia* (the native wooden flute, usually home made) is played on the roof of the chapel, but *mole verde* and *tamales* are not eaten. Sunday is then the "fiesta of the *mole*."

Tamales are eaten not only for the *día del santo* but also for the *cerahpa* and the *castiyohpa*, those days appointed for the people to pay to the mayordomo their *contribuciones* for the candles burned in the chapel, or for the *castillo*, the tower of fireworks set off in the chapel yard in honor of the saint. It is the duty of the mayordomo, or more accurately of his wife, mother, or sister, to provide *mole verde* and *tamales* and *tepache* for

all those who come to pay their annual traditional pledge.¹ *Tamales* are significant for more than one ceremonial occasion. All through Lent, the pious look forward to eating on Easter Sunday, not merely meat but *tamales* of meat. I do not believe there is a single house in the village in which *tamales de carne* are not eaten on this day. Not as important, though traditional, are the *tamales de carne* eaten on the Noche Buena (Christmas Eve) after "the child has been put to bed."² The dead too keep their liking for *tamales*. *Tamales* are a notable part of the offering laid out for returning spirits on *Los Muertos*, the night we call Hallowe' en and the eve of All Saints Day.³

Customarily also on the octave of a funeral food is laid out as an offering to the spirit of the dead person. This food, which always includes *tamales*, is of course later eaten by the family and invited guests, which is also the custom at *Los Muertos*. One offering, which is not made to be eaten, is that to *los aires*, the little spirits of the air which frequently afflict the Tepoztecs with serious skin diseases. *Tamales* and chickens are the only food offered to *los aires*, though other presents, such as dolls and packages of cigarettes, are considered acceptable.

MOLES.

Mole verde, served with *tamales*, is, as has been noted above, the traditional food in by far the greater number of annual festivals. In the ceremonies marking crises in the life of the individual — marriage, birthdays, and the *sacamisa*, (a ceremony taking place six weeks after the birth of a child in which the taboo against mother and child is lifted by a visit to the chapel), — another *mole* is used, *mole poblano* or the *mole* of the people.

The *moles* are clearly a part of the "Grinding Complex." Its foundation is the *chili pepper* ground up in the *molcajete*. This type of chile sauce is

¹ This means one member from each family living in the *barrio* where the fiesta is held. An article by Robert Redfield in the June 1927 number of *Mexican Folkways* contains a complete description of how these payments are made.

² The ceremony of placing the infant Jesus, in the form of a small wax figure, in a manger of hay, is an important part of the Christmas Eve ceremonies.

³ The Tepoztecs observe two "ghost days," the first for the dead children of their family, the second for the adults. The food offered is generally for the dead adults, bread, *mamon*, chocolate, *tamales* with salt, ground squash seeds, and sometimes chicken or fish, with milk and *mamon* placed separately for the child dead. But in former days they offered *itacates*, bean *tamales*, and *mole verde* only — all ancient dishes. On the octave of these two days, there are more *ofrenda* which consist then usually of bread, milk, green corn boiled with saltpetre, squash, preserve of *manzanillos*, and a basket of *clascales* made in the form of stars, dogs, birds, circles, etc.

mentioned by all the early chroniclers. In *mole verde* ground green peppers are combined with a small amount of meat, usually beef. *Mole poblano* is more elaborate. In Tepoztlan there are as many as twenty-three ingredients used in its making. These include three kinds of chile, peanuts, chocolate, piñon nuts, tomatoes, a piece of old tortilla, squash seeds (two varieties), garlic, cinnamon, ginger, anis, marjoram, as well as a number of other less wellknown condiments. The basis for all this seasoning is some sort of fowl, — turkey by choice, or where the importance of the occasion does not warrant this, chicken, or any sort of wild fowl if it can be procured.¹ Preceding the *mole poblano*, rice cooked with tomato, onion, garlic, and saffron, is eaten, and following it a certain variety of beans, *frijoles bayos*, boiled, fried in grease, and seasoned with ground cheese, cut up radishes, lettuce, several eggs, and a few bananas, of an imported variety. *Pulque de piña*, (*pulque* sweetened, with cut up pineapple added) is drunk.

The festal menu is a strange fusion of Indian and Spanish elements, a result typical of the present Mexican culture. *Mole poblano* is itself however fundamentally native in origin. Chocolate, peanuts, piñon nuts, chile peppers and squash seeds, and most of all the turkey — called by the Spanish chroniclers “ave muy preciosa, gallina de la tierra” (*Las Casas*, p. 175) — are of ancient usage.²

Interesting is the prohibition given me by my informant that bread should never be eaten with *mole poblano*, “*puras tortillas*”. The turkey in Tepoztlan is no longer a sacred bird, though in other parts of Mexico remains of ritual more clearly religious still exist.³

But it is still, I believe, a more important part of a wedding than the civil ceremony, at any rate. Our friend J. R. exclaimed with great enthusiasm, “That was a great wedding. Two turkeys died!” It is noteworthy also that at the Carnival, one of the most important events of the year, but secular in feeling rather than religious, neither of the two *moles*, *verde* or *poblano*,

¹ Chickens are always served with *mole poblano* or boiled whole; never roasted or fried.

² *Mole Poblano*, as prepared by cooks in Mexico City, omits squash seeds, cumin seed, garlic, marjoram and piñon nuts. The tendency in Tepoztlan appears to have been to add available seasonings to this dish to increase its richness and therefore its potency. *Mexican Folkways* vol. 3, No. 4.

³ Part of the marriage ceremony in Ojitlan, Oaxaca, is as follows: “The god-fathers and god-mothers, each with a cooked turkey holding a cigarette in its beak, line up in two rows, the women and men facing, and begin the *fandango*, as they call it.” Manuel Craules in *Mexican Folkways*, No. 10, p. 45.

In San Juan Miautitlan, Puebla, part of the ceremonial present made by the mother of the bride to the godparents on the wedding day is a live turkey decorated with flowers. J. Paredes Colin, *Marriage Customs of San Juan Miautitlan*. *Mexican Magazine*, vol. III, 5, May 1927.

Frederick Starr, in his *Notes Upon the Ethnography of Southern Mexico*, includes scattered materials on the ceremonial use of the turkey.

are used. Instead *pozole*,¹ a combination of unground *nixtamal* and pork — usually the head of a pig — with chile pepper, a dish not native to Tepoztlan, is made by a few experts and sold in the public square.

There is however, one form of *mole* which has no religious significance whatever. This is *clemole*, beef or pork combined with a sauce of tomato, chile pepper, onion, and other spices. *Clemole* is a common part of the daily menu. It may be eaten every day, three times a day, by those who can afford it. Perhaps fortunately, few Tepoztecan can afford such a liberal supply of meat, even in the quarter of a kilo amounts (about half a pound) that they purchase for *clemole*, except on festal occasions.² Though deer, rabbit, and other game, as well as the dog, were to be found on sale in the native markets,³ beef and pork were readily adopted by the native Mexicans, but today it is the middle-class Mexican, bearer of worn-out European customs, who delights in the heavy meals of two or three kinds of meat at one sitting.

ATOLES.

Towards none of the traditional food preparations of Tepoztlan has there been as much change in attitude as the *atoles*. A gruel made of ground *nixtamal* with a variety of seasonings, its preparation now is exactly that of ancient days.⁴ Its use, however, is comparatively limited. Clavijero states that *atole* was part of the ordinary breakfast.⁵ Hernandez describes seventeen common varieties as compared with the seven found in Tepoztlan today. Particularly popular was an *atole* seasoned with *chia*, a variety of sage, the ordinary food for soldiers in the field.⁶ This *chianzotzolatolli* was sold in the streets of Mexico City.

Clavijero says further that the Spanish used the *atoles*, "which they found very insipid to the taste," for the sick. This is probably its principal use in Tepoztlan today,⁷ though it is also valued for children, and may be used for "parties" which have no religious significance. (At the formal "opening" or '*estreño*' of an oven, we were served *atole de harina*, an *atole* made not of *nixtamal* but of the bread flour.) Most popular is the *atole* of the green corn, *atole de elote*, of which our friend J. R. said with relish, "six people can finish up a large olla." Seasonal also are the *atole* of plum, *atole de ciruela*, and the *atole hoamüchil*. Besides these there are in use *atole champurado*, (flavored with chocolate), *atole de frijol*, (bean *atole*), *atole blanco*, (flavored with tomatoes, green chiles, and, if one likes them, *jumiles*), and *atole de panela*, (brown sugar *atole*).

¹ Pork is by several commentators considered to have been substituted for banned human flesh. The editor of Sahagun puts as a foot-note to a description of the cooking of human flesh with maize (Sahagun, Ch. XXI, Vol. I, Book 2, p. 89) the following comment: "Hoy se subroga esta comida en Michoacan y Guanajuato con cabeza de puerco y maíz que llama *pozoli*. Cuando ven algun hombre tonto dicen, 'O que buena cabeza para un *pozoli*!'"

² Clavijero vol. I, p. 437.

³ Las Casas p. 182.

⁴ Hernandez Ch. XXXXX p. 197.

⁵ Clavijero, vol. I, p. 434.

⁶ Op. cit.

⁷ Mention of *necuatole* after childbirth, op. cit.

The last group of foods of any importance which definitely belong to the grinding complex are the *tortas*—flat cakes, made of various substances ground and fried in grease served with a sauce of tomato and chili pepper. Differing from the food preparations described heretofore, the *tortas* do not appear to be of ancient origin, but rather an ancient technique applied to imported foods. Such are lima beans, cauliflower, and potatoes. The fact that potatoes when ground in a stone *metate* lose their pleasant character entirely does not effect the customary technique. *Tortas* made of the elements mentioned above, particularly lima beans and potatoes, are fairly common, though not a very important part of the diet. *Tortas* of the native *kiote* (quiotl), the heart of the maguey, and *pitos*, the flower seed pod of the *pito* tree(?), are made and eaten, though not commonly. *Huasoncli*, a *torta*-like dish made of ground cheese, beaten eggs, pieces of tomato, and ground chile (to taste), fried in grease, and which has very probably Spanish antecedents, is popular during Holy Week. (Eggs fried up with or without chile pepper, tomatoes or cheese, are a common part of the daily ration for those who can afford it.)

RAMIFICATIONS OF MAIZE COMPLEX.

MAIZE

(through complexes of: sowing, cultivating, harvesting, storing, marketing)
becomes:



THE GRINDING COMPLEX.

The heavy stone *metate* is the symbol of thousands of years of settled agricultural life. There are foods used in Tepoztlan which are not ground, but none, except the *frijoles*, are of signal importance. (*Frijoles* are ground in connection with *tamales*.) Industry among women has always been a decided virtue according to Indian tradition. When, as in Tepoztlan, women do not perform the labors of the fields, industry means first and foremost *grinding*. The sources quote the traditional exhortation of a mother to her daughter about to be married,¹ which includes the advice to be obedient and not lazy in making bread. It is said in the village that certain women grind better than others; their *tortillas* have a better flavor. To have corn ground at the mill regularly is a sign both of extravagance and shiftlessness. In fact, there is a disease, a swelling of the knees, which attacks not those who are overzealous in grinding, but those who kneel before their *metate* too little. This disease is called *Tlancuatlatzihuiztli* (laziness of the knees). It is cured by baths in the *temazcal*. In the daily routine of life a Tepoztecan house mistress grinds twice a day, morning and evening, a total perhaps of four hours. But if her husband is setting off on a journey of some duration or at work in distant fields, she may provision him by keeping hard at work from early morning until night. When *tamales* have to be made for a *fiesta* she will often (as was mentioned above) stay up all night accumulating a huge pile of dough. Grinding is to a Tepoztecan woman what scrubbing and polishing has always been to the traditional New England housewife — her major preoccupation as well as occupation; except for some clothes washing and sewing, a little marketing, and very casual attention to her children, it is on ordinary days the only thing she does.

OTHER FOODS, NOT GROUND.

There are at least nine varieties of bean eaten in Tepoztlan, eight domesticated and one (or perhaps more) wild. They are:

- Black — frijol prieto — (cozetl)
- White — frijol blanco — (iztac-etl)
- Fat — frijol gordo — (yepatlachetl)
- Red — frijol colorado — (chichiletl)
- Chinese — frijol chino — (chinayetl)

¹ Frederick Starr in notes upon marriage customs of the Tlaxcalans — *Notes upon Ethnography of Southern Mexico* — states: "On Wednesday (the third day of the wedding ceremonies), the bride passes through a breaded ordeal or test — *temaitalistl* — to see-the-hand, i. e. to see the skill. All the neighbouring women gather and watch the girl prepare and grind maize, make *tortillas* and prepare *atole*. The inspection is always critical and may be ill-natured."

Pole — frijol varaleño — (ohuacuahyetl)

Yellow — frijol amarillo — (coztic-etl)

diguerillo — ?

(a wild bean) tlantzinetl)

Ordinarily the dried beans are used, cooked many hours one informant said, "from eight in the morning until seven at night," until they have become a soft mass. Most often they are eaten just this way or, if something more elaborate is desired, they may be fried up in grease and have various seasonings added, usually ground chile pepper, tomato, onion, garlic, or ground squash seed. Black beans are cooked with the red flowers of the *pito*, first cooked in saltpetre, and fried in grease with onion, or with a wild plant called popularly, in Spanish, cow's tongue (*lengua de vaca*, 'axoxoxococ') and Mexican tea (*epazote*). During Holy week peeled green beans are boiled and then fried with chile pepper (*pasilla* and *ancho*), bene, cumin seed, garlic, husk tomatoes, clove and cinnamon.

OTHER RITUAL FOODS.

The food traditions of Holy Week deserve a place in themselves. "*La Semana Santa*" is observed with great solemnity in Tepoztlan, even in the absence of priests. Traditionally there is served, sometimes at the church, or in the houses, the "Apostles' Supper." This includes rice, fish, "*revoltijo*," and tamarind water (or other "waters" to be described later). *Revoltijo* is made of rosemary cooked with saltpetre and fried with seasonings of ground chile pepper, (two varieties) husk tomatoes, cumin seed and garlic. Later tunas, peeled potatoes and shrimps are added. This dish, which appears to have no Nahuatl name and is not found in the outlying barrios of Tepoztlan, is a mixture of imported and native elements. Husk tomatoes, tunas, chile peppers and shrimps are aboriginal. But the foundation, rosemary, as well as the potatoes and certain of the seasonings, are Spanish. It is probably an example of a Spanish dish which has become "Mexicanized" in the course of time. More important in the ceremonial cookery of Holy Week is the fish which is universally consumed. Fresh fish is hardly seen in Tepoztlan. The fish which is relished so during Holy Week is in no sense fresh, with the exception of the small amount of tinned fish purchased by the wealthy few. But by far the greater number of Tepoztecs are satisfied with dried fish of a very ancient and unprepossessing sort. The recipe given me for its preparation included two kilos of fish cut in pieces, added to a dozen beaten eggs, which are then fried in half a kilo of grease. This is seasoned with tomatoes, as much as a basket full, onions, garlic, green chile, all fried in grease, and the addition of saffron, a piece of ground baker's bread, and bananas. It is noteworthy that this recipe, which is undoubtedly entirely of Spanish origin, contains such foreign importations as eggs in quantity, saffron, baker's bread and bananas. It is moreover

always accompanied by rice, cooked with tomatoes, onions and garlic, and tamarind water — a cooking drink made with tamarind leaves, water and brown sugar — both non-native decoctions. Other cold drinks which may be used in place of the tamarind water during Holy Week, but are not as universal, are sage water (*agua de chía*), and melon seed water, made with brown sugar and clove, called (*agua de jamaica*). *Chía* (Nahuatl *chian*) is the only native element here and it is possible that *agua de chía* originated after the Conquest on the analogy of the other "waters," although *chía* itself was a common pre-Cortesian condiment, as noted above. At any rate it does not seem unnatural that the festal dishes which show the least traces of native origins and most of foreign influences occur at a period given up to a ceremonial which is Catholic Christian, with little trace of Indian influence — Holy Week. But the *tamales de carne* which are eaten amid the leaping of the *chinelos*, the masked dancers, with such rejoicing on Easter Sunday seem to belong to an ancient tradition.

There are a few other ritual foods, besides those already mentioned for the *fiestas* of the *santos*, *El Carnival*, *Los Muertos*, and *La Noche Buena*. For baptisms, for *Los Muertos* and practically never otherwise, the baker is ordered to make *mamón*, which is beaten eggs with cornstarch, sugar and cinnamon. This is eaten with chocolate or milk. For individual birthdays, called *santos*, as are the birthdays of the saints of the *barrios*, the baker will make to order a "bread" in the shape of a lamb with eyes made of twenty-centavo pieces and bearing the name of the person whose birthday it is. Friends bear the lamb, adorned with flowers and bearing a card of felicitation, on a tray to the house of the birthday child where they will be given *mole* to eat. This custom could not be practiced by the very poor nor by the totally illiterate but it is very *comme il faut*, in Tepoztlan. Both of these festal cakes must be of Spanish origin, introduced along with the making of wheat bread. The refreshments for the *posadas* of the Christmas season are, like the celebrations themselves, partly foreign, partly native. Among the former are the cut pieces of sugar cane, the few pieces of cheap candy, and the occasional drink of wine. But it is the *manzanillos* (*tejocotes*, small wild apple growing up on the mountains), and the peanuts which fill up most of the inevitable paper cornucopias or baskets and call forth the most enthusiasm. One of my little friends looked at me with unbelieving astonishment when I said we did not celebrate Christmas with *tejocotes* and peanuts in *Los Estados Unidos*. The *buñuelos*, a sort of pancake wheat flour with a brown sugar sauce¹ which a few make for Christmas morning and which are also sold at the carnival, are, I believe, entirely Spanish. But the *nieves*, the ices (literally snow), which are imported with such effort for the Carnival,

¹ A recipe for their preparation can be found in the Boston Cooking School Book.

have their counterpart in the sweetened snow which used to be brought down from the mountains for Aztec nobles — and which indeed were sold in Tepoztlán in the memory of inhabitants now living.

It will be seen that in the festal cookery, as in that for every day, aboriginal elements are of first importance, although certain imported elements, taken over and modified, have become an essential part of life. In daily consumption there are very few foods, and these but unimportant ones, which could not be placed under the heading of either corn or beans. Among these are *rompope*, a cooling drink made of white of egg, milk, sugar, and cinnamon boiled together, and milk rice, rice first cooked in water with sugar, milk and cinnamon added later. It is noteworthy however that the Tepoztecan, although he possess a fairly good supply of milk, maintains the Indian's traditional suspicion of it as a food. For adults it is always sweetened. Infants who for some reason cannot obtain mother's milk are given cow's milk but it is practically always flavored with something else, cinnamon, or mint, coffee, or a couple of squares of chocolate (to a kilo). Mothers after childbirth cannot take either milk, eggs, honey, or sugar cane. Milk would chill the stomach. Honey, on the other hand, would burn it. The superstitions with regard to the dangerous effects of honey seem curious in that honey is entirely a native product. But it is only considered dangerous when eaten plain, or on bread, a non-native practice. As a sweetener in cooking, or even as a candy, made by boiling and pulling, it is valued. Oranges, another imported food, are rather ill-thought of. I was told by a number of women that orange-juice would keep a baby's teeth from coming through.¹

An exception to the general rule as to the secondary place of imported foods is cinnamon, at present a very common seasoning. The most reasonable explanation for its marked extension is that which considers it a substitute for native vanilla, the *tlixochitl* prized by Montezuma, which for some reason or other has almost entirely disappeared from Tepoztlecan culinary uses. My chief informant did not recognize the odor of vanilla from a bottle of extract. One wonders if the warm cinnamon water which is taken every morning the first week after childbirth goes back to an ancient drink made with vanilla.²

¹ An old vendor in the market assured me that oranges were very bad for children, peanuts were good — he sold both on occasions. This fear of orange juice does not seem to be due to its causing looseness of the bowels in children, since many folk remedies we collected were directed towards preventing constipation rather than diarrhea.

² It is more than likely that the toasted dried beef which accompanies this drink was in former times of deer or dog. Strips of dried beef are at present used by guerrilla fighters for provisioning over a long period. Soups of beef and vegetables are not very much used and appear to be purely Spanish in methods of preparation. Broth of chicken (perhaps formerly of wild game) is prized, for those ill with fever and women in childbirth.

Of a good deal of importance among the foodstuffs used are the undomesticated foods such as the *guajes*, or acacia pods, the red flowers of the *pito* tree, the mushrooms, grasshopper, fruits, and various wild grasses. Further exploration along this line would doubtless reveal plants that are used occasionally.¹

CONCLUSION.

The cookery of Tepoztlan casts light on the nature of the culture of this locality. As in human life generally, there are two aspects to Tepoztecan life, the secular and the religious, and cooking enters into both of these.

The foundation is an ancient inherited technique, that of grinding corn. This technique determines the nature of the food, the methods of eating, the daily round of labor. It must be understood that the women of whom I speak are not merely drudges at their grinding; they derive pride and a certain satisfaction from it. Take a Tepoztecan woman away to an alien country where she will be without her *metate* and she will develop not only "laziness of the knees" but sickness of the soul. That is why *metates*, which are exceedingly difficult and expensive to transport as well as impractical in a city environment, are sold in the Mexican quarters of cities as far north as Chicago.

In the religious *fiestas* the cooking done becomes more and more an end in itself. The social responses of the individual are organized around the celebrations of which the festal dishes are an integral part. Whether with prayers and candles in the chapel, or with the eating of festal dishes outside, there comes a release of the spirit essentially religious in character.

¹ The Acacia pod has a peculiarly repellant savor to those who are unaccustomed to it but Tepoztecans relish it mightily either raw or with chile pepper or toasted in the comal with lime juice. The use of the flower of the *pito* tree in *tamales* and *tortas* has been mentioned above. At least three types of mushrooms are used: white, dark, and broom (*de escobeta*). White mushrooms are boiled up with the beans, or fried with chile pepper and eaten with *tortillas*, or seasoned as a filling for *tamales*. Dark mushrooms are simply toasted and eaten. Broom mushrooms are cooked with ground squash seeds and cumin seeds. The grasshopper season is one to be looked forward to. The grasshopper's head is broken off, and it is then toasted on the *comal* and eaten with salt and lime juice. Fruits of the many varieties listed are profuse in season and are enjoyed but are never a part of a meal. Very rarely preserves are made. Besides all this there are a number — doubtless a large number — of wild herbs which are used occasionally for food but which were unfortunately not botanically identified. Tea made from orange leaves is common. The leaf of the *tendalimón*, which resembles a shoot of corn and smells of lemon verbena, also used for a tea is occasionally even exported to Mexico City. There is a grass (*quexquiquaquilitl*) which is cooked in saltpetre, fried, and eaten with lime juice. The leaves (*axoxoxococ*) are eaten with *chile verde* or *clemole*.

The observances of these days bind the community together and give it something to live for. The traditional nature of the ceremonies, extending back in many cases for countless centuries, and the strong social coordination which permits little individual variation, distinguish the community from a mobile urban group. On the other hand it differs from a definitely primitive group through its long-continued contacts with a higher civilization. These contacts have produced a superimposed layer of modified custom as well as some degree of selfconsciousness. The food customs serve thus as an index to the character of the community. In a transplanted individual the change in food habits, particularly those of a ceremonial nature, are an index to the disorganization of those fundamental habits which are his cultural heritage.

RECIPES.¹

Tortillas:

Se hierve el maíz con cal para hacer nixtamal. Despues se muele bien en el metate. La tortillera echa las tortillas en las manos. Se mojan las manos en el machihuis. Se tuestan las tortillas en el comal que está en el tlequil.

Itacates:

Se lava muy bien el nixtamal, se muele, se le echan diez [centavos] de manteca en un cuartillo. Se hacen tortillas redonditas.

Gorditas:

Se remuele el nixtamal con requesón. Tortillas redonditas.

Migajes:

Se hacen de nixtamal y chicharrón. Se remuelen y se le echan las tortillas como el clacloyo.

Memelitas:

Se cocen [cuecen] las tortillas gruesas de un dedo en el comal y las pican con la cuchara y le echan manteca adentro.

Clacloyos:

Se lava muy bien el nixtamal, se muele, se le echan diez de manteca en un cuartillo. Se hacen tortillas redonditas. Aparte frijoles se cocen con tequexquite y sal; se muelen. Se echa el frijol en las tortillas, se doblan las tortillas, y se tuestan bien en el comal.

También se hacen con chicharos y la gordura de puerco.

También con habas cocidas con tequexquite.

Tacos:

Se hacen tortillas redondas. Se le echan² chiles, cebollas o arroz adentro.

¹ These recipes are given, so far as possible, in the vernacular Spanish in which they were uttered by the informants.

² This expression is pronounced "se l'echan" and used in this invariable form even when, as here, it should be "se les echan." The "le" is sometimes used when not necessary.

Chalupas:

Son memelitas que tienen chile pasilla molido y espeso, cebolla picada, queso molido, picadas en las memelitas con una cuchara.

Enchiladas:

Se hacen una o dos docenas de tortillas. Se muele medio cuarto de pasilla, medio cuarto de ancho, comino, clavo, canela, pimienta delgada, pimienta gorda, tantito orégano. Se pone una charola¹ en el brasero, se le echa mucho manteca, dos cucharitas de chile, y unas tortillas que se frien con el chile. Se enreda la tortilla, entonces se le echan queso y cebolla.

(Se les quitan las semillas a los chiles *siempre* para que no salga picosa la comida.)

Clascales:

Para el octavo de los días de Todos los Santos. Se hacen de camahua, el elote cuando está duro *De blanco*, para los chiquitos, se muelen tres cuartillos de maíz, tres cuartos de azúcar. Se le echa dos huevos, dos de queso molido, dos de sosa carbonato, dos de canela. Se revuelve muy bien. Se hacen en estrellas, perritos, pajaritos, redonditas.

Clascales azules, para los grandes. Dos cuartillos de maíz azul. Se muele el maíz seco, entonces se moja con agua. Un cuartillo y medio de frijol, tres mancuernas de panela, se remuele con el frijol, se endulza con la panela. Se hacen como los clacloyos, cuadrados.

Tamales de dulce:

Se hacen con nixtamal. Se le quita de las granas de maíz las cabecitas. Se muelen en el metate, bien remolido. Se pone la masa en un apastle grande y se bate dos horas con un batidor de madera. Para probar si la masa está lista, se pone agua en una cazuela y se pone la masa adentro. Si no se disuelve la masa en el agua, está bueno.

Entonces se echa un kilo de manteca en un cuartillo de maíz, con canela molida y un kilo y cuarto de azúcar en polvo. Se le echan las hojas en rosa bengala con un poco de agua. (Rosa bengala es un polvo que se vende en las tiendas y sirve para pintar las hojas.) Se envuelve la masa en las hojas y entonces se ponen adentro de la olla cuando el agua que contiene está hirviendo. Se hierve como media hora. Entonces se prueba uno para ver si estan buenos.

Tamales sencillos:

Se hacen lo mismo pero con sal y sin azúcar y canela.

Los tamales no salen buenos cuando el nixtamal es molido en el molino.

Tamales de carne:

Chile pasilla, medio cuarto [(de kilo)], chile ancho, diez [centavos], poquito de comino, dos dientes de ajo, un puño de tomates — se muelen para que salgan sabrosos.

¹ A sheet of iron here; ordinary usage, a tray.

Un kilo de carne de puerco; se hace en pedazos chicos y se le echa con un medio cuarto de manteca. Se le echan la carne y el chile en una cazuela y se hierve dos minutos.

Se extiende poquito de la masa delgadita en la hoja, se pone una cucharita de chile y un pedazo de carne, y se enredan. Se hierven paraditos como los otros tamales, dos horas.

Tamales de frijol:

Un puño de frijoles, dos pedacitos, de tequexquite, se cocen con sal dos horas. Entonces se muelen los frijoles. Se extiende la masa en el metate y cuando ya se extendió, se extienden los frijoles sobre la masa y se revuelven los frijoles en la masa. Entonces se corta la masa en tamales chicos y se envuelven en las hojas.

Tamales de calabaza:

La calabaza se cuece en pedazos con 3 o 4 pedazos de tequexquite. Cuando está cociendo la calabaza, se le echa miel, un cuartillo. Un medio cuartillo de frijol se muele con 2 cuartillos de maíz, se le echa una manquerón de panela en la masa. Cuando está lista la masa (como en los otros tamales), se revuelven pedacitos de calabaza en la masa.

Tamales de pescado:

Se despedazan chiles verdes y epazote y se ponen con los pescaditos en los tamales. Se tuestan los tamales en el comal.

Tamales de hongos:

Se muele pasilla, jitomate, comino y ajo, y después, bien lavado, se le echa el hongo, despedazado en la masa que se extiende en totomazcle con chile y sal.

Mole verde:

Se muele la pepita en el metate. Se cuece carne de res 3 horas en una olla. (un medio kilo de carne, medio cuartillo de pepita.) Cuando ya se coció se le echan 6 chiles verdes molidos con cilantro con la carne para que salga sabroso. Se le echa la pepita con los otros también hasta que deviene [se pone] espeso (como media hora.) Aparte se cocen los pitos, una canastita, como un cuarto de hora, con tequexquite y entonces se lavan bien con agua. Se le echan los pitos en la olla en que estan hirviendo los chiles. Cuando está espeso, está bueno.

Clemole:

Un cuarto [de] kilo de carne de res. Se pone a cocer en una olla 3 horas. Se muelen 3 pasillas con 8 tomates. Se hierven con la carne y un poco de cilantro y cebolla, 2 minutos.

Cuando se hace con carne de puerco, se cuece la carne una hora y media. Cuando ya se coció, se le quita el caldo. Se echa en una cazuela un poco de manteca, se tuesta la carne con la manteca 3 minutos. Cuando ya se tostó, se echa con el chile 5 de chile ancho, 5 de pasilla, un clavo, una pimienta, tantito orégano, ajo, canela, tomillo mejorana, se muelen. Se l'echan y cuando está hirviendo, se pone una hojita de laurel.

Mole poblano:

1 guajolote, en pedazos.

2 kilos de chile. 1 kilo pasilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ kilo mulato, $\frac{1}{2}$ kilo ancho.

Los Olores.

1 (c.) de ajonjolí

1 de clavo

$\frac{1}{2}$ puño cacahuates

3 tablillas de chocolate

1 de canela

1 de anís

1 de pimienta gorda

1 de pimienta delgada

$\frac{1}{2}$ puño de semillas de calabazas

$\frac{1}{2}$ puño de semillas de calabazas dulces

1 de comino

1 de ajo

tomillo

mejorana

ajenibre

3 jitomates

1 puño de tomates

1 pieza de pan

1 pedazo de tortilla vieja

2 de piñones

Se tuesta el chile con manteca. Entonces se muelen los olores y el chile. La carne de guajolote se tuesta con 1 kilo de manteca, entonces se cuece con el chile y los olores en una cazuela dos horas.

Sopa de arroz que se come con Mole Poblano:

1 cuartillo de arroz, se lava bien, despues se tuesta con $\frac{1}{2}$ kilo de manteca. Cuando está amarillo se le echa agua en una cazuela grande, se cuece 2 horas con 1 jitomate, 1 ajo, 1 cebolla, y 5 de zafrán. [azafrán].

Atole champurrado:

Se muele muy bien el nixtamal (nada más una cazuelita.) Se bate la masa adentro del agua, se sacude con el cedazo, y se echa en una olla. Cuando hierve, deviene [se pone] espeso. Entonces se le echa un paquete de chocolate, con 1 kilo de azúcar y mucha agua.

Atole de frijol:

Se hace el nixtamal en la misma manera. 1 cuarterón de frijol y 3 pedazos de tequexquite; se cocen.

Atole blanco:

El atole se hace de nixtamal. Se le echan 4 jitomates, 12 chiles verdes en un molcajete. Entonces se le echa todo, el atole, los chiles, con un pedacito de tortilla en una olla. Si le gustan, se muelen humildes (animalitos del campo) con el chile.

Atole de ciruela:

Se hace en el mes de mayo. Se le echan como 20 ciruelas cimarronas con 2 manquerones (una olla) de panela en el atole, [se pone a hervir] media hora.

Atole hoamúchil:

Se echa un cuarterón de hoamúchil con 2 manquerones de panela en el atole.

Todos los atoles se beben calientitos.

Atole de canela:

Se hace atole. Cuando está espeso, se le echan 2 centavos de canela, 2 manquerones de panela.

Atole de elote:

Se hace en los tiempos de aguas, septiembre. Se hace atole. Cuando está espeso, cortan los granitos de maíz y los echan con la leche de maíz. Se muelen 3 pasillas para que salga colorado. Se la echa medio posillo de sal, también epazote. Cuando se cocieron los granitos, bajan el atole, y entonces se ha de tomar. Una olla grande se acaba con seis personas.

Tortas de coliflor:

Primero se cuece en una ollita el coliflor. Se muele, se revuelve con queso molido, de diez centavos; 1 huevo; 5 de jitomate; poquito de cebolla y ajo picados. El coliflor se hace en redonditas y se ha de guisarlo con el huevo en manteca. Se guisa el jitomate y se le echan las tortas.

Tortas de haba (I):

Se muelen las habas (como una cazuelita), 5 o 10 de queso, las yemas de 3 o 4 huevos, sal, 3 de manteca. Se guisan con la manteca, y se hacen como tortillas, se tuestan en el comal.

Tortas de haba (II):

Las habas se tuestan en el comal. Entonces se pelan, se muelen en polvo, se revuelve con uno de queso, 1 huevo. Se hacen redonditas y se guisan. También se guisan jitomate, cebolla, ajo, comino y se le echan las tortas.

Tortas de papa:

Se han de cocer. Se muelen con uno de queso. Se revuelven bien con un huevo. Se hacen redonditas y se fríen en manteca.

Se pican el jitomate, cebolla, ajo, y comino, y se fríen bien con manteca y se le echan las tortas. También se comen con 5 de pasilla, 5 de ancho molido, 7 tomates, tantito clavo, tantito comino se guisan.

Tortas de pitos:

Se cocen bien con tequexquite. Se lavan bien con poco de agua. 3 huevos sirven para un apaste. Se revuelven bien. Se hacen las tortitas y se guisan con manteca.

Se come con pasilla, no con jitomate.

*Comida de la semana santa.**Huasoncli:*

Se muele 5 o 10 de queso. Uno, dos, o tres huevos se baten y se guisan con pedacitos de jitomate — dos o tres, en una cazuela con manteca; Chile, si le gusta.

Arroz:

Guisan un cuartillo de arroz en una cazuela con manteca. Le echan jitomate, cebolla, ajo, agua.

Pescado:

Cortan el pescado en pedacitos (2 kilos). Baten 12 huevos muy bien, primero el blanco, despues la yema. Se mete el pescado adentro del huevo que está en una cazuela caliente y tiene medio kilo manteca. Están bien fritos en la cazuela los dos kilos de pescado.

En una cazuela grande le echan los jitomates (como un chiquihuite) bien picados, y cebolla, un manojo, y una cabeza de ajo, chiles verdes, van a freirlos en manteca, un cuarto kilo. Se le echa una jarrita de agua para llenar la cazuela grande. L'echan 'zafran, y una pieza de pan de sal molido con el jitomate. Pican unos platanos largos. Cuando está hirviendo el agua de jitomate, le echan el pescado. Se cuece una hora.

Primero se come el arroz. Después el pescado.

Lantejas:

Lo cocen, lo guisan con manteca, con jitomate, ajo, y cebolla. Cuando está herviendo, le echan agua, se cuece hasta que deviene espeso, como tres minutos.

Frijol colorado:

Lo cocen 3 horas, lo guisan con manteca, con cebolla. Le echan el caldo de frijol.

Frijol cuaranteño:

Se pelan los ejotes, se cocen. Se muelen el chile pasilla, ancho. Se le echa comino, ajonjolí, ajo, un puño de tomates, clavo, canela. Se guisan con manteca, le echan el caldo de frijol.

Revoltijos:

Se cuece un rollo de remeritos, tantito de tequexquite, para que no salgan tiesos. Medio kilo de chile, un cuarto de pasilla, un cuarto de ancho, medio cuartillo de tomates, comino y ajo, todos se muelen. Se guisan con manteca en una cazuela, se le echa agua, y cuando comienza a hervir, se le echan los romeritos. Se cortan nopalitos en pedacitos (12 por lo menos), se cocen aparte con un centavo en el agua porque estan sucios Entonces se l'echan a los romeritos. Se cocen unas papas aparte (medio cuartillo). Se pelan y se cortan redonditos. Se echan con los romeritos y con un cuarto de camarones.

Agua de tamarindo:

Se pelan los tamarindos y se ponen en agua en una olla grande. Se baten con 4 manqueros de panela. Se toman en lugar de agua simple, despues de la comida.

Agua de chía:

Echan un pocillo de chía en una olla grande con 1 kilo de azúcar. Se pela el limon verde y se le echa con la cascara y el agua.

Agua de orchata:

Un puño de semilla de melon se muele. Lo sacuden para que salga como leche. Se le echa canela, clavo, se muele y se sacude. Le echan 1 kilo de azúcar y agua para llenar la olla.

Agua de flor de jamaica:

La remojan en una olla. Le echan 1 kilo de azúcar.

El pozole—del Carnaval o Los Santos:

Nixtamal muy bien cocido. Se lava con agua, se refriega, después se descabezan 3 cuartillos, y se pone en una olla con agua hirviendo. Se cuece 2 días.

Se cuece la cabeza de un puerco 3 horas. Comienzan a picar la carne en pedacitos. Se hierva con el nixtamal 2 horas.

Muelen el orégano y 5 de cascabel y se tuestan. Toman cebolla picada y el jugo de 12 limones. Primero echan en platos el nixtamal. Ponen cucharas. Como adorno se le echan orégano, chile en polvo, la cebolla, y el jugo de los limones. Se come con una taza de café.

Mamón—del bautismo:

Se hace con medio kilo de almidón, 12 onzas de azúcar, 12 huevos, 1 de canela. Los huevos se baten bien y se le echan en moldes y se cocen al horno media hora.

Para el bautismo se bebe chocolate con leche, y mamón se come.

El pan de Los Santos:

Para Los Santos se mande hacer a la panadería un pan de 50 centavos hecho como borreguito, con ojos de dinero (piezas de veinte centavos) y trayendo el nombre de la persona de quien es el santo. Compran una tarjeta de 25 centavos y ponen en ella el nombre y la felicitation — “Mandando a felicitar a la persona de quien es el santo.” Adornan el pan con flores y lo llevan en una charola. Dan de comer mole.

Pulque de piña:

Se muelen azúcar, canela, y media piña con un poco de agua. Se revuelve bien con el pulque para que se arregle. Se bebe con mole poblano y se comen puras tortillas, no pan.

Frijol prieto:

1. Los pitos — nada más el rojo se cocen con tequexquite media hora, entonces se lavan bien porque son asperos. Se echan con frijoles fritos en manteca y cebolla.

2. Se le echan los frijoles con lengua de vaca (hojas—en Mexicano *axoxoxococ*) y poco de epazote. Las hojas de lengua de vaca se refriegan bien con agua para que se quite lo agrio.

Frijol blanco:

1. Cuando ya se coció, se ha de freirlos con manteca. Entonces se le echa con jitomate, cebolla, un poco de ajo, tantito comino.

2. Se muelen 2 pasillas, 4 tomates, comino, y ajo. Se le echan con los frijoles.

3. Se le echan los frijoles con pepita molida, poco de cilantro.

Frijol vayo:

Se cocen 3 horas. Ha de freirlos con manteca (un cuarto). Se ponen en una cazuela. Un cuarto de queso molido, 3 rabanos cortados, 1 lechuga, 2 huevos, 3 platanos largos. Se le echan encima de los frijoles.

Ejotes:

Se guisan con manteca los ejotes. Entonces se le echan en una cazuelita con canela, clavo, comino, chile molido (cascabel o pasilla.)

Frijoles:

Se cocen de las ocho de la mañana hasta las siete de la noche. En Santa Catarina, (un pueblo vecino) se cocen los frijoles de otra manera. Se quiebra el frijol, se tuesta y después se cuece con mucho cilantro.

Otros moles:

Carne de venado — se hace de clemole.

Carne de conejo — se hace espeso como el mole poblano.

Huilotas — se hacen como el mole poblano.

Pichoncitos y patos — se hacen como el mole poblano. También las pollas de la laguna.

Caldo Compuesto:

Un cuarto de carne de res. Se cuece en una olla 3 horas. Se despedaza el col, y se le echan esto y 5 de nabo, 5 de zanahoria, 5 de betabel, hierba buena, cebolla, garbanzo, arroz, 'zafrán, ajo, y una pieza de pan molido. Se cuece una hora.

Caldo largo:

Otras veces se hace con jitomate, cebolla, ajo, cilantro, carne de res.

Caldo de gallina:

Una gallina, hierba buena, cebolla, 'zafrán 1 pieza de pan molido, garbanzo, poquito de arroz. Para algunos cuando están enfermos, con fiebre o de criatura.

Sopas:

Sopa de letra, sopa de fideo, sopa de macarrón, sopa de estrella, sopa de pan, sopa de tortilla, sopa de tallarín, lengua de pajar, ojo de pajar—todas se fabrican de harina, se venden en la tienda, se fríen y se cocen con el caldo.

Queso:

Guarden la leche en una olla. Cuando está amarilla encima, se quita la leche. Le echan cuajo, pura sal. Lo remojan en agua 5 días. Se queda la leche encima como masa. Se lavan las manos, la sacan y exprimen en una canoa. Dicen que es suero. Le echan sal, la remuelen muy bien. El suero crudo lo ponen a hervir de nuevo en una olla para hacer el requesón. Cuando ya hervió, sube otra vez como masa; es el requesón. Se come con pan.

Hongos blancos:

Los hongos blancos se comen con frijol. No más se echan en la olla con el frijol, o se despedazan y guisan con manteca y chile; se comen con tortillas. También hay *quesadillas de hongos*. Se despedazan y se guisan, se le echa epazote y se come envuelto [envuelto] en tortilla. También hay *tamales de hongo*. (See Tamales).

Hongos morados:

Los hongos morados no mas se tuestan y se comen.

Hongos de escobeta:

Los hongos de escobeta se lavan bien. Se muele la pepita y se muele comino. Cuando está hirviendo el agua se le echan la pepita, el hongo y el comino.

Axoxoxococ:

Se come con chiles verdes, no más las hojitas y en clemole. Sirve en lugar de cilantro.

Tendalimon: [Té de limon]

Tendalimon es una hoja como el maíz pero huele dulce. Se hierve como refresco para el almuerzo.

Guajes:

Se comen crudos. También con chile. También se tuestan en el comal y se comen con jugo de limón.

Quexquiquaquilitl: (Quilitl — verdura, bledo.)

Antes de cocerlo se le quitan las semillas. Se cuece con tequexquite. Se exprime y se guisa con manteca. Se come con jugo de limón.

Calabazas:

Se cortan en pedacitos. Se cocen en una olla con 1 centavo de tequexquite, 1 litro de miel en el agua.

Chapulines:

Se descabezan los chapulines y se tuestan en el comal. Se comen con sal y jugo de limón. Se comen en el tiempo de chapulines.

Frutas:

Unas veces hacen conservas de la ciruelas cuando están duras. También de guayaba, durazno, membrillo. Se cocen, entonces le echan agua. Pelan los duraznos, los ponen en una olla a cocer. Después los ponen en una cazuela con medio kilo de azúcar.

Miel:

Unos toman miel con atole blanco. También se come con pan (pero es malo porque quema el estomago).

Unos la toman con alcohol cuando tienen torcijones [*retorcijones*] despues de criar. Sirve también para cocer las calabazas.

Rompope:

Clara de huevo, leche, azúcar y canela se hierva y se bebe como refresco.

Leche:

Si la mamá de una criatura se muere y no pueden conseguir chichina, dan mamaderas. Dan leche con agua, leche con hierba buena, 3 hojitas; leche con canela, 1 centavo; leche con chocolate, 2 tablillas a un cuarto de litro. Leche con café, 1 centavo.

Unas veces se cuece arroz con leche y canela.

Dulce:

Mielcona es dulce de miel, hervido dos horas y tirado. También se hace dulce de camote cocido con azúcar o panela.

FORTIETH ANNUAL MEETING
OF THE
AMERICAN FOLK-LORE SOCIETY

The fortieth annual meeting of the American Folk-Lore Society was held on December 29, 1928 at 10 A. M. at the American Museum of Natural History, New York City, with President Tozzer in the chair.

The reports of the preceeding year were read as follows: —

SECRETARY'S REPORT

The membership of the Society is as follows: —

	1927	1928
Honorary members	7	5
Life members	10	10
Active members	349	341
Total	366	356

For the past three or four years we have been holding a number of names on our list even though they have not paid to be sure they received all the Journals to which they were entitled. With the appearance of the full volume for 1927 many of them have been eliminated and that accounts for the smallness of the total number. We have acquired a number of new members and hope to get more by the plan submitted at this meeting.

Subscribing libraries and institutions have increased from 138 in 1927 to 160 in 1928.

The Modern Language Association has decided to discontinue the arrangement of joint membership with them, and of the 341 members here noted 115 come to us by this joint membership. Ever since we began it we have had many subscriptions from them, but they, unfortunately, have secured very few from us. I think we may be reasonably sure of retaining a number of these members either on the new membership basis or as members at large.

Since the Texas branch has only 7 paying members the Secretary recommends that they be dropped as a branch society and the members who so desire may become members at large.

Respectfully submitted,
GLADYS A. REICHARD,
Secretary

The Secretary's report was accepted.

TREASURER'S REPORT 1928.

General Fund

Income

Dues: Members at large 73.....	\$ 292.00	
Dues: Members Modern Language 76.....	228.00	
Dues: Members Branch Societies 87.....	<u>282.75</u>	\$ 802.75
Interest on bank balances		26.50
Income from permanent fund		115.45
Sales		617.80
Germanistic Society for subscriptions		23.25
Scribner's for typing		3.00
Vance Randolph		1.00
Gifts		793.52
Borrowed from permanent fund		<u>800.00</u>
		\$ 3183.27
Balance from 1927		<u>1991.56</u>
		\$ 5174.83

General Fund: Expenditures

Printing 10 numbers of Journal	\$ 263.91	
	475.14	
	54.63	
	420.73	
	817.66	
	<u>1113.69</u>	
	764.54	
	<u>382.27</u>	\$ 4292.57
Andover meeting 1927		12.00
Stationery		27.50
Postage and typing		59.57
Editor's Assistant.....		500.00
Cartage, etc. Journals for Congress		<u>17.69</u>
		\$ 4909.33

Publication Fund

Income

Subscriptions	\$ 20.72	
Gifts		3215.54
Sales (Memoirs)	<u>295.73</u>	
		\$ 3531.99
Balance from 1927		<u>179.62</u>
		3711.61

Expenditures

Printing Memoir XIX	\$ 754.12	
Southwest concordance	2030.00	
		<u>2784.12</u>
Total resources		8886.44
Total expenditure	\$ 4909.33	
	<u>2784.12</u>	<u>7693.45</u>
	Balance	\$ 1192.99
Balance in bank		1207.91
Amount in bank not accounted for in books		14.92

Permanent Fund Account

Bond of "The Mortgage Bond Company of New York," No. 588	\$ 1000.00
" " " " " " " " " " " 589	100.000
" " " " " " " " " " " B23	<u>100.00</u>
	\$ 2100.00
Bond No. 588 held as collateral on borrowed sum by U. S. Mortgage and Trust Co.	
Borrowed	<u>800.00</u>
	\$ 1300.00

Audited and Found Correct.

RUTH F. BENEDICT
Auditor.

GLADYS A. REICHARD
Treasurer pro tem.

EDITOR'S REPORT

The most important achievement of the year in connection with the publications of the society has been the wiping out of our arrears in publication. Eight numbers of the Journal have been distributed to subscribers, and the issues up to and including December 1928 are in the printers' hands. It has been necessary to delay the publication of the last three of these issues until the next fiscal year on account of the large expenses already met in paying for the issues that have been distributed. These will be distributed early in the coming year.

The Index to the Journal, from the earliest issues through 1927, is nearing completion, and should appear within the next year. Through the kindness of Dr. Beckwith of the Folklore Foundation of Vassar College, we have received the printed materials for our next Memoir on Jamaica Folklore. This is ready for binding. Tewa Tales, which owing to a long strike in the printing establishment where it was being issued has been delayed, is now ready for distribution.

We wish to thank Miss Gene Weltfish without whose work it would not be possible to report this year's achievements in issuing the back

numbers of the Journal, and Dr. Parsons whose generosity in meeting the expenses of the Negro numbers has made it possible to carry through the financial program.

RUTH F. BENEDICT.

The following officers were elected for 1929: —

PRESIDENT: Edward Sapir.

VICE-PRESIDENT: Stith Thompson.

SECRETARY: Gladys A. Reichard.

TREASURER: Melville J. Herskovits.

EDITOR: Ruth F. Benedict.

ASSISTANT EDITORS: Franz Boas, G. L. Kittredge, C-Marius Barbeau, Aurelio Espinosa, Elsie Clews Parsons, Gladys A. Reichard.

COUNCILLORS: for 3 years, A. L. Kroeber, Diamond Jenness, Leslie White.

COUNCILLORS: for 2 years, A. M. Tozzer, E. K. Putnam, J. R. Swanton.

COUNCILLORS: for 1 year, J. F. Dobie, F. G. Speck, A. I. Hallowell.

The following papers were read:

Present Folk-Lore Projects of European Scholars. *Stith Thompson.*
Zapotec Mythology. *Paul Radin.*

The Coto-Missies of Surinam: A Study in Acculturation. *Melville J. Herskovits.*

Mound Versus Cliff-Dwelling Culture in Northern Chihuahua, Mexico.
Henry A. Carey.

Religious Conversion Experiences among the American Negroes.
A. P. Watson.

Musical Theory of the Pima Indians. *George Herzog.*

Kinship Origins in the Light of Some Distributions. *Alexander Lesser.*

GLADYS A. REICHARD,
Secretary.

THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE

VOL. 42. — JULY-SEPTEMBER, 1929 — No. 165.

THE OZARK PLAY-PARTY

BY VANCE RANDOLPH.

The early settlers in the Ozark Mountain region of Missouri and Arkansas had few social pleasures, and one of the most important was the play-party, a gathering at which young people of both sexes played party-games. Most of the old-timers thought that dancing was immoral, and regarded the fiddle as the devil's own instrument. Less than a dozen years ago the people of my own village refused to allow a children's dancing-class in the town, and I myself heard one of our leading citizens declare that he would rather see his daughter dead than to have her dance, even in her own home. But the play-party, it appears, is a different matter altogether, and even the most fanatical religionists see no particular harm in it. The party-games are really dances, of course, but there is no orchestra; the players furnish their own simple music by singing lustily as they go through the intricate figures, while the spectators clap their hands and stamp their feet as the spirit moves them.

The typical Ozark play-party is not arranged for any particular number of guests, and no special invitation is necessary; the news is simply "norated 'round" that there is to be a frolic over at so-and-so's place, and anybody is welcome who cares to attend. Most of the parties at which I have disported myself drew people from a distance of five or six miles, which is a long ride over the rough mountain trails. Shortly after dark the guests begin to arrive; young people usually travelling on horseback or afoot, while the old folks come in wagons, or occasionally in Ford cars. The girls generally make some effort to "dress up" for these affairs, but many of the young men are attired simply in heavy boots, hickory shirts, and overalls — which latter garments, for some reason or other, are known as "duckins."

The women usually go into the house immediately upon their arrival, but the cabins are too small to hold all the guests, so the men-folks wait their turns outside, where they stand about peering in at the doors and windows. At some play-parties no food is served, but often the dancers

are regaled with watermelons or apples, and sometimes there is a plate of sandwiches, or cold meat of some sort. The Ozark women do not drink in public, but the young men usually have a jug of whiskey out in the dark where the horses are tied, and drinks are free to anybody who wants them. There is a certain amount of clandestine love-making — which the hillman elegantly designates as “tom-cattin” — and occasionally a party breaks up at dawn in a drunken riot, but on the whole I think there is less drunkenness and sexual irregularity than at most college dances.

Nowadays, when a man “swings his partner” he puts his arm around her waist in something approximating the ordinary ballroom position, but the old folks tell me that this was never done in their “day an’ time.” The proper thing then was to “swing” with all four hands held high, palms together. Sometimes, as one old man told me with a reminiscent twinkle, a very daring girl would pretend that she was about to permit the waist swing by holding out her right arm, but she always laughed and pulled her elbow down before the boy could put his arm around her.

The games usually commence inside the cabin, but if the weather is fine the whole party often moves out to the cleared space in front of the house, so that most of the games are played by moonlight, or in the dim light which flickers out from the open door and windows. In the summer time, particularly, the date of a party is usually fixed with due reference to the almanac, so that the “doin’s” may fall on a moonlight night.

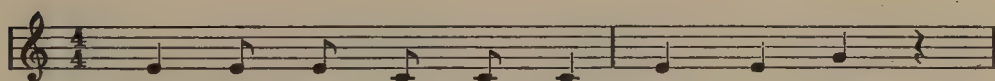
Although I have read some books and papers about the party-games as played elsewhere, and have referred briefly to this literature in connection with each individual game, my reading has not altogether satisfied my thirst for information about the Ozark play-parties. Such questions as the age and origin of the games, the changes which they have undergone in their successive migrations, the forces which have brought about these modifications, their obvious connection with balladry, their relation to the square dances and to modern school-children’s games — all these are matters of which I still know very little. I do know the songs and games as they are sung and played in the Ozarks, however, and it is this information that I shall try to record here, leaving all theoretical and scholarly considerations to specialists in these matters.

Most of the songs presented in this paper were collected in southwestern Missouri, in McDonald, Barry, Taney and Stone counties; a few items came from Benton, Carroll, Washington and Boone counties in northwestern Arkansas. It is impossible to acknowledge specifically the assistance received from many sources, but a special word of appreciation is due Mrs. Helen Chambliss and Mrs. Noah Chapman, of Anderson, Missouri, who have helped me in recording the melodies. Mrs. Marie Wilbur, Pineville, Missouri, Mr. Allen Woods, Pack, Missouri, and Dr. A. H. Pootford, formerly of Fayetteville, Arkansas, have also given generously of their time and energy in the collection of material.

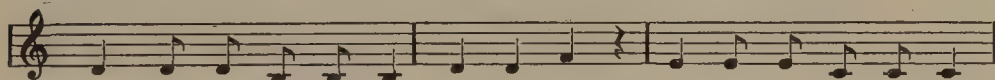
I. SKIP TO MY LOU.

This is probably the most popular of all the play-party games, and was formerly well known in all parts of the United States. Gardner (*JAF*L 33: 123—126)¹ gives seven "Skip Come a Lou" songs from Michigan. Hofer (*Popular Folk-Games*, 1907, p. 12) reports a similar song called "Skip-to-ma-Lou, my Children Dear" and says that the game is still played in the Southern States. Perrow (*JAF*L 26: 136) remarks that "lou is a common term for sweetheart in Eastern Tennessee." Sinclair Lewis (*Our Mr. Wrenn*, 1914, p. 182) spells it "Skip to Malue," while Owen Wister (*When West was West*, 1928) named one of his stories "Skip to my Lou." Blair (*JAF*L 40: 98) gives several odd stanzas, and Richardson (*American Mountain Songs*, 1927, p. 82) has a very good Southern variant. Belden (*Song-Ballads and Other Popular Poetry*, 1910, No. 145) quotes a song called "The Miller" which contains some "Skip to my Lou" lines. Ames (*JAF*L 24: 304) reports fugitive lines from this song in several other party-games. See also Wedgwood (*JAF*L 25: 270). Van Doren (*JAF*L 32: 493) and Piper (*JAF*L 28: 276). The stanzas below were recorded from the singing of Mr. Carl Durbin, Pineville, Missouri.

After choosing partners, all the players join hands and form a large circle, while everybody sings:



Flies in th' but - ter - milk, two by two,



Flies in th' but-ter-milk, shoo flyshoo, Flies in th' but-ter-milk,



two by two, Skip t' my Lou, my dar - lin'.

While this is being sung, one couple steps into the ring and chooses another boy, so that there are two men and one girl in the center, who hold hands and dance about the circle with a peculiar skip and double-shuffle step. The first boy and girl hold their hands high, the odd boy steps under the arch thus formed, and the first couple joins the circle again. The boy left alone in the ring calls in another couple, then he and the girl make the arch and join the circle, leaving the new boy alone in

¹ All references — *JAF*L are to *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, volume, page.

the center. Then *he* chooses another couple, and so on. Meanwhile the song goes on:

Little red wagon, painted blue,
 Little red wagon, painted blue.
 Little red wagon, painted blue,
 Skip t' my Lou, my darlin'.

Dad's ol' hat got tore in two,
 Dad's ol' hat got tore in two,
 Dad's ol' hat got tore in two,
 Skip t' my Lou, my darlin'.

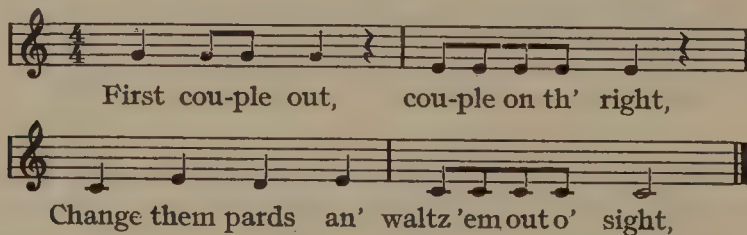
Purty as a redbird, purtier too,
 Purty as a redbird, purtier too,
 Purty as a redbird, purtier too,
 Skip t' my Lou, my darlin'.

Caint git a redbird, a bluebird 'll do,
 Caint git a redbird, a bluebird 'll do,
 Caint git a redbird, a bluebird 'll do,
 Skip t' my Lou my darlin'.

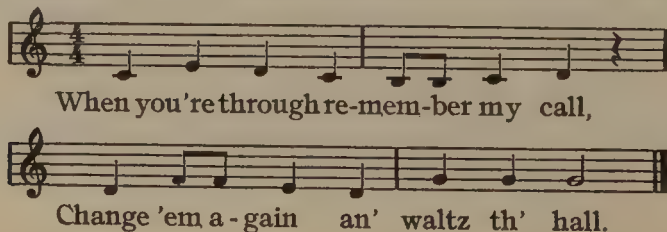
2. WALTZ THE HALL.

This song appears to be derived from "Skip to my Lou," but the hillmen themselves invariably insist that it is a different game. I have found no mention of it in the play-party literature. The game as described below is still popular in many parts of the Ozark hill-country, and the familiar melody was recorded from the singing of Mr. Carl Durbin, Pineville, Missouri.

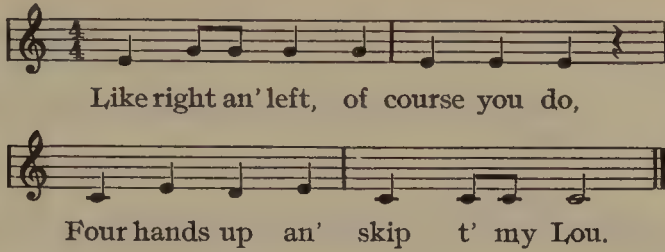
All the players join hands and "ring up" with one couple in the center, as in the regular "Skip to my Lou" game. Everybody sings:



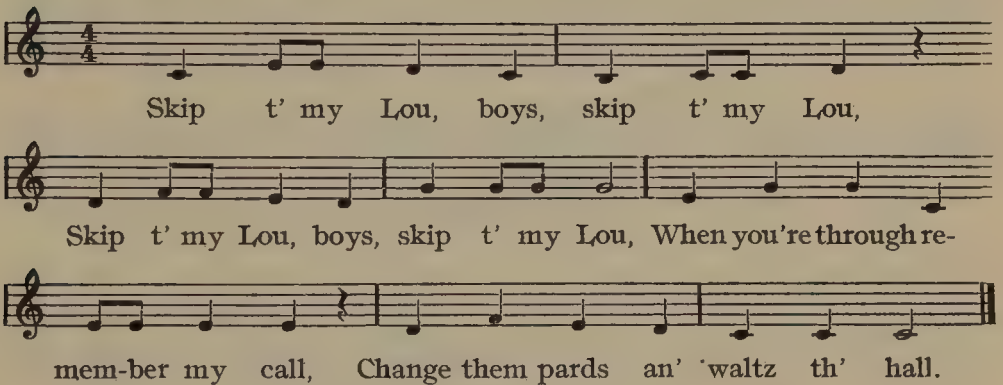
At this they call in another couple, change partners, and all four players dance about until they hear the second verse:



Then each man takes his own partner again, and they "waltz the hall," that is, dance around the circle. The third stanza of the song has a line borrowed from "Skip to my Lou":



At "four hands up" both couples hold up their hands, form a little circle of their own, and turn around once. Then all sing:



The final verse is almost exactly like the first:

Next couple out, couple on th' right,
Change them pards an' waltz 'em out o' sight.

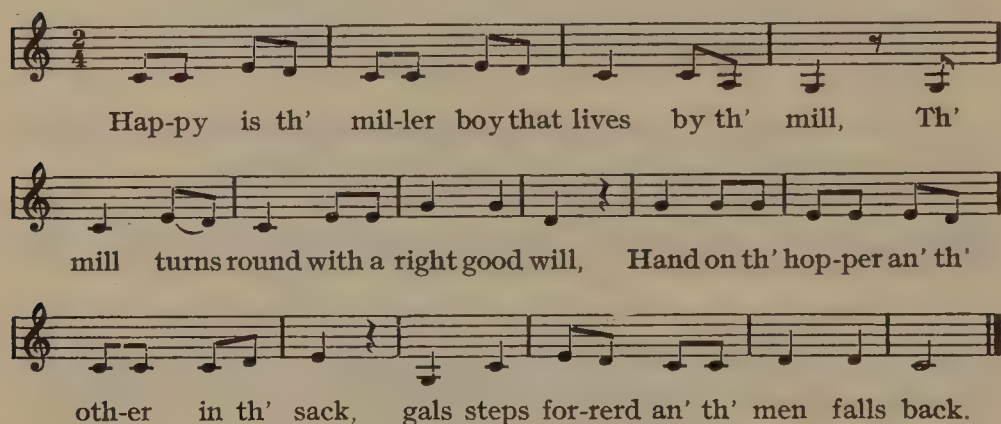
As these words are sung the original pair lead another couple into the center, and the first boy and girl chosen resume their places in the circle. And so it goes until everybody has "waltzed the hall." Sometimes, just before the last verse is sung, everybody "goes right and left" or executes the "once and a half and a half all round" figure, familiar in the ordinary country dances.

3. THE MILLER BOY.

Gomme (*Traditional Games*, London, 1898, I, pp. 289—293) gives eight English versions of this song, and Wolford (*Play-Party in Indiana*, 1916, p. 67) prints one from Indiana, remarking that the tune was "harmonized by Beethoven for George Thomson in 1624" and published in D'Urfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, I, p. 169. Newell (*Games and Songs*, 1903, p. 102), reports several versions, Van Doren (*JAFL* 32: 490), has a good one from rural Ohio, while Ames (*JAFL* 24: 306) and Hamil-

ton (*JAFL* 27: 293) found it still popular at play-parties in Missouri. The words of the following variant are those which I noted down at play-parties in Benton County, Arkansas; the melody is from the singing of Mr. Carl Durbin, Pineville, Mo.

In this game each boy takes his partner by her left hand, and they all form a double ring, with the girls on the outside. The odd man — the "Miller Boy" — stands alone in the center of the circle. The players march round and round, singing:



Hap-py is th' mil-ler boy that lives by th' mill, Th'
 mill turns round with a right good will, Hand on th' hop-per an' th'
 oth-er in th' sack, gals steps for-rerd an' th' men falls back.

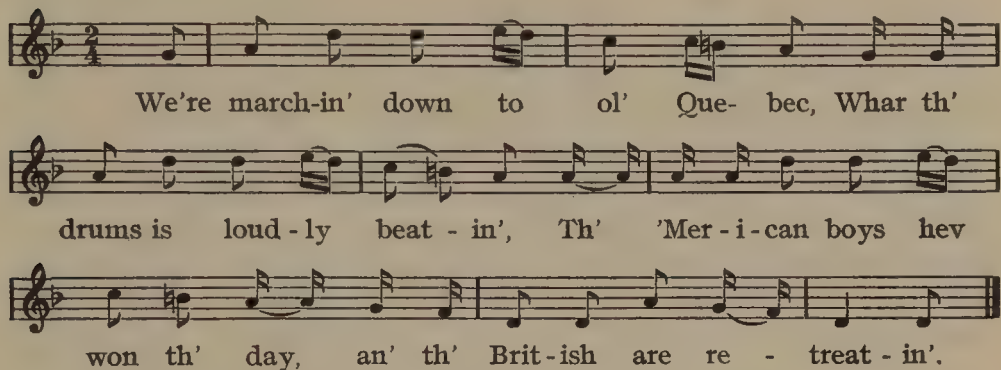
As the ladies step forward the boys must get new partners — each man taking the girl directly behind him — and the "Miller Boy" attempts to snatch a girl for himself while the change is being made. If he succeeds, the man who loses his partner is the next "Miller Boy." A number of variations are sometimes introduced in order to make the "Miller Boy's" task more difficult. Sometimes they sing "men steps forrerd an' th' gals falls back," or occasionally "all turn round an' walk right back."

4. WE'RE MARCHING DOWN TO OLD QUEBEC.

Sandburg (*American Songbag*, 1927, p. 166) refers the last two verses of this song to "My Pretty Little Pink," which was popular in Kentucky in the late 1840's, and is decribed as "a knapsack and marching tune with Mexican War references." Newell (*Games and Songs*, 1903, p. 125) prints a Massachusetts version which he traces back to 1800, and thinks may be of Revolutionary origin. Van Doren (*JAFL* 32: 491.) found this song in Eastern Illinois, and Kittredge (*JAFL* 20: 275.) reports an almost identical version from Kentucky. Hamilton (*JAFL* 24: 303) calls her Missouri variant "Old Quebec," and it is not very different from my Ozark song. See also Wolford (*Play-Party in Indiana*, 1916, p. 65), Mooney (*JAFL* 2. 104) and Wedgwood (*JAFL* 25: 27). The present version was contributed by Mr. and Mrs. Allen Woods, Pack, Missouri.

This game is played very much like "The Miller Boy," but whenever the words "an' we'll turn back" are sung each couple does an about-face

as quickly as possible. Two regularly appointed judges decide which couple is slowest in making the turn, and this couple is turned out of the circle. At the words "we'll open up th' ring" the circle is broken for a moment, and the boy and girl outside rush to get in before it can be closed against them.



Th' war's all over an' we'll turn back
To th' place whar we first started,
We'll open up th' ring an' receive a couple in
To relieve th' broken-hearted.

My purty leetle pink, I used to think
I couldn't live well without you,
But I'll let you know before I go
Thet I don't keer much about you.

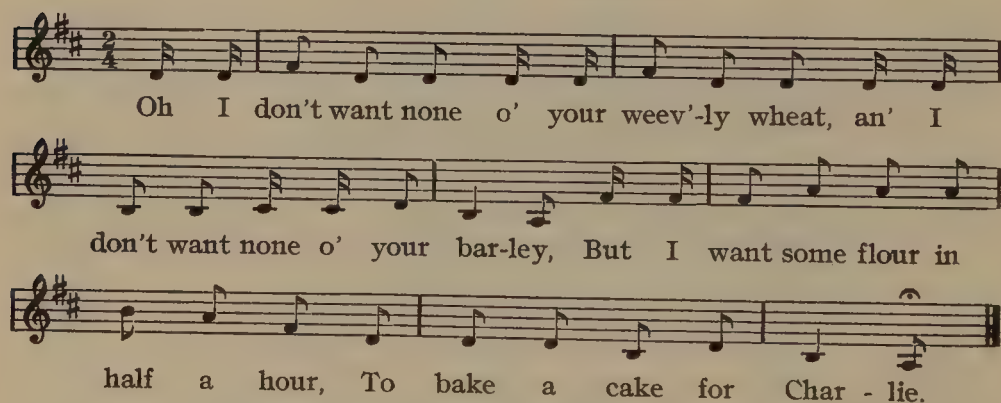
I'll put my knapsack on my back
My rifle on my shoulder,
An' I'll march away to New Orleans
An' jine a band o' soldiers.

5. WEEVILY WHEAT.

Sandburg (*American Songbag*, 1927, p. 161) reports this as an early play-party song from Indiana, and says that the game was "somewhat like the Virginia Reel." Emma Bell Miles (*Harper's Magazine*, 109, 1904, p. 121) found the same dance-song used at play-parties in Tennessee and Kentucky, "It is not impossible," she writes, "that the Charlie of these songs is the Prince Charlie of the Jacobite ballads. 'Over the river, Charlie' may or may not be an echo of 'Over the waters to Charlie,' for a large proportion of the mountain people are descended from Scotch Highlanders who left their homes on account of the persecutions which harassed them during Prince Charlie's time, and began life anew in the wilderness of the Alleghanies." Mark Sullivan (*Our Times*, 1927, pp. 158—159) gives texts from Indiana and North Carolina, and he also

suggests that the song refers to "Bonnie Prince Charlie, of whom the Scots sang so much, and loved better than he deserved." Wolford (*Play-Party in Indiana*, 1916, pp. 102—106) prints many verses, and says that the game was frowned upon as being too much like dancing. Newell (*Games and Songs*, 1903, p. 171) describes a children's game called "Charlie Over the Water" which seems to be a degenerate version of "Weevily Wheat." Richardson (*American Mountain Songs*, 1927, p. 30) has a "Weevily Wheat" song from the Southern Appalachians. Blair (*JAF* 40: 98—99) reports a Kentucky variant — she spells it "Weavily Wheat." For other texts see Hamilton (*JAF* 27: 290), Piper (*JAF* 28: 278), Hofer (*Children's Singing Games*, 1901, p. 38) and Van Doren (*JAF* 32: 488). The following stanzas were supplied by Mrs. Carrie Baber, Pineville, Missouri, and the melody by Mrs. Mary Grant, Anderson, Missouri.

The players form in two parallel rows, with the girls on one side and the boys on the other. The boy and girl at the opposite ends of their respective lines swagger out to the center and swing, then return to their places, to be followed by the next couple. When all have swung, the whole party parades about, swinging at intervals, after which the original lines are re-formed and the whole performance repeated. Sometimes a sort of Virginia Reel figure is introduced into the game.



Oh Charlie he's a fine young man,
 Oh Charlie he's a dandy,
 Charlie likes t' kiss th' gals
 An' he kin do it handy.

Th' higher up th' cherry tree
 Th' sweeter grows th' cherry,
 Th' more you hug and kiss a gal
 Th' more she wants t' marry.

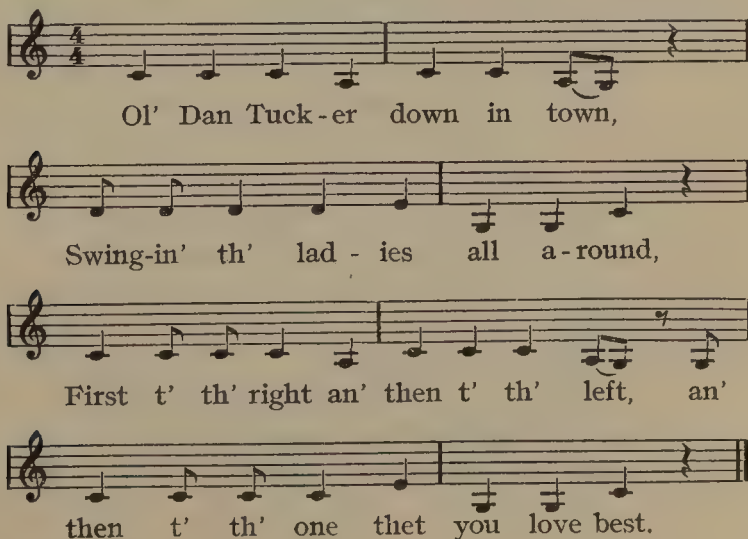
Yes, Charlie he's a fine young man,
 Oh Charlie he's a dandy,
 An' Charlie is th' very lad
 Thet stole th' striped candy.

Over th' river t' feed them sheep
 On buckwheat cakes an' barley,
 We don't keer whut th' ol' folks says --
 Over th' river t' Charlie!

6. OLD DAN TUCKER.

Pound (*Poetic Origins and the Ballad*, 1921, p. 219) tells us that "Old Dan Tucker" was written by Dan D. Emmett, the early blackface minstrel who became famous as the author of "Dixie." White (*American Negro Folk-Songs*, 1928, pp. 446—447) gives ten stanzas of Emmett's song and points out (p. 8) that it was used in minstrel shows and vaudeville as early as 1841. A song called "Get Out of the Way, Old Johnny Tucker" was published in 1850 (*Negro Minstrel's Song Book*, 1850, p. 318) and has much in common with the "Old Dan Tucker" series. Mark Sullivan (*Our Times*, 1927, p. 165) in describing the "Old Dan Tucker" game, says that the manner in which "Old Dan" gets a partner was the precursor of the modern practice of "cutting in." Hofer (*Popular Folk Games*, 1907, p. 58) mentions this game as "an old American barn-dance" and remarks that "the common way of playing this is at present being revived in the ballrooms." Wolford (*Play-Party in Indiana*, 1916, p. 78) prints a text from Indiana, Ames (*JAF* 24: 309) has a good Missouri variant, Heck (*JAF* 40: 23) reports a stanza sung by school-children in Ohio, Blair (*JAF* 40: 96—97) has an "Old Dan Tucker" song from the Kentucky mountains, and Van Doren (*JAF* 32: 488—489) sets down a text from rural Illinois. See also Wedgwood (*JAF* 25: 272), Perrow (*JAF* 27: 131), Piper (*JAF* 28: 284) and Gardner (*JAF* 33: 116—117). The version presented below is that sung by Mr. Carl Durbin and Mrs. Carrie Baber, Pineville, Missouri.

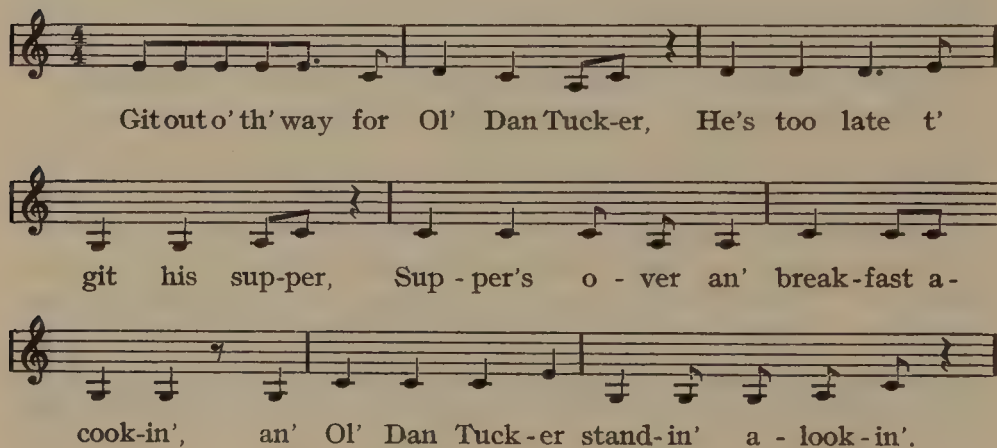
In this game all the players choose partners and form a big circle, holding hands. An odd boy is called "Old Dan," and he stands alone in the center. Everybody sings lustily:



Ol' Dan Tuck-er down in town,
 Swing-in' th' lad-ies all a-round,
 First t' th' right an' then t' th' left, an'
 then t' th' one thet you love best.

At the words "first to the right" it is "Old Dan's" privilege to pull a girl out into the ring by her right hand, turn her around once, and thrust her back into her place again. When they sing "then to the left," he takes another girl out by the left hand, and swings her as before. At the words "then to the one that you love best," every boy swings his partner. It is at this moment that "Old Dan" tries desperately to grab a girl for himself, and if he succeeds the man who has lost his partner must be the next "Old Dan."

The following stanza is a sort of chorus, used to keep "Old Dan" in the ring as long as possible, since he has no opportunity to get a partner while it is being sung:



Git out o' th' way for Ol' Dan Tuck-er, He's too late t'
 git his sup-per, Sup-per's o-ver an' break-fast a-
 cook-in', an' Ol' Dan Tuck-er stand-in' a-look-in'.

If "Old Dan" really wishes he can use one girl for all three movements of the game, and thus be sure of getting himself a partner, but this is not considered the sporting thing, and he does not do it often — usually not unless he loses his temper.

Several other verses are used as fillers in this game:

Ol' Dan 'Tucker is a fine ol' man,
 Washed his face in a fryin' pan,
 Combed his head with a wagon wheel,
 An' died with a toothache in his heel.

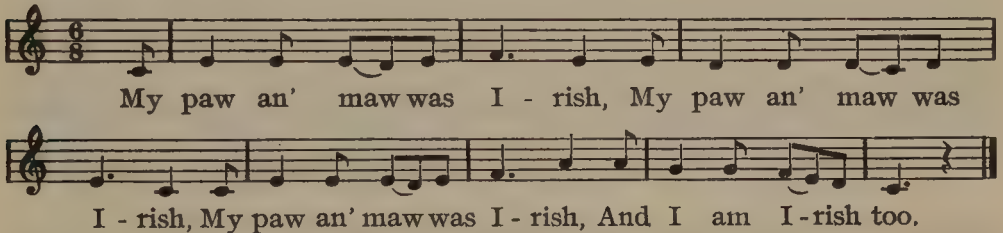
Ol' Dan Tucker down in town,
 A-ridin' a goat an' a-leadin' a hound,
 Th' hound give a howl an' th' goat give a jump,
 An' throwed Ol' Dan a-straddle of a stump.

Ol' Dan Tucker he got drunk,
 Fell in th' fire an' kicked out a chunk,
 Fire coal got in Dan's ol' shoe,
 Oh my golly how th' ashes flew.

7. PIG IN THE PARLOR.

There are many references to this game in the literature. Wolford (*Play-Party in Indiana*, 1916, p. 81) records three verses and a long refrain; Ames (*JAFL* 24: 298) and Piper (*JAFL* 28: 283—284) print similar variants. Heck (*JAFL* 40: 22) reports a stanza of this song from a ring-game played by children in Cincinnati, Ohio. See also Gardner (*JAFL* 33: 117—118). The words and music which follow present the song as I heard it near Sulphur Springs, Arkansas.

This play begins exactly like "Old Dan Tucker," except that the odd man in the center is called the "Pig." All sing:



My paw an' maw was I - rish, My paw an' maw was
I - rish, My paw an' maw was I - rish, And I am I - rish too.

Your right hand to your pardner,
Your left hand to your neighbor,
Your right hand to your pardner,
An' we'll all promenade.

As the ring is first formed, every boy has his partner at his right. At the words "your right hand to your pardner," he releases her left hand and takes her right. When they sing "your left hand to your neighbor," he drops his partner's hand, steps over to the next girl, takes her left hand and makes one turn around her — then rushes back to grasp his partner's right as the words "your right hand to your neighbor" are heard for the second time. Then each boy takes his girl's left hand again, and all promenade — march around in a circle. The "Pig" usually manages to snatch a partner for himself while these complicated changes are being made, and the man who finds himself without a partner must be the next "Pig." When this occurs the game goes on exactly as before, except that the verse is changed to:

We got a new pig in th' parlor,
We got a new pig in th' parlor,
We got a new pig in th' parlor,
An' he is Irish too.

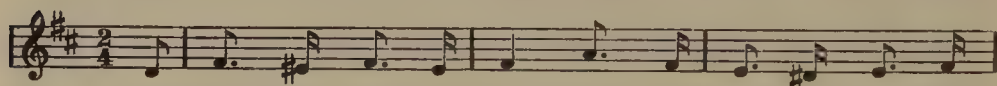
Several other verses, not set to any definite tune, are sometimes shouted out at unexpected moments in order to distract and confuse the "Pig." One of these runs about as follows:

Pig in th' pen an' a three rail high,
Bullet in th' gun an' th' pig must die.

8. SHOOT THE BUFFALO.

Wolford (*Play-Party in Indiana*, 1916, pp. 29—30) gives three good texts of this song, but no melody. For other references see Ames (*JAF* 24:301), Hamilton (*JAF* 27:33) and Perrow (*JAF* 26:137). The following text and melody were obtained from Mrs. W. E. Jones, Pineville, Missouri.

In this simple game the couples all form a ring and dance about the room, singing at the top of their voices. When they come to the third line in each verse they change partners, and then promenade back to their original places in the circle. At some parties the first stanza is used as a refrain, being repeated before each of the succeeding verses.



We'll shoot th' buf-fa-lo, Yes, we'll shoot th' buf-fa-



lo, We'll ral-ly through th' cane-brakes, an' shoot th' buf-fa-lo.

Rise ye up, my dearest dear,
Present me to your paw,
An' we'll all march together
To th' state of Arkansaw.

Whar th' hawk shot th' buzzard
An' th' turkey stumped his toe,
We'll rally through th' cane-brakes
An' shoot th' buffalo.

I had a ol' saddle.
An' I hung it in th' loft,
Along come a cowboy
An' cut th' pockets off.


Yes, he cut th' pockets off,
He cut th' pockets off,
Along come a cowboy
An' cut th' pockets off.

Th' buffalo is dead,
Cause we shot him in th' head,
We'll rally through th' cane-brakes
An' shoot th' buffalo.

9. FOUR IN THE MIDDLE.


Wolford (*Play-Party in Indiana*, 1916, p. 33) reports a longer and different version from Indiana, under the title "Coffee Grows in a White Oak Tree," and several lines relating to "Susie Brown" are found in her "Cuckoo Waltz" game-song (p. 36), which is also recorded by Sandburg (*American Songbag*, 1927, p. 160). See also Sandburg's song "My Pretty Little Pink," which he says was sung in Kentucky in the late 1840's (p. 166). The line "a great big house and nobody living in it" is given by Piper (*JAFL* 28: 267) as part of a play-party song called "Down in Alabama," and Perrow (*JAFL* 27: 187) records a stanza of a Virginia song called "Coffee Grows on White Oak Trees." The Ozark version which follows was taken down from the singing of Mr. Carl Durbin, Pineville, Missouri.

Each man chooses a partner, and all the players form a large circle, holding hands, with one couple in the center. They all sing slowly:




Cof-fee grows on white oak trees, Riv-ers flow with bran-dy O,
go choose some one t' roam with you, As sweet as 'lass-es can-dy O.

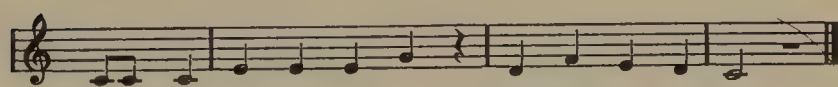
The boy and girl in the center each choose another partner from the big circle, so that there are two couples in the center instead of one. Then everybody sings the old "Skip to my Lou" tune:



Four in th' mid-dle, you caint git a-round,



Four in th' mid-dle, you caint git a-round, Four in th'



middle, you caint git around, Hel-lo Su-san Brown.

All this time the dancers "right and left," and then proceed with several other verses:

Big white house an' nobody livin' in it,
Big white house an' nobody livin' in it,
Big white house an' nobody livin' in it,
Hello, Susan Brown.

Hump-backed nigger caint jump Josie,
 Hump-backed nigger caint jump Josie,
 Hump-backed nigger caint jump Josie,
 Hello, Susan Brown.

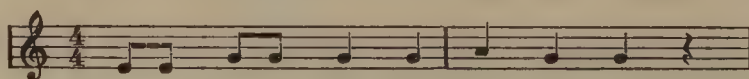
Git out o' th' ring if you caint jump Josie,
 Git out o' th' ring if you caint jump Josie,
 Git out o' th' ring if you caint jump Josie,
 Hello, Susan Brown.

As this last stanza is sung, the original couple dance out of the center and join the big circle again, leaving the second couple in the ring alone. The couple in the center then choose another boy and girl, and the game goes on as before.

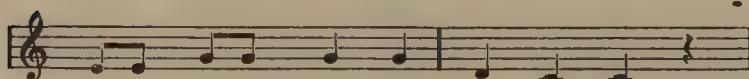
10. JINGLE AT THE WINDOW.

There are not many references to this song in the literature, but Wolford (*Play-Party in Indiana*, 1916, p. 96) prints an Indiana variant called "Tideo." Another of her songs (p. 39) has one line about "the jingle of the window," but the rest of it is very different from the Ozark game-song. Ames (*JAF* 24: 311) has a Missouri variant called "Pass One Window Toddy-O." See also Hamilton (*JAF* 27: 294). The words and music of the following version were obtained from Mr. Carl Durbin, Pineville, Missouri.

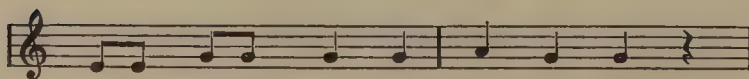
In this game the players choose partners and form a double ring, with the girls in the inner circle, so that each boy is opposite his partner. Then the boys march around in single file, while the girls stand still, and everybody sings:



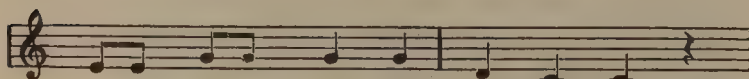
Jin-gle at th' win-der ti - de - o,



Jin-gle at th' win-der ti - de - o,

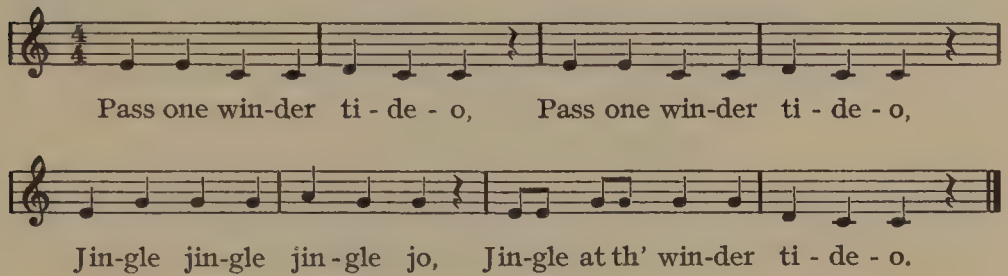


Jin-gle jin-gle jin - gle jin - gle jo,



Jin-gle at th' win-der ti - de - o.

When the complete circle has been made, each boy returns to his partner and swings her around once, after which they begin another march, singing:

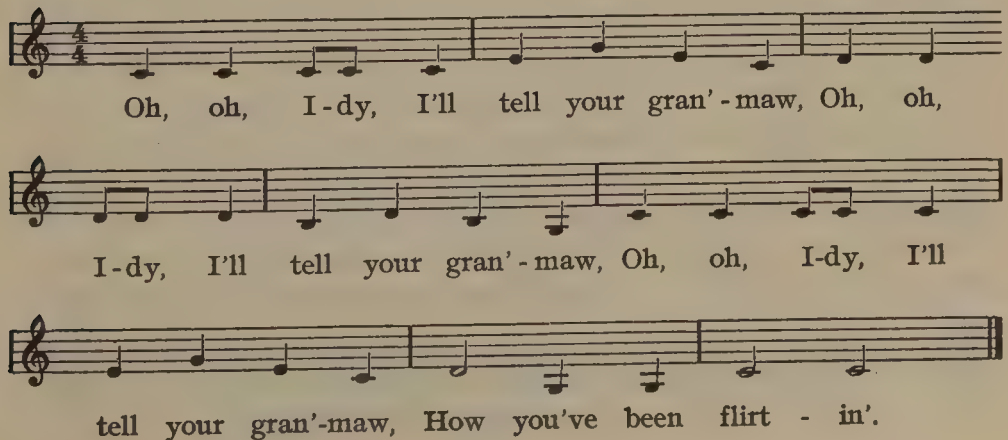


But this time the boy passes his own partner and swings the *next* girl, and so on until every boy has swung every girl in the party. The words of the song are changed with each repetition — “pass two windows,” “pass three windows” and so on. When every boy has swung every girl the game begins again as before, except that this time the boys make up the inner circle, while the girls march around in single file.

II. WE’LL ALL GO TO BOSTON.

Kittredge (*JAF* 20 : 275) has a Kentucky game-song beginning “Goodbye, girls, I’m going to Boston,” and several similar lines occur in the “Go to Boston” song given by Welford (*Play-Party in Indiana*, 1916, p. 49). The following variant was contributed by Mr. Carl Durbin, Pineville, Missouri.

In this game the players form two parallel lines, with the girls in one row and the boys in the other. The couple at one end march forward between the lines, and then walk backward to their places again, while everybody sings the following verse, using the name of the girl who is marching:



Then the same couple march forward again, but this time the boy stops at the head of the boys' line, while the girl leads all the girls in marching around the whole group of boys, all singing:

Come along, gals, let's go t' Boston,
Come along, gals, let's go t' Boston,
Come along, gals, let's go t' Boston,
T' see thet couple married.

When the girls have returned to their places, the first boy leads all the others in marching around the girls' line, singing:

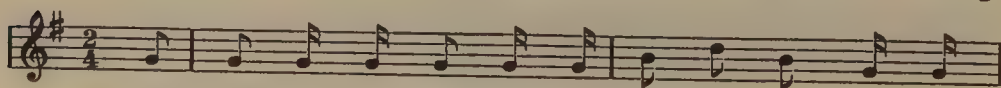
Saddle up, boys, an' let's go with 'em,
Saddle up, boys, an' let's go with 'em,
Saddle up, boys, an' let's go with 'em,
T' see thet couple married.

Then the next couple march down from the head of the lines and go through the same performance, and so on until everybody has "been to Boston." In some cases each verse is sung twice in succession, or even three times, in order to give plenty of time for the marching.

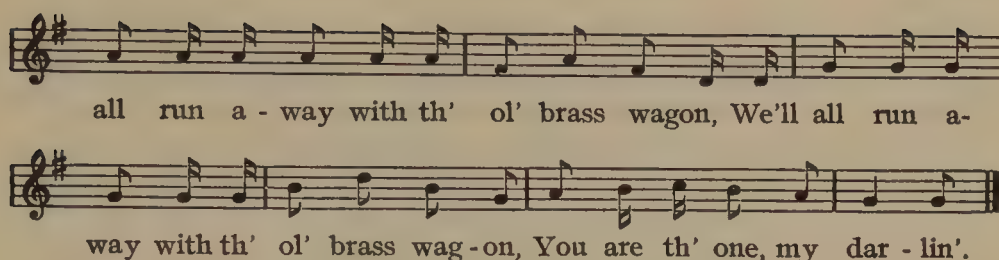
12. OLD BRASS WAGON.

Sandburg (*American Songbag*, 1927, p. 159) has six verses of a similar song, which he says was popular with pioneers in Indiana, Missouri and Iowa. Blair (*JAF* 40: 97) tells us that the Kentucky mountaineers sing "The Old Brass Wagon" to the tune of "Liza Jane," adding that "the intricate crossing in the dance resembles the spokes of a wagon wheel, hence the name." Hamilton (*JAF* 27: 298, 302) prints many stanzas from northeast Missouri. See also Wolford (*Play-Party in Indiana*, 1916, p. 76), Piper (*JAF* 28: 282) and Ames (*JAF* 24: 307). The following version is the one most popular near Southwest City, Missouri; Mr. Allen Woods, Pack, Missouri, supplied the melody, which is very similar to that used in the "We'll All Go to Boston" game.

The boys form in one line, and the girls in another. The first couple walk hand in hand down the lines, then swing at the words "you are the one, my darling." With the next verse they separate, and the boy goes to the other end of the line and swings the girl at that end, while the girl is swinging a boy at the opposite end of the boys' line. Next comes a sort of "Virginia Reel" figure, then the original couple return to their places. The next couple now walk down the line, and so on until all have swung.



We'll all run a-way with th' ol' brass wag - on, We'll



One wheel off an' t'other one a-draggin',
 One wheel off an' t'other one a-draggin',
 One wheel off an' t'other one a-draggin',
 You are th' one, my darlin'.

13. WE'LL ALL GO DOWN TO ROWSER'S.

G. M. Miller (*University Studies*, University of Cincinnati, I, p. 31) mentions a game called "We're Marching Down to Rauser's," adding that "Rauser was evidently a German saloon-keeper who kept good beer." Wolford (*Play-Party in Indiana*, 1916, pp. 22—23) gives the words and music of an Indiana version, but says that it was not considered a proper game for church members — too much like dancing. Hamilton (*JAFL* 27 : 290) prints a very similar song from Missouri. Pound (*American Ballads and Songs*, 1922, No. 119) found a version which contains two stanzas of "Pig in the Parlor," and is described as "a game-song from Iowa." Van Doren (*JAFL* 32 : 492) calls his Illinois variant "Going Down to Rowsie's," but it is not very different from Wolford's song. See also Ames (*JAFL* 24 : 298) and Gardner (*JAFL* 33 : 122). I am indebted to Mr. Clyde Sharp and his friends at Noel, Missouri, for the following text. The tune is the same one used in the "Pig in the Parlor" game.

This game is played very much like "Old Brass Wagon," but at the words "good lager beer" each boy and girl bow very low in an exaggerated, clownish fashion, and cut a similar caper at "corn whiskey clear." The girl often grasps her skirt at either side and spreads it out sidewise as she makes this bow.

We'll all go down to Rowser's,
 We'll all go down to Rowser's,
 We'll all go down to Rowser's,
 For there they have the beer.

Good lager beer, good lager beer,
 Corn whiskey clear, corn whiskey clear,
 We won't go home till mornin',
 An' then we won't go home.

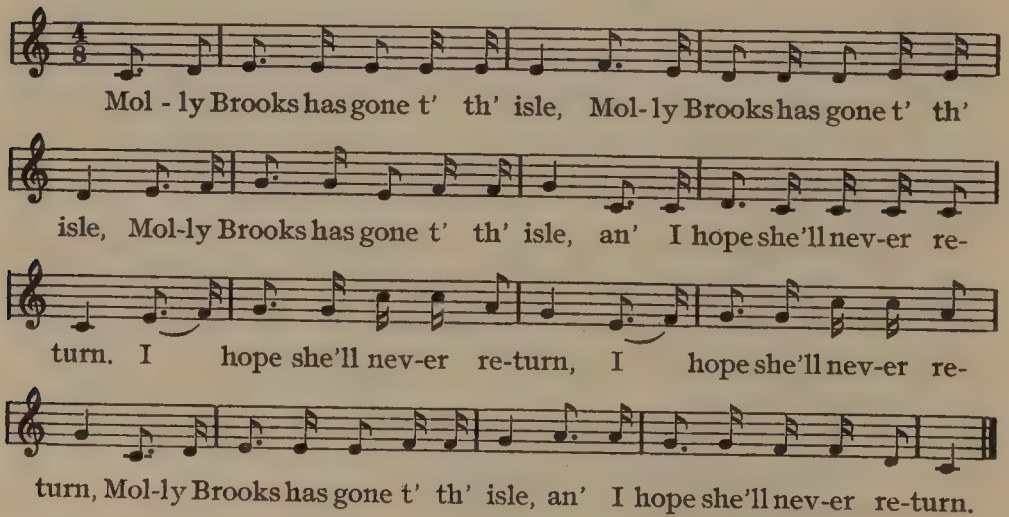
We'll dance all night,
 Till broad daylight,
 We won't go home till mornin',
 An' then we won't go home.

We won't go home till mornin',
 We won't go home till mornin',
 We won't go home till mornin',
 We won't go home at all.

14. MOLLY BROOKS.

Wolford (*Play-Party in Indiana*, 1916, p. 71) found a similar game popular in Indiana, but it does not seem to have been well known in other parts of the country. The version here recorded is from the singing of Mr. Allen Woods, Pack, Missouri.

In playing "Molly Brooks" the dancers form in two parallel lines, the girls on one side and the boys on the other. The boy and girl at one end swing first, then swing with the couple next them in line, and so on until every girl has been swung by the first boy, and every boy has swung the first girl. Sometimes those whom the leaders have passed continue to swing right and left, so that the whole room is full of whirling dancers before the first couple reach the end of the line.



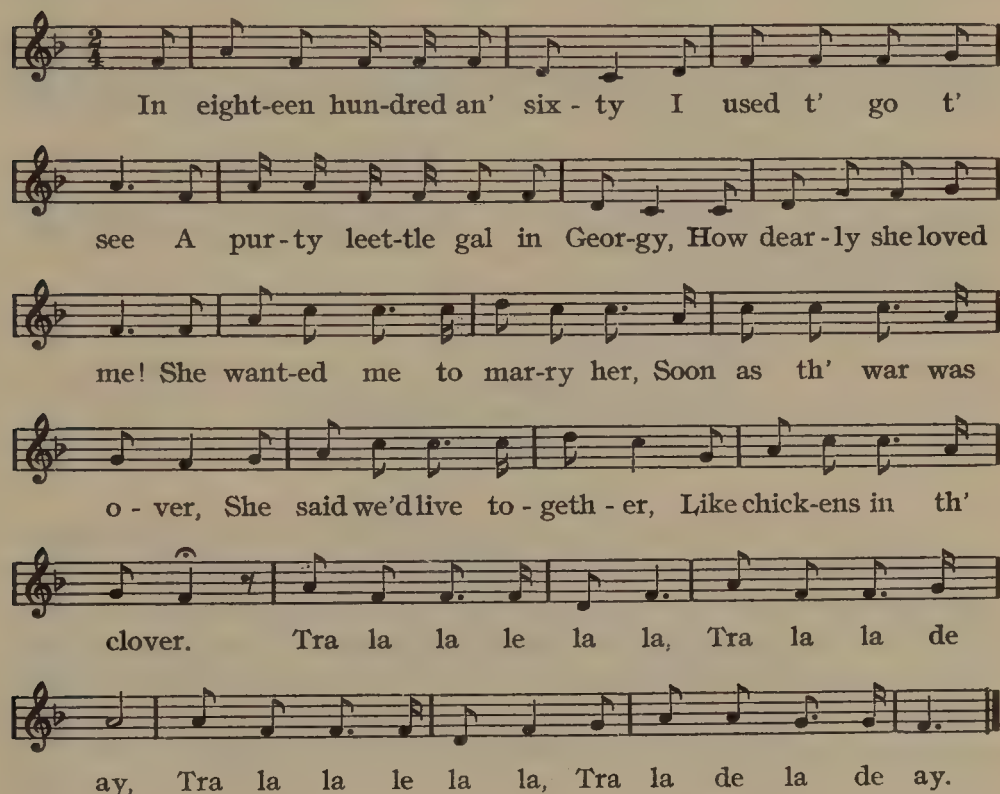
Mol - ly Brooks has gone t' th' isle, Mol-ly Brooks has gone t' th'
 isle, Mol-ly Brooks has gone t' th' isle, an' I hope she'll nev-er re-
 turn. I hope she'll nev-er re-turn, I hope she'll nev-er re-
 turn, Mol-ly Brooks has gone t' th' isle, an' I hope she'll nev-er re-turn.

15. IN EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY.

Ames (*JAF* 24: 314) reports a similar text from Boone County, Missouri, but her melody is very different from the one used in the Ozarks. I have found no other mention of this game in the play-party literature. I have heard several slightly different versions; the one which follows

was sung for me by Mr. Allen Woods, Pack, Missouri, and by Dr. A. H. Pootford, who heard the song at Fayetteville, Arkansas.

The song is known to many of the old settlers, but it appears that the game has not been played in this locality for many years, and the figures of the dance have been forgotten.



In eight-een hun-dred an' six - ty I used t' go t'
 see A pur-ty leet-tle gal in Georg-y, How dear-ly she loved
 me! She want-ed me to mar-ry her, Soon as th' war was
 o - ver, She said we'd live to - geth - er, Like chick-ens in th'
 clover. Tra la la le la la, Tra la la de
 ay, Tra la la le la la, Tra la de la de ay.

16. SUGAR AND TEA.

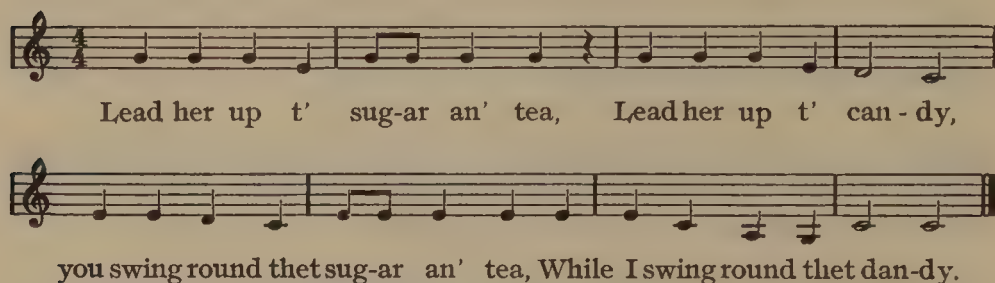
I do not find many references to this game in the literature, but it is still well known in many parts of the Ozark country. Thomas W. Talley (*Negro Folk Rhymes*, 1922, p. 81) prints a play-song containing the following lines:

Bring through yo' Sugar-lo'-tea,
 Bring through yo' Candy,
 All I wants is to wheel an' tu'n,
 An' bow to my Love so handy.

Talley explains further (p. 84) that "Sugar-lo'-tea and Candy are nick-names applied in imagination to the women engaged in playing the Play Song."

As in "We'll All Go to Boston" and similar games, the players form in two parallel lines, with the boys in one line and the girls in the other,

so that each boy stands opposite his partner. Then the boy at the extreme right leads his girl down the aisle, while everybody sings:



With this he brings her back to the starting point, and swings her around as they all sing:

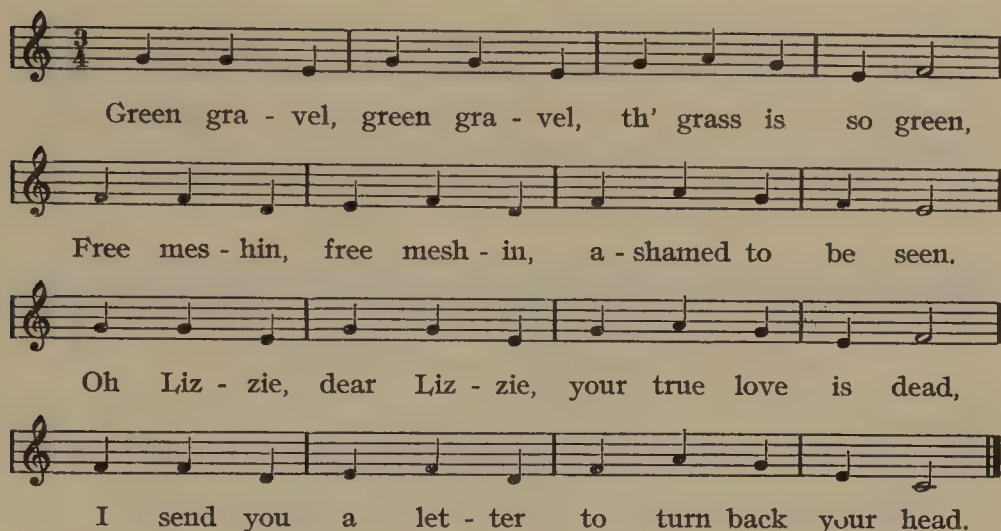
Hi oh thet sugar an' tea,
Hi oh thet candy,
You swing round thet sugar an' tea,
While I swing round thet dandy.

Then the boy struts down the aisle alone, and swings the last girl on the other end of the line, while his partner dances with the fellow nearest her in the row of boys, all singing lustily the while. After this the first boy returns to his partner, and they swing as before. Then the boy takes the next girl, and the girl the next boy, and so on until everybody has participated in the swinging. The first couple then retire to the foot of the lines, and the next couple go through the same performance.

17. GREEN GRAVEL.

"Green Gravel" is an old Irish song, and I have been told that the first stanza is connected with the Irish Catholics' hatred of the Masonic fraternity. The Ozark natives know nothing of this, however, and do not connect "free meshin" with "freemason" at all. Newell (*Games and Songs*, pp. 71 and 242) gives several similar songs, and points out that "freemasons" is sometimes changed to "free maidens," while "ashamed" becomes "arrayed." Perrow (*JAF* 26: 139) records two stanzas from Mississippi, in which it is the "fern nations" which are "ashamed to be seen." Gardner (*JAF* 33: 100) gives two versions of a "Green Gravel" song from Michigan, and Heck (*JAF* 40: 15) found the game played by school-children in Ohio. The words of the following variant were communicated by Dr. A. H. Pootford, formerly of Fayetteville, Arkansas, and the melody was set down for me by Miss Van Higgins, Pittsburg, Kansas.

In this game the players all hold hands and dance around in a circle while they sing:



Green gra - vel, green gra - vel, th' grass is so green,
 Free mes - hin, free mesh - in, a - shamed to be seen.
 Oh Liz - zie, dear Liz - zie, your true love is dead,
 I send you a let - ter to turn back your head.

When the last line is sung, Lizzie turns about and walks backward. Then the verse is repeated with another name instead of Lizzie, and so on until all the players are dancing backward.

18. OLD JOE CLARK.

There are many references to the "Old Joe Clark" songs in the play-party literature, usually under the title "Liza Jane." Blair (*JAFL* 40: 97—98) prints a good Kentucky variant. White (*American Negro Folk-Songs*, 1928, pp. 28 and 337) has several Negro versions from North Carolina, and Sandburg (*American Songbag*, 1927, pp. 132 and 308) offers two good Southern Appalachian texts. Cox (*Folk-Songs of the South*, 1925, p. 495) records an "Old Joe Clog" song from West Virginia, and there is at least one good text set down by Payne (*Publications of the Folk-Lore Society of Texas*, I, p. 33). There are phonograph records, too, (Columbia 15108—D; Victor No. 20302) but they hardly do justice to the song. Edmands (*JAFL* 6: 131) reports eight stanzas from the North Carolina mountains. For further references see Halliwell (*Nursery Rhymes*, 1842, p. 135), Perrow (*JAFL* 25: 152; 28: 176) and Scarborough (*On the Trail of Negro Folk-Songs*, 1925, pp. 8, 169, 192, 227).

Although the old-time dancers are unanimous in contending that "Old Joe Clark" is a regular party-game, played with "figures" as fixed and definite as "Weevily Wheat" or "Old Dan Tucker," my own observations do not support this contention. The game as I have seen it played is a wild medley of elements from other games, and the fact that the same tune is played by fiddlers at the "square" dances still further complicates matters. Occasionally some gifted player, with a shrill whoop to attract attention to himself, breaks into a sort of jig or breakdown, while the chorus is sung loudly by the other dancers who gather about him. And I have attended two parties in which all figures were dispensed with, and

the players simply "paired off" and danced about in couples — a crude imitation of the modern "round" dances introduced by the tourists, except that there was no music save the singing of the players. The following verses were written down for me by Mrs. Emma Chambliss, who heard them sung by an old woman in McDonald County, Missouri.



I went up on th' moun-tain top, To give my horn a blow,



Thought I heerd th' Dev - il say Yon - der comes ol' Joe.



Round an'round, ol' Joe Clark, Round an' round, I say,



Round an' round, ol' Joe Clark, I aint got long to stay.

I went up on th' mountain top
A-huntin' sugar cane,
Stuck my foot in a holler log
An' out jumped Liza Jane.

I went down t' ol' Joe Clark's,
Went right in th' door,
He slep' on th' ol' feather bed,
An' I slep' on th' floor.

I tuck her down t' ol' Joe Clark's,
Didn't know whar t' put her,
She hung her hat on th' table leg
An' stuck her foot in th' butter.

This is the version favored by Mr. Clyde Sharpe, Noel, Missouri:

Ol' Joe Clark's a preacher,
He preached all over th' plains,
Th' highest text he ever tuck
Was high, low, jack an' th' game.

Chorus

Ti ral de dal de dal de,
Ti ral de dal de ay,
Ti ral de dal de dal de,
Ti ral de dal de ay.

Ol' Joe Clark he hed a dawg,
As blind as he could be,
But ever' time he treed a coon
He swore thet dawg could see.

Ol' Joe Clark he hed a wife,
He set her on a shelf,
I tuck her down an' kissed her twice
An' I clum up thar myself.

She throwed her arms around my neck,
She kissed me twice an' cried,
She said I was th' sweetest thing
Thet ever lived or died.

If I had a needle an' thread
As fine as I could sew,
I'd sew her on to my shirt-tail
An' dawn th' river we'd go.

Mrs. Mary Grant, Anderson Missouri, adds the following stanzas to the
"Old Joe Clark" song:

I went up on th' mountain top
An' give my horn a blow,
An' ever' gal in New Orleans
Says: Yonder comes my beau.

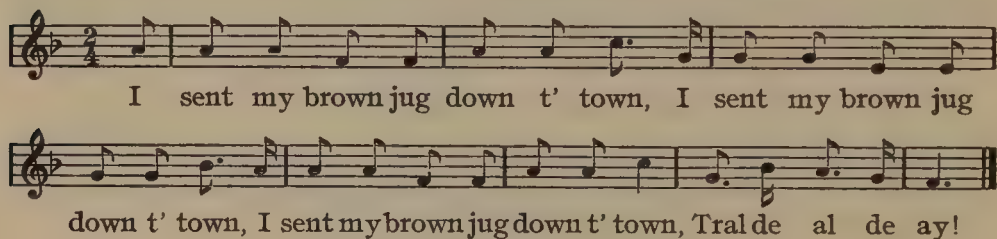
I went down t' ol' Joe Clark's,
Th' house was all alone,
An' so I et th' meat all up
An' left ol' Joe th' bone.

I went down t' Shoo-fly's,
An' Shoo-fly wasn't in,
I set down on th' red-hot stove,
An' I got right up agin.

I went up th' new cut road,
An' she come down th' lane,
I throwed my hat in th' corner fence,
An' scared out Liza Jane.

19. THE BROWN JUG.

I have not been able to find any reference to this particular song in the play-party literature. Gardner (*JAFL* 33: 109—110) gives the ordinary "Little Brown Jug" as a game-song, but has no information as to how the game was played. It may be somehow connected with the "Bounce Around" song reported by Ames (*JAFL* 24: 296). I have heard several slightly different versions in the Ozarks; the one which follows is that sung by Mr. Allen Woods, Pack, Missouri. The melody is similar to one of the familiar "Skip to My Lou" tunes. The "Brown Jug" is no longer popular in this vicinity, and I have never seen it played, or been able to find anybody who could give me a description of the game.

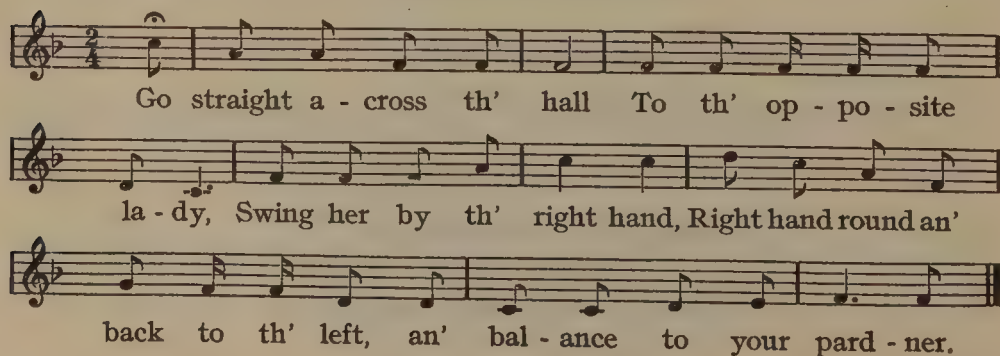


Hit come back all flounced around,
 Hit come back all flounced around,
 Hit come back all flounced around,
 Tral de al de ay.

20. ACROSS THE HALL.

This simple game is very popular in certain parts of the Ozark country, and is known to very many people, but I have never been able to find any reference to it in the literature of the subject. The song has only one verse, which I have recorded from the singing of Mr. Allen Woods, Pack, Missouri.

The game begins with the players standing so as to form a single large circle, with each boy on his partner's right. At the first words of the song each boy crosses to a girl on the opposite side, and swings her about as indicated. At the end of the verse the boys return to their original partners, and promenade to the left, chanting something that sounds like "la-de-da-de-da-da."

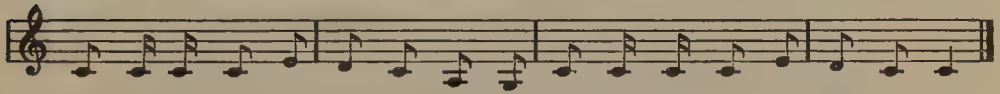


21. ROXIE ANN.

Carl Van Doren (*JAFL* 32: 492) has a text of "Roxie Ann" from eastern Illinois, but he did not record the melody, and has no description of how the game was played. "It was sung by settlers from Kentucky," he writes, "and may possibly be of Negro origin." The present version was contributed by Mr. Jay L. B. Taylor and Mrs. Marie Wilbur, both of Pineville, Missouri. Mrs. Wilbur recognized this verse as part of a game she had played some thirty years before, but could not recall any more of the song, or remember how the game was played.



Rox-ie Ann's a fool-in' gal, She fools me all th' while,



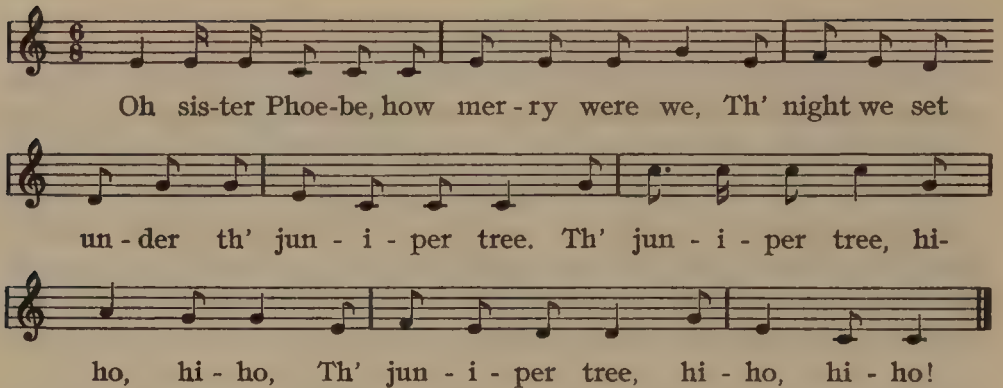
She's been a long time fool-in', fool-in', She's been a long time fool-in' me.

I'm goin' t' tell my Maw on you,
I'm goin' t' tell my Paw,
She's been a long time foolin', foolin',
She's been a long time foolin' me.

22. THE JUNIPER TREE.

Wolford (*Play-Party in Indiana*, 1916, p. 80) records a similar song under the title "Old Sister Phoebe," and says that it was played in Indiana about 1891. Parker (*JAFL* 20: 248) mentions it as a game played by North Carolina mountaineers. Piper (*JAFL* 28: 268) gives six verses of a "Juniper Tree" song from Nebraska. Van Doren (*JAFL* 32: 489) reports a similar song from eastern Illinois, and describes the dance as a sort of kissing game played with a hat. See also Hamilton (*JAFL* 27: 300), Newell (*Games and Songs*, 1903, p. 57) and Gardner (*JAFL* 33: 107). Also Wedgwood (*JAFL* 25: 272) and Shearin (*Syllabus of Kentucky Folk-Songs*, 1911, p. 37). The melody as given below is from Mrs. Marie Wilbur, Pineville, Missouri, and the text supplied by Mr. William Lewis, Anderson, Missouri.

The "Juniper Tree" song is remembered by many people in the Ozark country, but the game is no longer played, and it is difficult to get much definite information about it. Mr. Lewis remembers only that it was a ring game, with one person seated in the center of the circle. The players march around singing, and at the words "keep your hat on" somebody puts a hat on the head of the seated player, who then chooses another person to take his place in the center.



Oh sis-ter Phoe-be, how mer-ry were we, Th' night we set
un-der th' jun-i-per tree. Th' jun-i-per tree, hi-
ho, hi-ho, Th' jun-i-per tree, hi-ho, hi-ho!

So keep your hat on, it will keep your head warm,
An' take a sweet kiss, it won't do you no harm,
Hit will do you much good I am shore, I am shore,
Hit will do you much good I am shore.

I have one sonny an' he is my own,
He's allus complainin' of stayin' at home,
So rise you up sonny, go git you a wife,
So rise you up sonny an' go.

23. MY PAPPY HE WILL, SCOLD ME.

Ames (*JAFL* 24 : 298) includes two similar verses in her "We'll All Go Down to Rowser" song, but many Ozarkers tell me that these stanzas belong to a very much older game, the tune of which seems to have been forgotten. The words below were furnished by Mr. Jay L. B. Taylor, Pineville, Missouri. Taylor said that he knew it very well some thirty years ago, but cannot now recall how the game was played.

My Pappy he will scold me, scold me, scold me,
My Pappy he will scold me, for stayin' out all night.

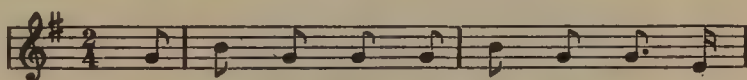
My Mammy she'll uphold me, uphold me, uphold me,
My Mammy she'll uphold me, an' say I done jest right.

24. KING WILLIAM WAS KING JAMES' SON.

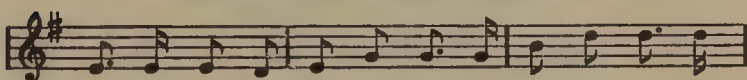
Newell (*Games and Songs*, 1903, pp. 73—75 and 247) gives several versions of this song, some of which are used in a singular game played with hats, and refers to a "kissing round" played in the Middle West and South. He traces some connection between this song and the old Swedish ballads of Folke Algotson, who lived in the thirteenth century. See also a comment (*JAFL* 16 : 298) where it is said that the game is of English origin and represents recruiting in war time. Spinney (*JAFL* 34 : III)

gives a North Carolina version called "King William Was King George's Son." Gardner (*JAF* 33: 107—108) has three good Michigan texts. See also Van Doren (*JAF* 32: 493), Belden (*Song-Ballads and Other Popular Poetry*, 1910, No. 143), Hamilton (*JAF* 27: 295) and Ames (*JAF* 24: 313). The following verses were sung for me by Mrs. Carrie Baber, Pineville, Missouri, but the melody here set down is that furnished by Miss Wilma Wilhoit, Anderson, Missouri.

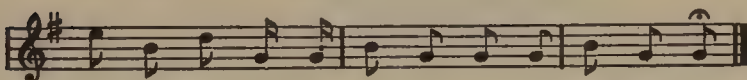
This is another ring game, in which all the couples join hands and form a big circle, with one odd boy in the center. Those in the circle dance about as the first stanza is sung, but halt to sing the second, while the boy in the middle walks around scrutinizing each girl in turn. At the beginning of the third stanza he kneels before one of the girls, bows his head and kisses her hand. This done, he rises and steps into the line beside her, and the man whose place he takes must go into the center and be the next one to represent King William.



King Wil-liam was King Jame-s's son, Up-



on th' ri - al race he run, Up-on his breast he



wore a star, Pointin' east to th' gov-er-nor's war.

Go choose to th' East, go choose to th' West,

Choose th' gal thet you love best,

If she aint hyar to take your part,

Choose another with all your heart.

Down on this carpet you must kneel.

Shore as th' grass grows in th' fiel',

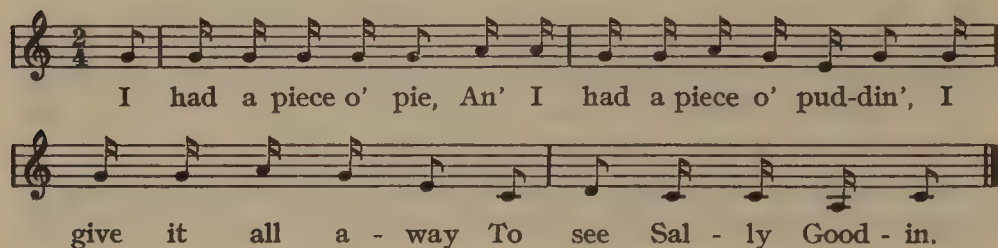
Salute your bride an' kiss her sweet,

An' then you may rise upon your feet.

25. SALLY GOODIN.

This song was popular at the Ozark play-parties of thirty-five years ago, but nobody seems to remember much about how the game was played, beyond the fact that it began with each two couples forming a ring — the "eight hands up an' round we go" of the ordinary country dances. Mrs. Carrie Baber, Pineville, Missouri, furnished the accompanying text, and the melody was supplied by Mr. William Lewis,

Anderson, Missouri. Mr. C. O. Pingry, Pittsburg, Kansas, tells me that he heard a similar song in West-Central Missouri about thirty years ago.



Swing Sally Goodin,
Swing Gran'maw,
Ever'body rag
T' please Gran'paw.

I looked down th' road,
Seed somthin' runnin',
An' I thought t' my soul
Thet I seed Sally comin'.

Swing Sally Goodin,
An' then t' your taw¹
An' then t' th' gal
From Arkansaw.

I love my pie,
I love my puddin',
I love thet gal
They call Sally Goodin.

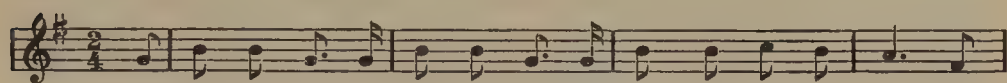
26. THE NEEDLE'S EYE.

Walford (*Play-Party in Indiana*, 1916, p. 72) reports this song from Indiana, and remarks that the words are very different from those of the original English game. For other American texts see Hofer (*Children's Singing Games*, 1901, p. 17), Hamilton (*JAF* 27: 298), Piper (*JAF* 28: 263), Newell (*Games and Songs*, 1903, pp. 91 and 241) and Gardner (*JAF* 33: 115). The following stanzas were supplied by Mr. Allen Woods, Pack, Missouri, and the melody by Miss Wilma Wilhoit, Anderson, Missouri.

In playing this game one boy and girl stand still with clasped hands held high, so as to form an arch. The other players hold hands and dance

¹ The word *taw*, according to Mrs. Baber, signifies a man's original partner in the game.

through the arch in single file, and at the words "Because I wanted you," the couple forming the arch drop their arms so as to catch one of the dancers. When a girl is caught she takes her position behind the girl in the arch, while the boys fall in behind the boy. Each of these players clasps the person in front around the waist, and all pull together to break the arch. When the arch is broken the two arch-makers join the line of dancers, and a new arch is formed by the boy and girl next in line.



The need-le's eye that doth supply The thread that runs so true, Oh



man-y a beau have I let go, Be-cause I want-ed you.

I don't want him, I don't want her,
The thread that tells us true,
Oh many a lass have I let pass
Because I wanted you.

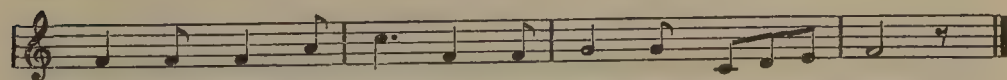
27. RAZ-MA-TAZ-A-MA-TEE.

This is the Ozark version of a very old game-song, which Wolford (*Play-Party in Indiana*, 1916, pp. 52—53) calls "Here Come Four Dukes A-Riding" — common in many parts of the United States. Newell (*Games and Songs*, 1903, pp. 46—47) traces it back to "Three Kings," which is a "rude and remarkable variety" of the still older "Knights of Spain," still played in many European countries. Gomme (*Traditional Games*, 1894, II, pp. 233—253) lists thirty British versions, and regards the game as "a distinct survival or remembrance of the tribal marriage," contending that the last line of each verse represents "an old tribal war 'cry.'" The game was formerly popular at the Ozark play-parties, but has now degenerated into a school-children's play. Mrs. Marie Wilbur, Pineville, Missouri, recalls the following stanzas.

The players form in two parallel lines, boys in one row and girls in the other, about ten paces apart. The boy on the left advances with a peculiar skipping step, singing loudly:



Hyar comes a duke a - rid - in', a - rid - in', a - rid - in', Hyar



comes a duke a - rid - in', Th' raz - ma - taz - a - ma - tee.

'Then the boy returns to his place, and all the girls dance toward the boys' line as they sing:

Whut are you ridin' hyar for,
 Hyar for, hyar for,
 Whut are you ridin' hyar for,
 'Th' raz-ma-taz-a-ma-tee.

Upon this the girls return to their former position, and the next boy skips forward and sings:

I'm ridin' hyar t' git married,
 Married, married,
 I'm ridin' hyar t' git married,
 'Th' raz-ma-taz-a-ma-tee.

As this second boy steps back into line the girls all follow him, singing:

Choose one of us, sir,
 Of us, sir, of us, sir,
 Choose one of us, sir,
 'Th' raz-ma-taz-a-ma-tee.

And the next boy in line makes answer:

You're all too ole an' ugly for me,
 'Too ugly for me, too ugly for me,
 You're all too ole an' ugly for me,
 'Th' raz-ma-taz-a-ma-tee.

As the girls skip forward this time they sing in a spirited fashion:

We're jes' as good as you are,
 You are, you are,
 We're jes' as good as you are,
 'Th' raz-ma-taz-a-ma-tee.

'Then the next boy advances and chooses one of the girls, and kneels before her as he sings:

You're th' fairest one I see,
 One I see, one I see,
 You're th' fairest one I see,
 'Th' raz-ma-taz-a-ma-tee.

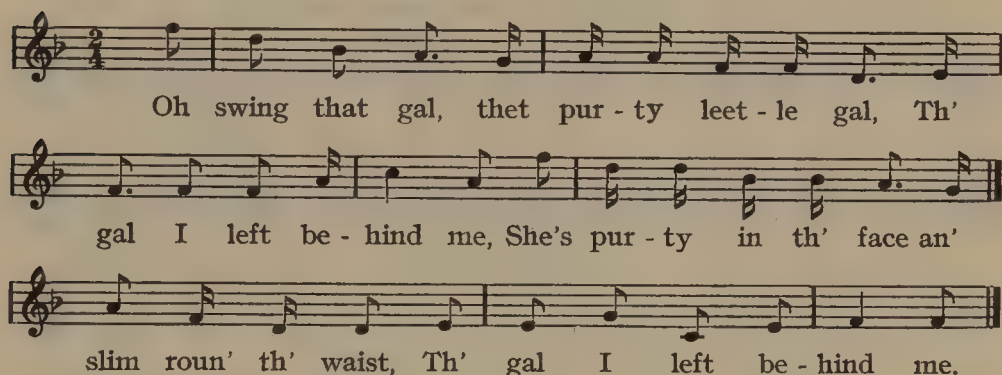
And with this he leads her back with him to the boys' line, and the *next* boy becomes the "duke," so that the whole rigamarole is repeated until all the girls have been chosen.

28. THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

Wolford (*Play-Party in Indiana*, 1916, p. 46) found this game popular in Indiana, and Hamilton (*JAF* 27: 297) reported a similar version from

northeast Missouri. Piper (*JAFL* 28: 286) prints a text from Nebraska in which "If the tears don't fall and blind me" is substituted for the second line in the third stanza of my Ozark variant. Finger (*Frontier Ballads*, 1927, p. 63) has a western version in which this line runs "and the Indians don't find me." Spaeth (*Read 'Em and Weep*, 1927, p. 16) says that the melody is an old Irish folk-tune, and was first written down in 1800. It was at one time, according to Chapple (*Heart Songs*, Boston, 1909, p. 514) a popular marching tune in the British army. The versatile Dalhart has made an excellent phonographic record (*Columbia*, No. 437—D), but the words are very different from those of the play-party song. The words and music as given below were contributed by Mr. Clyde E. Sharp, Noel, Missouri.

I took part in this game myself, some years ago, but have forgotten the figures, and can remember only that it is somehow similar to "Across the Hall." Mr. William Lewis, Anderson, Missouri, says that "you just form a ring, change partners, and swing right and left. Then you balance to the next, and swing the girl behind you each time."



Pardners t' th' right an' a right hand round,
 An' pat her down eighteen ninety,
 'Then stop an' swing thet purty leetle gal,
 Th' gal I left behind me.

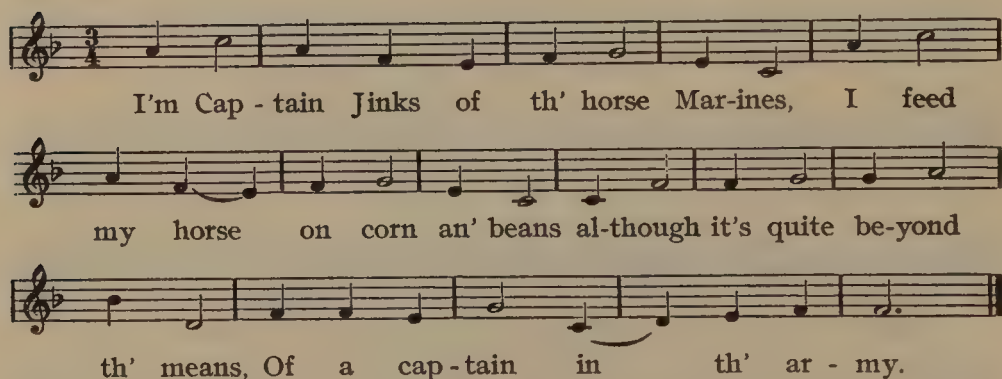
If ever I see thet place agin,
 An' a steer don't kick an' blind me,
 I'll stop an' swing thet purty leetle gal,
 Th' gal I left behind me.

29. CAPTAIN JINKS.

This song is doubtless derived from a war-time ballad of the same name, which was well known in New England in the early seventies, according to Wolford (*Play-Party in Indiana*, 1916, p. 28). My grandfather heard "Captain Jinks" in Illinois shortly after the Civil War, but does not remember that it was used as a game-song. It was revived and featured in

a musical comedy called "Captain Jinks," which played the Middle West about 1902 or 1903, as I recall. G. M. Miller (*University Studies*, University of Cincinnati, I, p. 31) remarks that it is of comparatively recent origin — not nearly as old as "Weevily Wheat" or "Pop Goes the Weasel." Piper (*JAF* 28 : 285), Ames (*JAF* 24 : 308) and Wolford (*Play-Party in Indiana*, 1916, p. 27) have all reported it from Middle Western play-parties. The song as given below was sung for me by Dr. A. H. Pootford, who learned it in Benton County, Arkansas.

The players all "ring up" to form one large circle, made up of alternate boys and girls, so that each girl stands at her partner's right. All girls step to the left as the first line is sung, and at the second line each stands still while her partner dances around her. When the third line is sung everybody swings, and at the fourth they all promenade and resume their original positions in the circle.



I'm Cap - tain Jinks of th' horse Mar-ines, I feed
my horse on corn an' beans al-though it's quite be-yond
th' means, Of a cap-tain in th' ar - my.

Well, Captain Jinks got drunk last night,
Hit's pass your lady to th' right,
An' swing her round with all your might,
For thet's th' style in th' army.

There are rumors of other and still older games in some sections of the Ozarks, but I have not been able to follow them up as I should have liked to do, or to find out anything very definite about them. It may be that this paper will attract the attention of some student who has the time and the energy to go into the matter more thoroughly. In recent years, however, the younger hill-people have come to regard the party-games as countrified and old-fashioned; many of them now go freely to the square dances, and some of the more progressive even favor the modern round dances introduced by the tourists and summer colonists. It is only in the more isolated and backward mountain settlements, where the current civilization has not yet penetrated, that the play-party is still in vogue, and even here the "frolics" are by no means as frequent or as popular as they were a decade ago. The play-party is passing, and another ten years, in my judgment, will see its total extinction in the Ozark country.

SUPERSTITIONS AND SAYINGS AMONG THE SOUTHERN HIGHLANDERS.

BY HANNIBAL GERALD DUNCAN AND WINNIE LEACH DUNCAN.

Among the Southern Highlanders, a group of people inhabiting the mountain counties of Alabama, Georgia, Kentucky, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia and West Virginia, there exists a wealth of folklore, found nowhere else in the United States. The pioneers to this region were direct descendants of the English, Scotch, Welsh, Irish, German, and Dutch Colonists. Driven into the mountains by the spirit of adventure and by the economic, social, and religious pressure brought about by the slavery régime, these people became isolated geographically and socially. As a result they have developed a very interesting social heritage.¹

Here we find preserved in comparative purity folklore once current in various parts of the world. From each mother country folksayings were brought over by the early settlers; through the introduction of slavery came folklore from Africa, and by contacts with the Indians the store was further increased.

The superstitions and sayings of these people have developed definite characteristics. They are famed for their stolid silence: a grunt, nod, or glance of the eye is sufficient to express certain meanings. Two or three words often compose a semi-sentence perfectly clear to the native; but to the effervescent missionary or social worker seeking vivid contrasts, these terse phrases are nothing more than jargon. When the conditional clause is abbreviated and the result clause omitted, a mutilated sentence is the result. This remnant, however, is adequate for the native to express a complete thought. An example is: —

[If you] wear 'fidite (asafetida) 'roun' [neck] [you are immune to contagious diseases.]

On closer examination one finds that the omissions consist of groups of words, single words, syllables, and letters. Compensation, however, occurs in the addition of "h" to the beginning of certain words and "uh" at the end of certain other words. Although there are slight variations from locality to locality, in general, final consonants are omitted, vowels interchanged, vowels stressed and "h" added. These characteristic omissions and additions are illustrated in the following saying:

Fawg [fog] runnin' up (a) mount(a)in, sign uh rain;
Fawg comin' down, goin' tuh clear up.

¹ For a further discussion of the early history of these people see "The Southern Highlanders," by Hannibal G. Duncan, *Journal of Applied Sociology*, Vol. X, July-August 1926.

This example also shows the frequent elisions so common among the Highlanders. The tendency to avoid any break in the flow of the sentences has been characterized as the "mountain drawl." Just how this effect is produced remains a sealed art to the imitator. Omissions are made, extra syllables and letters appended, the voice modulated, and subtle facial expressions or gesticulations superadded; but the native alone knows how, when, or where these take place. This "Speech of the Land of Saddle-bags" has kept intact many of the English constructions and expressions of an earlier epoch.¹

The telephone, rural free delivery, and improved roads are breaking up the isolation and rapidly destroying the "Speech of the Land of Saddle-bags." Only among the oldest of the native inhabitants do we find in their native purity the folk-sayings which are here recorded.

HEALTH.

Causes of defects:

1. [Eating] jimson seed ull mak yuh crazy.
2. A womun that's big (pregnant) musn't look at nothin' (anything out of ordinary) or she'll mark hit (child).

Preventives and remedies:

1. [If you] wear 'fiditi (asafetida) 'roun' [neck] [you are immune to contagious disease].
2. Put sulfur in shoes, keep off flus (influenza).
3. Musn' wash (bathe) on dog days, make sores.
4. Give nannie tea (liquid made from sheep excretion) fuh measles.
5. Bin' hawg (bind hog) dung on jaws when mumps go down.
6. Put ax under bed fuh birth pangs.
7. Tu köre (cure) th' rash have som' un who ain't seed its pappy blow in hit (its mouth).
8. Give earth worm tea: hit'll köre withered hand (paralysis).
9. Put a dirty sock 'roun' neck fuh sore thoat (throat).
10. Take off warts: steal uh dish rag, rub over'em, hide hit; or, Pick blood out en 'em, put on grains uh corn, give 'em tuh chickens.

OCCUPATIONS.

Farming:

1. Sow cabbage [seed] when sign's in head (signs of zodiac).
2. Musn' plant beans when sign's in blossom. (You will have all blossom and no beans).

¹ Compare Raine, J. W. "Speech of the Land of Saddle-bags," *Quart. Jour. Speech, Educ.*, Vol 10.

3. Plant corn in dark nights (wane of moon).
4. Plant melons' an' cookumbers (cucumbers) when sign's in twins.
5. Plant yār water millions in fullmoon in May. (They will be round and large.)
6. Hit'll make hard (mature) corn till chesnuds bloom.
7. Sprout on dark nights. (New growth will not start again.)
8. Wean uh caf when sign's in thu feet. (If weaned in the "heart" it will "bawl" itself to death.)
9. Kill hawgs in the ol' uv thu moon an' it 'all go tu grease.

Household duties:

1. Scour on light nights. [Scrub when moon is full so that the floors will be white.]
2. Frolickin' (menstruating) woman musn' make kraut ur can fruit. (It will spoil.)

WEATHER.

1. Hang up black snake, mak' it rain.
2. Sun sets behin' bank [of clouds], rain 'fore Wednesday night.
3. Fawg runnin' up moutin, sign uh rain. Fawg cummin' down, goin' tuh clear up.
4. See ah thousan' leg: sign uv rain.
5. Crows a gatherin' up, goin' uh be cold.
6. Buzzards [flying] 'fore a cloud, goin' uh be storm.
7. Shucks thick, hard winter uh comin'.
8. Dog-wood season. [Wet spell while dog-woods are in bloom.]
9. Corns uh hurtin', goin' uh rain.
10. Gnats a bitin', goin' uh rain.
11. Hoot owl: sign uh fallin' weather (rain, snow, sleet).
12. Rain 'fore seben (seven), quit 'fore leben (eleven).
13. Groun' hawg sees his shadder [on February second], be bad [weather] fu fawty days.
14. Sun drawin' water, goin' uh rain; sun drawin' win', goin' uh be fair.

LUCK.

Death:

1. Miss a row [in planting], death [in the family] that year.
2. Ringin' in ears, sign uh death.
3. Dream uh fresh meat (pork), death [in the family].
4. See a corpse in uh lookin' glass, death [in the family].
5. Bird peckin' on winder, death a comin'.
6. Rain on coffin: death agin' [that year].
7. Plant uh cedar: time's big 'nuf tuh shade thu grave, yu'll die.
8. Which'un (parent) a first child favors, ull die fust.

Friendship and marriage:

1. Rain on weddin' day: be as many tears as rain drops.
2. Bad luck tuh walk on both sides uv a tree. (Two persons to allow an object to come between them.)
3. Set on corner uv table: never marry.
4. If yu get yur belly wet uh washin', y'ull marry uh drunkard.
5. Fam'ly uh girls musn' keep black cat. (They won't get married.)
6. Put pulley bone (breast bone) over door: marry firstin comes in.
7. Catch a snail, put 'im in box: he'll make thu letters (initials) uv thu one y'ull marry.
8. Pick up uh pin broad side: catch uh sweet-heart.
9. Sleep on uh piece uv weddin' cake an' y'ull dream uv thu one yu'll marry.
10. Light uh match, name hit and hold hit: and if hit burns up, she loves yu.

Success:

1. Uh crowin' hen an' uh whislin' gal always come tuh bad en' (end).
2. Musn't burn wood struck by litnin'. (Invites disaster.)
3. Squirt milk on toad's back, cow ull guh dry.
4. Bad luck tuh kill uh cat.
5. Bad luck tuh meet uh woman [on a journey.]
6. Lucky tuh fin' uh four leaf clover.
7. [Cook] cabbage on New Years, money all the year.
8. Lef' 'and eaches (itches), sign yu goin uh git money.
9. Good luck tuh see new moon clear [of brush] over yur righ' shoulder.
10. Fin' uh pin head tords yuh, dull luck [results].
11. Bad luck tuh take up ashes 'tween Christmas an' New Years.
12. Musn' git outer wrong side uh bed.
13. Bad luck tuh start an' go back.

Antidotes or means of controlling luck:

1. Carry uh grave yard rabbit's lef' hin' foot fuh luck.
2. Hang up hoss shoe fuh [good] luck.
3. Peck on wood when yuh boast uv good luck.
4. Never say thankee fuh seeds. [They won't sprout.]
5. Drop yur book an' yu'll 'ave bad lessons. Kiss it an' yu'll 'ave good uns.
6. Tell uh dream 'fore breakfas' an' hit'll come true.
7. [If a] Jack o' lantern gits atter yuh, turn yuh coat wrong side out'ards.
8. Spit on bottom sock tuh cure bad luck.
9. [If a] Rabbit runs cross yur path, turn yur hat 'roun'. (Wear your hat with the back part in front.)

Miscellaneous signs that foretell coming events:

1. Drop uh knife, woman uh comin'; drop a fork, man uh comin'.
2. Nose eaches (itches), some un uh comin'.
3. Righ' 'and eaches: shake [hands] with uh stranger.
4. [If you] take bread 'an got bread, somebody's a comin' hungry.
5. [When you] drop a dish-rag, a bitch's (whore) uh comin'.
6. Dream uv fire, goin' uh be mad.
7. Dream uv niggers, goin' uh be mad.
8. Lef' ear burn, som' uns talkin' 'bout yuh; righ' ear burn, som' uns praisin' yuh.

THE ENGLISH, SCOTTISH, AND AMERICAN VERSIONS OF THE 'TWA SISTERS'.

BY ARCHER TAYLOR.

The versions of "The Twa Sisters" (Child 10) known in England and Scotland can be divided into two groups, English and Scottish, each with characteristic traits. The consequences which result from making such a division are of distinct importance both for this particular ballad's history and for ballad study in general. It will be most convenient to demonstrate the existence of these two groups before drawing any conclusions.

Many readily recognizable peculiarities of one group can be pointed out in Child B, perhaps the best representative of the Scottish tradition. We are not endeavoring to show that Child B is the oldest or the best version of the ballad. For our purpose it suffices that Child B contains in unmistakable form many, perhaps all those details which are characteristic of Scottish tradition. Whether these details are original or not is, at least for the present, beside the point. They serve to identify the Scottish tradition, which includes the following texts: B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, M, N, O, P, Q, W, X. The significant details are italicized in the following text:

B 1 There was twa sisters in a *bowr*,*
 Edinburgh, Edinburgh
 There was twa sisters in a bowr,
 Stirling for ay
 There was twa sisters in a bowr,
 There came a knight to be their wooer.
 Bonny Saint Johnston stands upon Tay¹

2 He courted the eldest wi glove an *ring*,
 But he lovd the youngest above a' thing.²

3 He courted the eldest wi brotch an *knife*,
 But lovd the youngest as his life.³

¹ B 1, C 1, D 1, E 1, F 1, G 1, I 1, N 1, O 1, P 1, Q 1; (hall): H 1, M 1; (ball): J 1, W 1. The letter refers to the letter assigned to the ballad text in Child, *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, and the number, to the stanza. Texts V—Y are found in Child I 493 ff.

² C 2, D 3, E 3, H 2, I 2, O 2, Q 3, † V 3, W 2. An obelisk (†) is prefixed to defective or corrupt versions.

³ C 3, D 4, H 3, I 3, Q 4, V 4.

- 4 The eldest she was vexed sair,
An much envi'd her sister fair.
- 5 Into her bowr she could not rest,
Wi grief an spite she almos brast.
- 6 Upon a morning fair an clear,
She cried upon her sister dear:
- 7 'O sister, come to yon sea stran,
An see our father's ships come to lan.
- 8 She's taen her by the milk-white han,
An led her down to yon sea stran.
- 9 The younges[t] stood upon a *stane*,*
The eldest came an threw her in.¹
- 10 She tooke her by the middle sma,
An dashd her bonny back to the jaw.
- 11 'O sister, sister, tak my han,
An Ise mack you heir to a' my lan.
- 12 'O sister, sister, tak my middle,
An yes get my goud and my gouden girdle.
- 13 'O sister, sister, save my life,
An I swear Ise never be nae man's wife.'²
- 14 'Foul fa the han that I should tacke,
It twin'd me an my wardles make.
- 15 'Your cherry cheeks an *yellow hair**
Gars me gae maiden for evermair.'³
16. Sometimes she sank, an sometimes she swam,
Till she came down yon bonny mill-dam.

¹ C 7, E 5, F 4, G 4, H 6, M 7, O 5, Q 6, V 7.

² This incremental repetition is preserved more or less well in several Scottish texts: C 9—13, D 7—10, E 6—7, F 6—8, G 6—7, H 7—10, I 7—9, N 10—11, P 7—10, Q 7—8, W 3—4. It must not be confused with the somewhat similar passage in R 5—6 and Y 6—7.

³ C 14, D 16, E 12, F 18, H 15, I 12, M 14, O 9, P 19, Q 15, V 18, W 10.

- 17 O out it came the *miller's son*,*
An saw the fair maid swimmin in.¹
18. 'O father, father, draw your *dam*,
Here's either a mermaid or a *swan*.'*²
- 19 The miller quickly drew the dam,
An there he found a drownd woman.
- 20 You coudna see her yallow hair
For gold and pearle that were so rare.
- 21 You coudna see her middle sma
For gouden girdle that was sae braw.
- 22 You coudna see her fingers white,
For gouden rings that was sae gryte.*³
- 23 An by there came a harper fine,
That harped to the king at dine.
- 24 When he did look that lady upon,
He sighd and made a heavy moan.
- 25 He's taen *three locks** o her yallow hair,
An wi them strung his harp sae fair.⁴
- 26 The first tune he did play and sing,
Was, 'Farewell to my father the king.'

¹ In the great majority of Scottish versions it is the miller's daughter rather than his son who sees the floating body. This spontaneous fission of the miller as in the English versions into miller's daughter or miller's son as in the Scottish versions is a frequent enough phenomenon. So too is the substitution of a male for a female actor or vice versa. I list those versions which show fission but I make no note of sex: C 16, D 12, E 9, F 11, G 10, H 12, I 10, M 11, O 7, P 12, Q 11, V 11, W 5, 7.

² C 16, D 13, E 10, F 12, G 11, H 13, I 11, M 12, N 14, † O 8, † P 13, Q 12, V 12, W 6. Note that the Scottish nature of X 1 appears in its single stanza, so deeply and characteristically dyed is the fabric. The rhyme pointed out here is to be distinguished from *swan*; *woman* of R 9, S 1, Y 10.

³ C 18—19, E 11—13, F 14—15, M 15, N 11, O 10, Q 14—15, V 15, † W 8. Apparently this passage of incremental repetition has exerted some influence on a previous passage; compare, *e. g.*, B 12 and 22, which both mention the girdle.

⁴ D 16, E 14, F 18, I 12, P 19, V 20, W 10.

27 'The nextin tune that he playd syne,
Was, 'Farewell to my mother the queen.'

28 'The lasten tune that he playd then,
Was, 'Wae to my sister, fair Ellen.'

The traits which have been italicized are characteristic of the Scottish tradition and are not found in the English tradition. More traits might perhaps be found, but the present number will probably suffice for our purposes. A ballad which contains these details may be confidently asserted to be of Scottish origin. Of course there is always the possibility that one may find these peculiarities in a ballad from the south of England, but we need not take this possibility into serious consideration. Indeed it is a false and misleading caution to question this result without being able to adduce a single reason for doubt. So far as we know, — and our knowledge is based on about thirty variants, — these details are not found in England. The situation is comparable to that of a botanist who asserts that palms grow only in the tropics. To be sure, palms may be found in Greenland, but he does not consider that possibility seriously. Nor need he, for his assertion is based on a relatively large number of observations, which are, be it noted, capable of being repeated at any time. Similarly our assertion that these characteristics are definitely Scottish is one which is based on a large number of instances. One might wish that the number were larger, but there is no occasion to feel greater uncertainty regarding the premises than does the botanist in the case of a rare plant. In one regard it might seem that the botanist has an advantage, viz., he can show that the palm is better adapted to warmer than to colder climates. Yet a moment's thought makes it clear that the ballad student has, at least theoretically, the same opportunity. He can prove that these details are in striking accord with Scottish or English life, *e. g.*, they may exhibit phrasal peculiarities explicable only in the light of Scottish or English tradition¹ or they may contain allusions to Scottish manners. Naturally such a proof is often more difficult of accomplishment than the botanist's proof of climatic adaptation, but it is not always beyond attainment.² In view of what has been said we accept the

¹ An example of this in the English group is seen in R, which, as Child observes (I 140, note on R a), probably borrowed its introduction from Child 1 A, 1 B, which are both English ballads. This contamination could not possibly have occurred in a Scottish text.

² Furthermore, the ballads can be compared to the botanist's plants in another important regard, viz., we can gather more if the number is insufficient for our investigation. This opportunity has been unduly neglected, but it nevertheless exists. Hardly any writer has brought together all the material on a particular theme and if one directs one's efforts to finding new variants from a particular region, success is reasonably certain. And when the

italicized traits as tokens of the Scottish tradition, at least until such an assumption is shown to be false, and in accepting them in this way we do not hesitate concerning the sureness of our footing.

In finding traits characteristic of English tradition we are confronted with serious difficulties. The English ballads are few in number, so few indeed that the absence of the Scottish traits is perhaps a more reliable mark than any other. Yet the geographical and chronological distribution of the English versions is such that we can see something of their development. The broadside of 1656, "The Miller and the King's Daughter" (A), is followed by a version (Y) from the Wye valley which was sent to Bishop Percy before 1770. The remaining English ballads (or ballads deriving clearly from the English tradition), i. e., J, L, R, S, T¹ have been recorded since 1850. Only version S offers a serious problem. It is found in the Kinloch MSS, but concerning its source nothing is known.² Significant characteristics of the English tradition are pointed out by Professor Cox³ who did not note the bearing of his observations: "All three [West Virginia] ballads belong to the group represented by Child R, S, U, and Y, as is shown in particular by the refrain, the beaver hat, and the wicked miller." Precisely these ballads, R, S, and Y—U was taken down on Long Island — are English and not Scottish ballads. Quite as

printed sources fail us, oral tradition is still at our disposal. Perhaps Kaptén Dr. W. Liungman is the only person who has actually done just this thing. He found his materials for the study of the *märchen* "*Prinsessan i jordkulan*" (Aarne-Thompson 870) insufficient and deliberately set about collecting new texts from oral sources. He found more than a score of texts in this way and doubled the amount of material available for his study. See Liungman, *En traditionsstudie över sagan om Prinsessan i jordkulan* (Aarnes 870), Gothenburg, 1925.

¹ I omit U, the American version, for the moment.

² Professor G. L. Kittredge kindly writes me as follows under date of April 11, 1928:

The fragment you mention [i. e., S] is in Kinloch's hand on a single sheet of two pages — once apparently loose but now bound in with the other leaves of the MS. The MS. is a collection, partly in Kinloch's hand and partly in several other hands, but all gathered by Kinloch. This sheet is undoubtedly in Kinloch's handwriting. The fragment is on the recto. On the verso is another song (Scottish, credited to Thomson — i. e. the song-book) also in Kinloch's hand. There is no indication whatever of the source from which Kinloch derived the fragment. The sources of most of his orally derived ballads were Scottish women, but his MS. contains (in his own writing) a number of pieces of the broadside kind. There is no improbability in your conjecture that Kinloch got the fragment from an English source (perhaps oral, since it is a fragment). Indeed, I am inclined to think his source was English. The absence of Scottish dialect in the fragment would favor this conclusion.

³ *Folksongs of the South*, Cambridge, 1925, p. 20.

significant as the presence of the English traits is the total absence of the Scottish traits. The absence of a trait is just as important as any other mode of identifying a regional variation, although we must bear particularly in mind the possibility that the trait has been lost in the natural processes of oral transmission. Further characteristics of the English tradition are the introduction:

There was a king of the North Countree,
And he had daughters one, two, three;¹

the rhyme *swan: woman* in the stanza:

'O father, oh father, I see a white swan,
Or else it is a fair woman;'²

and the stanza:

The miller was hanged on his high gate
For drowning our poor sister Kate.³

More peculiarities of the English tradition can doubtless be found, but these suffice: the introductory stanza, the refrain, the beaver hat, — which distinguishes the later English tradition from the earlier, — the omission of the adjective "yellow" in describing the girl's hair, the rhyme *swan: woman*, the wicked miller and his death. It may again be pointed out that these traits are not necessarily old. In fact, we can see clearly enough that several of them are corruptions of the original ballad.

We have thus demonstrated the existence of two distinct traditions in the ballad of "The Twa Sisters." A question which rises in our minds at once is the determination of the relation of American tradition to these groups. The most superficial survey reveals that the American ballads⁴ never contain a detail characteristic of Scottish tradition. This complete absence of Scottish peculiarities makes it very unlikely that the American ballads took rise in Scotland. Such an *argumentum ex silentio* is naturally not conclusive, for one might maintain that all the Scottish traits had been lost in crossing the Atlantic. But the comparison with the English ballads settles the matter. Many striking similarities to English tradition are found, *e. g.*, the introductory stanza,⁵ the beaver hat as the lover's

¹ R, Y. The stanza is perhaps borrowed from Child I A, 1 B; see Child I 140, note on 10 R a. Note that the contamination is a contamination of English ballads. See above p. 241 n. 1.

² R 9, S 1, Y 10.

³ R 13, S 5, Y 12.

⁴ L. Pound *American Ballads and Songs* No. 4, J. H. Cox *Folksongs of the South* No. 3. In the notes to these versions most, if not all, of the American ballads are listed.

⁵ Pound No. 4 B, Cox No. 3 A, *JAFI* XVIII (1905) 130, 131, XIX (1906) 233, XXX (1917) 286. A woman is found in Cox Nos. 3 B, 3 C, *JAFI* XIX (1906) 234, XXX (1917) 288.

gift,¹ and the failure to specify the hair as yellow. The American ballads follow the later English tradition, — which is at least as old as Y, Bishop Percy's version of 1770, — in neglecting the harp and converting the story into a tragedy of jealousy and avarice which ends with hanging the miller on the gate.² We need not be more detailed in our analysis, for the conclusion is obvious. The American tradition is derived from English and not from Scottish sources. Defective, corrupt, and contaminated as the American tradition is, it is nevertheless of some value in giving information about the English ballad. In this particular case we can go farther and point out that two stages of the English tradition have been preserved and that the existence of a third can be demonstrated. The oldest existent stage is that in the first recorded text (A), the broadside of 1656, which evidently maintained itself in oral tradition with some success, for the Welsh-English version (L) recovered about 1850 is clearly its descendant. But the buffoonery of A and L, *e. g.*,

- L 3 And what did he do with her fair bodye?
 Fal the lal the lal laral lody
 He made it a case for his melodye.
 Fal, etc.
- 4 And what did he do with her legs so strong?
 He made them a stand for his violin.
- 5 And what did he do with her hair so fine?
 He made of it strings for his violine.
- 6 And what did he do with her arms so long?
 He made them bows for his violon.
- 7 And what did he do with her nose so thin?
 He made it a bridge for his violin.
- 8 And what did he do with her eyes so bright?
 He made them spectacles to put to his sight.
- 9 And what did he do with her pretty toes?
 He made them a nosegay to put to his nose.

cannot be original. Behind this expansion lies a simpler narrative, more or less like the Scottish ballad but possessing no doubt peculiarities which

¹ Cox Nos. 3 A, 3 C, † Pound No. 4 B, † *JAFI* XVIII (1905) 130, 131, XIX (1906) 233, 234, XXX (1917) 286, 288.

² This is general in the American ballads and need scarcely be tabulated.

marked it as English. Into the question of the relation of the English and Scottish ballads we need not enter now, for a full discussion will involve a comparison with the Scandinavian forms.¹ The simpler English ballad which lies behind the broadside of 1656 was, we may conjecture, the source of the later English ballads, which, beginning with Y of 1770, have uniformly lost all trace of the harp and have converted the story into a penny dreadful. From this later English tradition spring the American ballads.

An easy and obvious test of the correctness of our procedure is to see whether these distinguishing marks really do enable us to separate and identify versions of unknown origin, or, in other words, to forecast what sort of ballads we will find. It is no surprise to learn that Professor Belden has in his possession five unprinted American versions with the stanza:

The miller was hung at his mill gate
For drowning my sister Kate.²

We can scarcely go wrong in conjecturing that these versions exhibit other peculiarities of the later English tradition and no traits belonging to the Scottish tradition. Or take an unprinted version which has fortunately come into my hands at this juncture:

- 1 Two little sisters fair and gay,
Sing I down, sing I down,
Two little sisters fair and gay,
The boys are bent on me.
Two little sisters fair and gay —
The younger had the older way.

Refrain:

I'll be kind to my true love,
For he is kind to me.

- 2 Johnny fell in love with the younger one,
The older didn't have one bit of fun.
- 3 Johnny bought the younger a gay gold ring, . . .
Johnny bought the other a gay gold ring.
The other did not have one thing.
- 4 Two little sisters walking by the stream.
The older pushed the younger in.

¹ See *Modern Philology* XXIV (1927) 486ff.

² See Belden *JAF* XXX (1917) 287.

- 5 At first she'd sink and then she'd swim,
Till next she came to a miller's dam.
- 6 The miller took by the hand,
And brought her safely to the land.
- 7 The miller stripped her of her gold,
And pushed her back into the stream.
- 8 The miller was hanged¹ on the gallows high,
The sister was burned at a stake close by.

The refrain, the single figure of the miller, and his execution are enough to mark this extremely corrupt text as of English rise. It contains no Scottish traits. We are therefore not surprised to learn that it is an American version which I owe to the kindness of Professor E. M. Albright.²

This simple and methodical comparison of texts attains several important results. It defines regional varieties of this Anglo-Scottish ballad. The American texts are derived from one of these regional varieties, the English, and not from the other. This fact gives new importance to the American ballads, for they can be used to supplement the very scantily recorded English tradition. In such an employment of American ballads we must, however, be on our guard lest we overestimate their value, for they represent a late and perhaps corrupt stage of English balladry. When we have thus identified peculiarities belonging to the English and the Scottish traditions, one question which we have thus far avoided follows as an immediate consequence: Which trait is original? This question involves the relation of English and Scottish traditions and perhaps even the ballad's whole history. To answer it we must call into court Scandinavian tradition and thus go beyond the bounds of our present undertaking.

¹ The informant said he was not sure whether it was *hanged* or *hung*.

² It was sung by the grandmother of one of her former students, Fred H. Sidney.

THE LEXINGTON GIRL.

BY MELLINGER E. HENRY.

Borrowed names and borrowed robes are, of course, proverbial, and often go hand in hand. The bobbing up of old songs with what might variously be called assumed names, *aliases*, *sobriquets*, according as you wish, is an interesting phase of these old melodies. Whence arise all the titles? Are different communities prone to apply a local name as a stamp of ownership? Or are they influenced by some incident in their own neighborhoods? Is the whole text sometimes appropriated to tell to the rhythm of music some absorbing event in the life of the community? Certainly the tracing of the nomenclature of old songs offers something of the same interest as the variations of the songs themselves.

The many different versions of folk-songs that have not depended on the printed page for their preservation or transmission are extremely interesting texts for the purpose of making studies in comparisons. Each version of the same song usually bears some mark of the dialect, social habits and customs, or even the topography of the community in which it has been sung.

"The Lexington Girl," the text given below, was obtained by the writer from Mary Riddle, of Black Mountain, Buncombe County, North Carolina, who knows and sings a number of the traditional ballads of England and Scotland. The text is as follows:

I.

My tender parents brought me up, provided for me well.

It was in the city of Lexington, they placed me in a mill.

It's there I met a pretty fair maid. On her I cast my eye;

I promised her I'd marry her, and she believed a lie.

2.

I went into her sister's house at nine o'clock at night;

But little did the creature think at her I had a spite.

I asked her to walk a little way, a little way away,

And we would have a little talk and name a wedding day.

3.

We walked a long, a lonesome, road until we walked through a desert plain.

I drew a stake out of the fence and hit her in the face.

She fell upon her bended knees; for mercy loud she cried

And said, "Oh, please don't murder me for I'm unprepared to die."

4.

Little attention did I pay unto her dying prayer, but only hit her more
 Until I saw the innocent blood which I could (not) restore.
 I ran my fingers through her coal black hair; to cover up my sin
 I took her to the river side and there I plunged her in.

5.

On my returning home I met my servant, John.
 He asked me why I was so pale and yet so onward worn.
 I snatched the candle out of his hand and went to take my rest.
 For I could feel the flames of hell a-burning in my breast.

6.

Come all you people old and young
 And listen to my story:
 It's always prove to your lover true
 And never let the devil get the upper hand of you.

Perhaps someone can interpret the puzzling "onward worn." The "not" in the parenthesis was inserted by the writer. At first the mistake was made of identifying this song with "The Jealous Lover" (38 of Cox's *Folk-Songs of the South* and 43 of Miss Louise Pound's *American Ballads and Songs*) to which it offers some resemblance. Compare the following line from "The Lexington Girl" as given above:

"She fell upon her bended knees; for mercy loud she cried," with this line from "The Jealous Lover," —

"Down on her knees before him she pleaded for her life." The latter is based on the story of the murder of Pearl Bryan, of Greencastle, Indiana.

Professor G. L. Kittredge at once cleared the matter by pointing out that the song is a form of the old broadside ballad, "The Wittam Miller," and referred to his note in Cox's *Folk-Songs of the South*, No. 90, p. 311, which is as follows:

"In West Virginia this ballad is known as 'The Tragedy' and as 'Johnny McDowell.' It has been found in oral circulation in Virginia and Tennessee (Focus, iv, 370), Missouri (Belden, JAFI, 25:11), and Kentucky (Shearin and Combs, pp. 13,28). Belden has noted that it is a reduction of "The Wittam Miller"; of 'The Berkshire Tragedy, or, Wittam Miller' the Harvard College Library has English broadsides of the eighteenth and early nineteenth century (Stone-cutter street, Fleet Market; J. Evans; Howard & Evans; Turner, Coventry; Pitts; of *Roxburghe Ballads*, Ed. Ebsworth, VIII, II, 629). According to an Edinburgh Chapbook of 1744 (catalogued by Halliwell, *Notices of Fugitive Tracts*, Percy Society, XXIX, 90), the miller's name was John Mauge and he was hanged at Reading (Berkshire) in that year. An American broadside of the early part of the nineteenth century (Boston, Corner of Cross and Fulton Streets) affords a condensed version: "The

Wittam Miller" under the title of "The Lexington Miller." A condensed text, 'The Cruel Miller', substantially like the West Virginia version is found in modern English Broadside (Catnach; Ryle; Such, No. 622): see also *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, VII, 28, and of Baring-Gould and Sheppard, *Songs of the West*, IV, XXX."

While this article was being prepared Prof. Kittredge very kindly sent a copy of the American broadside in the Harvard Library referred to in the note just quoted. It is instructive to print it for the purpose of comparison:

The Lexington Miller,

Come all you men and maidens dear, to you I will relate.
Pray lend an ear and you shall hear concerning my sad fate,
My parents brought me up with care, provided for me well,
And in the town of Lexington employ'd me in a mill.

'Twas there I 'spied a comely lass, she cast a winning eye,
I promis'd I would marry her if she would but comply:
I courted her about six months, which caused us pain and woe;
'Twas folly brought us into a snare, and it prov'd our overthrow.

Her mother came to me one day as you shall understand,
Begging that I would appoint a day, and marry her at hand;
It was about one month from Christmas, O, cursed be that day,
The devil put in to my heart to take her life away.

I was perplex'd on every side, no comfort could I find
Then for to take her life away, my wicked heart inclin'd;
I went unto her sister's house at eight o'clock at night,
And she, poor soul, little thought or knew I ow'd her any spite.

I said, come go along with me, out door a little way,
That you and I may both agree upon our wedding day,
Then hand in hand I led her on, down to some silent place;
I took a stake out of the fence, and struck her on the face.

Now she upon her knees did fall, and most heartily did cry,
Saying, kind sir, don't murder me for I am not fit to die;
I would not harken unto her cries, but laid it on the more,
Till I had taken her life away, which I could not restore.

All in the blood of innocence, my trembling hand have dy'd,
All in the blood of her who should have been my lawful bride;
She gave a sigh and bitter groan, and cast a wishful look,
I took her by the hair of the head and flung her in the brook.

Now straight unto the Mill I went, like one that's in a maze,
 And first I met was my servant boy, who deeply on me gaz'd;
 How came that blood upon your hands, likewise on your clothes?
 I instantly made reply, 'twas bleeding of the nose.

I called for a candle, the same was brought to me.
 And when the candle I had light, an awful sight I see;
 Now straightway unto bed I went, thinking relief to find,
 It seemed as if the plagues of hell, were lodg'd within my mind.

Next day her body was search'd for, but it could not be found,
 Then I was in my chamber seized, and in my chains were bound.
 In two or three days after, this fair maid she was found,
 Came floating by her mother's house, that was near Wentontown.

Her sister swore against me, she said she had no doubt,
 'Twas I that took her life away, as 'twas I that led her out.
 It's now my end comes hastening on, and death approaches nigh,
 And by my own confession I am condemn'd to die.

Now fare you well to Lexington, where my first breath I drew,
 I warn all men and maidens, to all their vows prove true.

Professor Cox in "Folk Songs of the South" gives two versions, the first, entitled "The Tragedy," was communicated by Miss Marie Rennar, Morgantown, Monongalia County (West Virginia) and was obtained from Mrs. Dayton Wiles, who learned it from her mother, who lived many years in the mountains near Rowlesburg, Preston County.

I.

The Wexford Girl (The Cruel Miller)

I.

There was a rich old Farmer in Wexford devine,
 Who had two charming daughters; for my love they did pine.
 I went to see those charming girls just eight o'clock at night;
 Little did poor sister dear, when I left her in great spite.

2.

I asked the other to take a walk and view the meadow o'er,
 So we might have a chance to talk, and appoint our wedding hour.
 We strolled along both hand in hand, till we came to the level ground;
 I drew a stake out of the hedge and knocked my fair one down.

3.

She fell upon her bended knees, and for mercy she did cry.
"O Johnny, dear, don't murder me here, for I'm not prepared to die."
I took her by the curly locks, and dragged her o'er the ground,
And threw her into the waters that ran through Wexford town.

4.

Straight home, straight, poor Johnny went at twelve o'clock that night,
Which caused his aged mother to wake up in great fright:

"O Johnny dear, what have you done? there are bloodstains on your hands."

The answer that I gave her was. "Bleeding at the nose."

5.

He asked her for a candle to light him up to bed,
While the groans and moans of the Wexford girl went roaming through
his head.

Six or seven days afterward the Wexford girl was found,
A-floating on the waters that run through Wexford town.

6.

Marshall came and arrested me and dragged me off to jail;
There was no one to pity me, no one to go my bail.
Now come, all you tender hearted men, and warning take in time;
Never murder a poor girl, or your fate will be like mine."

The second is entitled "Johnny McDowell" and was contributed by Miss Snoaf McCourt, Orndoff, Webster County (West Virginia). May 1916. It follows:

1.

'T was in town of Woxford, where I did live and dwell,
'T was in the town of Woxford I owned a flowery dell.
'T was there I courted a pretty fair miss with a dark and rolling eye;
I asked if she'd marry me; these words she did comply.

2.

'T was on one Saturday evening, I came to her sister's house.
I asked her if she'd walk with me, and the wedding day appoint.
We walked along together, till we came to the level ground;
I drew a stake from the fence and knocked this fair miss down.

3.

All on her bended knees, how for mercy she did cry!
 "Johnny McDowell, don't murder me, for I'm not prepared to die."
 I hated for to kill her, but I beat her all the more;
 I beat her till her body lay a-bleeding in the gore.

4.

I took her by her yellow locks and dragged her o'er the sand,
 And threw her in the water that flowed through Woxford town.
 'T was twelve o'clock that very same night, when I came to my mother's
 house;
 I asked for a candle to light me up to bed, also for a handkerchief to
 bind my aching head.

5.

"Son, O son, what have you done? How came this blood upon your
 clothes?"
 The answer that I made to her was, "The bleeding of my nose."
 I rolled and kicked and tumbled, but no rest could I find;
 The flames of hell so brightly then before my eyes did shine.

6.

Her sister swore my life, for reasons I've no doubt;
 She swore I was the very identical man that led her sister out.

.....

.....

Miss Louise Pound in "American Ballads and Songs" (No. 45, also
 Cox No. 150) gives two versions of a song with the titles, "The Old
 Shawnee" and "On the Banks of the Old Pedee," both of which bear
 some resemblance to "The Lexington Girl." The first begins,

"I ask my love to take a walk,
 To take a walk a little way,
 And as we walk we'll sweetly talk
 Of when shall be our wedding day."

However the difference is that she refuses his love. Then,

"He drew a knife across her breast,
 And in anger she did cry,
 'O Willie dear, don't murder me,
 For I am not fit to die!'"

In "Fair Fanny Moore," another jealous-lover murder story, also given by Miss Pound (No. 97), there are two lovers, Henry and Randall.. Henry marries Fanny. Then Randall "buried his knife in her snowy white breast." Miss Pound tells us that this text was obtained from Mrs. John Leslie, Stanford, Montana, and that it has wide currency.

Another gruesome song of murder by a lover is "Rose Connille" (Cox No. 91) in which "the girl is murdered on the bank of a river, by her lover, who, intoxicated with Burgandy wine, is persuaded to slay her, by his father's promise of money." On the other hand, in "Young Hunting" (Child, No. 68) the woman becomes the jealous slayer because of "a girl in the old Scotch Yard." Lord Thomas ("Lord Thomas and Fair Annet," Child No. 73) puts to death his bride the Brown Girl, in revenge for her slaying his real love, the Fair Eleanor. Lord Randall (Child, No. 12) is poisoned by his true-love. In "Young Johnstome" (Child, No. 88) fair Annet is stabbed for as little reason as the Lexington Girl. In "Jellon Grame" (Child, No. 90) the "unborn son" lives to avenge his mother's murder. "Little Frankie" is another example of an American song in which jealousy of another woman leads Frankie

"To get her a thirty-eight"

to shoot her "gamble-man." The writer secured a fine text of this song in "Bloody Breathitt" County, Kentucky, where it was sung by Granville Gadsey. Professor Cox gives two forms of it, one entitled "Maggie Was a Lady," and the other, "Maggie Was a Good Little Girl." Miss Dorothy Scarborough in "On the Trail of Negro Folk Songs" publishes several versions and points out that it "is widely current among Negroes" and that "the title varies, being called in different versions *Franky, Pauly, Lilly, Georgy, Frankie and Johnnie, Franky and Albert, Franky Baker*, and so forth." Many other ballads in which murder by one lover or the other is the theme might be mentioned, but enough have been given to show that such a theme was often used in the old songs.

BALLADS AND SONGS OF THE SOUTHERN HIGHLANDS¹

COLLECTED BY MELLINGER E. HENRY.

I. LADY ISABEL AND THE ELF KNIGHT.

Child, No. 4.

"Pretty Polly." Sung by Mrs. Samuel Harmon, Cade's Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, August 1, 1928. Recorded by Mrs. Mellinger E. Henry. Learned by Mrs. Harmon from grandfather Harmon who came from Watauga County, N. C. He obtained it by oral transmission from his father who learned it in England and emigrated to North Carolina.

See Cox, No. 1; Campbell and Sharp, No. 2; Scarborough, 43; Reed Smith, No. 1; Sandburg, 60; *Journal* VII, 228; *Journal* XXXV, 338; Wyman and Brockway, 82; R. W. Gordon, *The New York Times Magazine*, October 9, 1927; W. Roy Mackenzie, *The Quest of the Ballad*, 93, 174, 182. Cf. Cox's head-note for further American variants and references.

1. He followed me up,
And he followed me down,
When I had no tongue,
For to say, "Nay, Nay."
2. "You get part of your father's gold;
And likewise your mother's too,
And go to your father's stable
Where the horses stand thirty and three.
3. "And you get the very best two
Out of the thirty and three
And we go to the old salt sea
And married we will be."
4. She got part of her father's gold,
Likewise her mother's too,
And she went to her father's stable
Where there stood horses thirty and three.

¹ Abbreviated references: *Journal*, *Journal of American Folk-Lore*; *Cox*, *Folk Songs of the South*; *Campbell and Sharp*, *English Folk Songs of the Southern Appalachians*; *Wyman and Brockway*, *Lonesome Tunes*; *Pound*, *American Ballads and Songs*; *Reed Smith*, *The Traditional Ballad and its South Carolina Survivals*; *Scarborough*, *On the Trail of Negro Folk Songs*; *Sandburg*, *The American Songbag*; *Shoemaker*, *North Pennsylvania Minstrelsy*.

5. And she mounted on the Turkish brown
And he on the dapper grey
And they rode till they come to the old salt sea —
Three long hours till day.
6. "You get down, my pretty Polly,
Get down, get down," says he,
"For I've drowned six kings' daughters
And you the seventh will be."
7. "You pull off them fine gold clothings,
And hang them on yonders tree;
For I say they are too rich and costly
For to rot in this old sea."
8. "You turn your face towards the green tree;
Your back you turn to me;
For I say a naked maid
Ain't fitten for a man to see."
9. He turned hisself all around and about —
His back he turned to me —
She picked him up in her arms so manful
And throwed him into the sea.
10. "Give me your hand, my pretty Polly,
Give me your hand," said he,
"And the very next time I make you a promise,
I'll double it with three."
11. "Lie there, lie there, you false lying villian,
Lie there instead of me;
For you have drowned six kings' daughters
And you the seventh shall be."
12. She mounted on the Turkish brown
And led the dapple grey;
She rode till she come to her father's home,
One long hour till day.
13. Up spoke her little parrot
A-setting in his cage:
"What is the matter, my pretty Polly?
What made you stay so long from me?"

14. "Hold your tongue, my pretty little parrot,
And tell no tale on me,
And your cage shall be lined with the yellow beaten gold,
And your door of ivory."
15. Up spoke her old father —
Oh, he spoke desperately —
"What's the matter, my pretty little parrot?
What makes you talk so long from day?"
16. "Nothing but an old stray cat
A-trying to catch me,
And I was calling to Pretty Polly
For to drive the cat away."

2. EARL BRAND.

Child, No. 7.

"Lord Loving." From the singing of Mrs. Samuel Harmon, Cade's Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, who learned it from Grandfather Harmon in Watauga County, North Carolina. Recorded by Mrs. Mellinger E. Henry.

See Campbell and Sharp, No. 3, four variants; Cox, No. 2; Perrow, *Journal* XXVIII, 152; Reed Smith, *Journal* XXVIII, 200; Mackenzie, *The Quest of the Ballad*, 60.

1. "Hold my horse, little Marget," he said,
"Hold him with your hand,
Till I go and fight your seven brothers bold
In the meadow where they stand."
2. She stood and she stood
And she never shed a tear,
Till she seed her seven brothers bold fall
And her father who loved her so dear.
3. She pulled her handkerchief out of her pocket —
Was of the Holland so fine —
She tuk and wiped her brothers' bloody wounds
Until the blood run as red as the wine.
4. "Choose you now, little Marget," he says,
"Go long with me abide."
"I must go, Lord Loving," she said,
"Lord, you've left me nary a guide."

5. He mounted himself on a 'Turkish brown,
And she on the dapple grey;
And he blowed his bugle both loud and shrill,
And he bled as he rode away.
6. He rode by the light of the bright shining moon
Till he come to his mother's barred (barred) door:
"Open the door, dear mother," he says,
"Little Marget, she is won."
7. "Make me a bed, dear mother," he says,
"Make it wide and deep,
Lay little Marget in my arms
That the sounder I may sleep."
8. Lord Loving died before midnight
And she along 'fore day;
And if that be the way of all such true lovers,
Who run away together,
God send them more pleasure than they.

3. LORD RANDAL

Child, No. 12.

Sung by Miss Mary Riddle, Black Mountain, Buncombe County, North Carolina. She had it from her father who learned it in Madison County, North Carolina. This ballad came as a surprise to the editor because on a former visit to the home of Miss Riddle this young lady insisted that she had "sung all I know," but a later visit (1926) brought as reward the following variant of Lord Randal.

Cox in his head-note to No. 4 states that twelve variants have been recovered in West Virginia under the titles of "Lord Randal", "Johnny Randolph", "Johnny Randal", "Johnny Ramsey", and "Johnny Reeler". Reed Smith (No. 2) quotes two from South Carolina. See also Campbell and Sharp, No. 6; Pound, No. 1; Shoemaker, 123; *Journal XXXIX*, 81; *New Jersey Journal of Education*, December, 1927; Josephine McGill, *Folk Songs of the Kentucky Mountains*, 19. (In Shoemaker's second edition, 1923, the page is 139).

1. "Oh, where have you been, Lord Randal, my son?
Oh, where have you been, my handsome young man?"
"I have been to the greenwood. Mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm wearied with hunting and fain would lie down."

2. "And who met you there, Lord Randal, my son?
And who met you there, my handsome young man?"
"Oh, I met with my true love. Mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm wearied with hunting and fain would lie down."
3. "And what did she give you, Lord Randal, my son?
And what did she give you, my handsome young man?"
"Eels fried in a pan. Mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm wearied with hunting and fain would lie down."
4. "And what got your leavings, Lord Randal, my son?
And what got your leavings, my handsome young man?"
"My hawks and my hounds. Mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm wearied with hunting and fain would lie down."
5. "And what became of them, Lord Randal, my son?
And what became of them, my handsome young man?"
"They stretched their legs out and died. Mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm wearied with hunting and fain would lie down."
6. "Oh, I fear you are poisoned, Lord Randal, my son!
Oh, I fear you are poisoned, my handsome young man!"
"Oh, yes, I am poisoned. Mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at heart and fain would lie down."
7. "What do ye leave to your mother, Lord Randal, my son?
What do ye leave you your mother, my handsome young man?"
"Four and twenty milk cows. Mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart and fain would lie down."
8. "What do ye leave to your sister, Lord Randal, my son?
What do ye leave to your sister, my handsome young man?"
"My gold and my silver. Mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart and fain would lie down."
9. "What do ye leave to your brother, Lord Randal, my son?
What do ye leave to your brother, my handsome young man?"
"My houses and my lands. Mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart and fain would lie down."
10. "What do ye leave to your true love, Lord Randal, my son?
What do ye leave to your true love, my handsome young man?"
"I leave her hell and fire! Mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at heart and fain would lie down."

4. YOUNG BEICHAN.

Child, No. 53.

"Young Behan." Obtained from Miss Laura Harmon, Cade's Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, August, 1928, who learned it from her father, Samuel Harmon.

See Cox, No. 8; Campbell and Sharp, No. 12; Pound, No. 14; Mackenzie, *The Quest of the Ballad*, 115; Kittredge, *Journal XXX*, 294; Cf. also Raine, *The Land of the Saddle Bags*, 109; Reed Smith, *South Carolina Ballads*, 104.

1. Young Behan from Glasgow ('s) gone,
All these fine Turkish for to view.
They bored a hole through his right shoulder,
And through and through they drew a key,
And plunged him in to the dungeon dark
Where the light of day he no more could see.
2. The gaoler had a beautiful daughter —
Oh, a beautiful daughter was she.
She now to the gaol window is gone
To call young Behan, to hear his voice.
3. "Have you any houses and lands?
Have you any buildings free?
Or what would you give to a pretty girl,
To set you at your liberty?"
4. "The Glasgow town, it is all mine,
Besides the castles two or three;
And them I'll give to a pretty girl,
That will set me at my liberty."
5. "Give to me your faith and troth
And your right hand you will marry me,
And pay down ninety thousand pounds
And I'll set you at your liberty."
6. She took him by his pale white hand
And led him up the marble walk
Where the sugar, bread, and wine so red
Was all to comfort his fair body.
7. They made a league between them both
For seven long years and one day.
"And if you don't come within that time,
The blame all on you I will lay."

8. The seven long years has just been gone
This lady a-thinking the time great long.
"I'll go search for my young Behan;
I know no where or within what land."
9. Her father built her a little ship
And set it on the raging sea;
And in that ship put gold enough
To bear her own sweet company.
10. She floated low, she floated high;
Some turf of (and) stone she chanced did spy,
As she went cracking her pretty white fingers
As the lords and knights went talking by.
11. She went to young Behan's gate
And dinged at the ring.
"Wait a while," the porter said,
"I'll quickly rise and let you in."
12. "Is this young Behan's hall,
Or is it his knight within?"
— — — — —
— — — — —
13. On her fingers she wore rings,
And on her middle finger three.
She twisted a ring from a middle finger
And gave the porter for his fee.
14. "Here is a lady at your gate,
As fair as your two eyes ever did see."
"I'll lay my like," Lord Behan says,
"Miss Susie Price's come over the seas."
15. He kicked a table with his foot,
And drew it down on his knee,
And made cup, pans, and silver cans —
All into flinders they did fly.
16. "Have you wedded any other woman?
I am sure I've wedded no other man.
Come, pay me down ninety thousand pounds,
And I'll go home to my native land."

17. "No, love, don't talk so;
It's whether you marry, or let it be,
I'll wed you to my older brother
If with him content you'd be,"
18. "I wish you luck with your older brother,
But I don't want no such a man.
Come, pay me down my portion small
And I'll return to the Turkish land."
19. "No, love, don't talk so;
Whether you marry him, or let that be,
I'll marry you to my younger brother
If with him content you'd be."
20. "I wish you luck with your younger brother,
But I don't want no such a man.
Come pay me down ninety thousand pounds
And I'll go home to my native land."
21. "No, love, don't talk so;
It's whether you marry him or let that be.
I'll wed you to my own self,
If with me content you'd be."
22. Up spoke his new bride —
Oh, but she spoke desperately:
"You've married as fair a lady
As ever your two eyes did see."
23. "Yes, you are fair and very fair,
And fair as ever need to be.
If you were nine times fairer than ever you was
You wouldn't be as fair by one-tenth degree."
24. Up spoke his new bride's mother —
Oh, but she spoke angrily:
"Did you ever hear or know the like before —
To wed a damsel in the morning soon
And to wed to another just after noon."
25. "You may have your brown girl.
I am sure she is none the worse by me.
Before I'd hear of my darling complain
I'd like all this town in exchange."

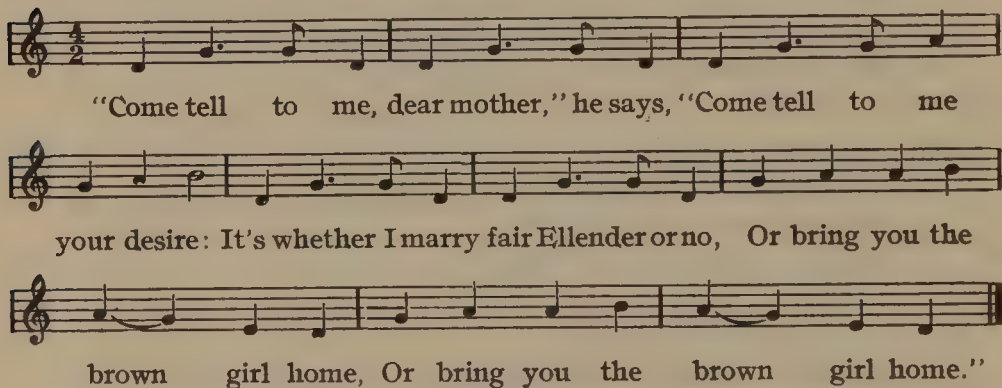
26. He took her by her lily white hand
 And led her up a marble stair.
 He changed her name from Miss Susie Price
 And called her the Queen of Glasgow Geen (Green).

5. LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET.

Child, No. 73.

"Lord Thomas and Fair Ellender." Sung by "Uncle" Sam Harmon, Cade's Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, August, 1928. He learned it from his grandfather in Watauga County, North Carolina, who had learned it in England before emigrating to North Carolina.

See Cox's head-note to No. 10 for American texts. Add Raine, *Land of the Saddle Bags*, 112; Hudson, *Journal XXXIX*, 94; Reed Smith *South Carolina Ballads*, 109.



"Come tell to me, dear mother," he says, "Come tell to me
 your desire: It's whether I marry fair Ellender or no, Or bring you the
 brown girl home, Or bring you the brown girl home."

1. "Come tell to me, dear mother," he says,
 "Come tell to me your desire:
 It's whether I marry fair Ellender or no,
 Or bring you the brown girl home,
 Or bring you the brown girl home."
2. "The brown girl she has houses and lands,
 Fair Ellender, she has none."
 "For a blessing, my own dear son,
 Go bring the brown girl home,
 Go bring the brown girl home."
3. He dressed his pavage all in green;
 Hisself he dressed in white;
 And every town that he rode through,
 They tuk him to be some knight,
 They tuk him to be some knight.

4. He rode till he came to fair Ellender's gate.
He dinged low at the ring;
None is so ready as Ellender herself
To rise and welcome him in,
To rise and welcome him in.
5. "What news, what news," fair Ellender says,
"What news you brung to me?"
"No news, no news," Lord Thomas, he says,
Only come to my wedding,
Only come to my wedding."
6. "Bad news, bad news," Fair Ellender says,
"Bad news, you brung to me.
For I thought to be the bride myself
And you the bridegroom to be,
And you the bridegroom to be."
7. "Come tell to me, dear mother," she says,
"Come tell to me your desire:
As to whether I go to Lord Thomas's wedding,
Or dine at home with thee,
Or dine at home with thee."
8. "Great many of your friends will be there;
And great many more of your foes:
And for a blessing, my own dear child,
Come dine at home with me,
Come dine at home with me."
9. "Great many of my friends will be there;
Great many more of my foes;
And let me be dead or alive,
To Lord Thomas's wedding I go,
To Lord Thomas's wedding I go."
10. She dressed her pavage all in white;
Herself she dressed in green;
And every town that she rode through,
They tuk her for to be some queen,
They tuk her for to be some queen.
11. She rode till she came to Lord Thomas's gate,
She dinged low at the ring;
And none is so ready as Thomas himself
To rise and welcome her in,
To rise and welcome her in.

12. "Is this your young bride?" fair Ellender says,
"She looks so wonderfulest brown;
For you might have had as fair a lady
As ever the sun shone on,
As ever the sun shone on."
13. "Hold your tongue," Lord Thomas, he says;
"Throw none of your flouts on me;
I love the end of your little finger
Better than the brown girl's whole body,
Better than the brown girl's whole body."
14. The brown girl had a little pen-knife —
Was brazed in metal so free.
She pierced fair Ellender to the heart;
She gave her a dead-lie blow,
She gave her a dead-lie blow.
15. He tuk her by her lily-white hand,
And led her through chambers three,
And led her to his own bedside,
And pulled her down on his knee,
And pulled her down on his knee.
16. "What's the matter, what's the matter?" Lord Thomas says,
"You look so wonderfulest pale.
You use to look as red as a rose;
But now your color doth fail,
But now your color doth fail."
17. "Are you blind, are you blind, Lord Thomas," she says,
"Or can't you very well see?
Or don't you see my own heart's blood
Come trickerling down my knee,
Come trickerling down my knee."
18. "I am not blind," Lord Thomas, he says,
"And I can very well see.
And now I see your own heart's blood
Come trickerling down thy knee,
Come trickerling down thy knee."
19. Lord Thomas had a two-edged sword —
Was brazed in metal so free.
He tuk and cut off the brown girl's head
And stove it against a tree,
And stove it against a tree.

20. "Go dig a grave," Lord Thomas, he says,
"And dig it both wide and deep,
And lay fair Ellender in my arms,
And the brown girl at my feet,
And the brown girl at my feet."
21. He turned the point of the sword against his heart,
The butt against the wall;
And these are the last words Lord Thomas did say
Before his dead body did fall,
Before his dead body did fall.

6. LITTLE MUSGRAVE AND LADY BARNARD.

Child, No. 31.

"Little Matty Groves." Also from the singing of "Uncle" Sam Harmon who learned it from the same source as No. 5. "Uncle" Sam gives the assurance that he "can sing all night and nary repeat."

Eight variants of this ballad are given by Campbell and Sharp, No. 20. Version *B* bears some resemblance to the following text. The former is reprinted by Pound, No. 15. See Reed Smith, No. 7; Cox, No. 15.; Kittredge, *Journal* XXX, 309; Mackenzie *The Quest of the Ballad*, 14.

1. First come down was a raving white;
Next come down was a pilot;
Next come down was 'igh Donald's wife,
And she was the fairest of all, all,
She was the fairest of all.
2. Little Matty Groves was standing by;
On him she cast her eye:
"You are the darling of my heart
And the beauty of my eye, eye,
And the beauty of my eye."
3. Little Matty Groves was standing by;
He caught her in his arms.
Little foot-spade was standing by
And he tuk to his heels and he run, run,
And he tuk to his heels and he run.

4. He run till he come to the broken-down bridge.
And he bent to his breast and he swum;
And he swum till he come to the high dry land;
And he buckled up his shoes and he run, run,
And he buckled up his shoes and he run.
5. And he run till he come to 'igh Donald's gate;
And he dingle at the ring and it rung.
"What news, what news," 'igh Donald, he says,
"What news you brung to me, me,
What news you brung to me?"
6. "No news, no news," little foot-spade said,
"Only little Matty Groves in the bed with you gaily dee."
"That's a lie," 'igh Donald said, "a lie, I take it to be.
And if there air green tree in all of these wood.
A hang man you will be, be,
A hang man you will be."
7. He placed his men all in a row —
Not a horn or a bugle for to blow.
There was one man all in that row
That knowed little Matty Groves well, well,
That knowed little Matty Groves well.
8. He wound his horn unto his mouth
And blowed both loud and shrill.
"What's that, what's that," little Matty Groves says,
"That blows so loud and shrill, shrill,
That blows so loud and shrill?"
9. "Lie down, lie down," 'igh Donald's wife says,
"And keep the cold from me.
It's nothing but my father's little shepherd boy
Driving his sheep from the fold, fold,
Driving his sheep from the fold."
10. "How do you like my curtains?" he says,
"And how do you like my sheet?
And how do you like my gaily dee,
That's in your arms asleep, sleep,
That's in your arms asleep?"
11. "Very well I like your curtains," he says,
"And very well I like your sheet;

- Much better do I like your gaily dee,
That's in my arms asleep, sleep,
That 's in my arms asleep."
12. "Rise up, rise up," 'igh Donald, he says,
"Some clothing to put on.
It never shall be said in old England
That I slew you, a naked man, man,
That I slew you, a naked man."
13. "How can I rise," little Matty Groves says,
"How can I rise for my life?
And you have two good swords
And I not as much as a knife, knife,
And I not as much as a knife."
14. "I know I have two good swords;
They cost me deep in the purse.
You may have the very best one
And I will take the worst, worst,
And I will take the worst."
15. "You may have the very first lick
And strike it like a man
And I will take the very next lick
And I'll kill you if I can, can,
And I'll kill you if I can."
16. The very first lick little Matty Groves struck,
He struck him on the head.
The very next lick 'igh Donald struck,
He killed little Matty Groves dead, dead,
He killed little Matty Groves dead.
17. He tuk his wife by the hand
And pulled her down on his knee.
"How do you like my ruby lips,
How do you like my chin, chin,
How do you like my chin?"
18. "Well do I like your ruby lips,
Well do I like your chin;
Much better do I like little Matty Groves
Than you and all your kin, kin,
Than you and all your kin."

7. BONNY BARBARA ALLAN.

Child, No. 84.

A.

"Barbey Ellen." Obtained from Mrs. Hiram Proctor, Cade's Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, August, 1928. She learned it from her father who had it from his grandfather.

This ballad was first printed in *The Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1740, and next in Percy's *Reliques*, 1765. Reed Smith, No. 8, states that ten texts have been discovered in South Carolina running from five to sixteen stanzas and says, "Of all the ballads in America Barbara Allan leads both in number of versions and number of tunes". He adds that it has appeared in ten song books and several broadsides. Cox, in his head-note, No. 16, says that twelve variants have been found in West Virginia. Campbell and Sharp, No. 21, give ten texts and ten tunes. C. Alphonso Smith quotes a Virginia version in "Ballads Surviving in the United States," *Musical Quarterly*, 2, No. 1, p. 120. James Watt Raine gives a Kentucky version of nineteen stanzas with tune in *The Land of the Saddle Bags*. Pound, No. 3, gives two versions, one from Missouri and one from North Carolina. See also Wyman and Brockway, 1; Hudson, *Journal XXXIX*, 97; *Adventure Magazine*, March 10, 1925, "two rather odd and interesting versions;" *ibid*, March 10, 1926; *New Jersey Journal of Education*, February, 1927; *Farm Life*, March, 1927 (an uncommonly scornful version); Scarborough, 59; R. W. Gordon, *New York Times Magazine*, October 9, 1927; Josephine McGill, *Folk Songs of the Kentucky Mountains*, 40; MacKenzie, *The Quest of the Ballad*, 100; Reed Smith *South Carolina Ballads* (Harvard University Press, 1928), 129.

1. Way down South where I came from
Is where I got my learning.
I fell in love with a pretty little girl,
And her name is Barbey Ellen.
2. I courted her for seven years,
And I asked her if she would marry.
With a bowed down head and a sweet little smile,
She never made no answer.
3. Early along in the spring,
When the red roses were blooming,
A young man on his death bed lay
For the love of Barbey Ellen.
4. He sent his servant down to town
To a place where she was dwelling:
"My master is love-sick and sent for you,
If your name is Barbey Ellen."

5. She slightly talked and slowly walked
And slowly went unto him.
"Young man, young man, I heard you were sick,
For the love of me, your darling."
6. "Yes, I am sick, and very sick,
And with me death is dwelling;
And none the better will I be,
Till I get Barbey Ellen."
7. "Yes, you are sick, and very sick,
And with you death is dwelling;
But none the better will you be
While my name is Barbey Ellen."
8. "Don't you remember the other day
When we were all a-drinking,
You passed the glass to the ladies all around,
But you slighted me, your darling?"
9. "Yes, I remember the other day,
When we were all a-drinking:
I passed the glass to the ladies all around,
But all for you, my darling."
10. He turned his pale face to the wall,
His back he turned towards them;
"Adieu, adieu, to all this world,
But be kind to Barbey Ellen."
11. She had not rode five miles from town,
Till she heard the death bells ringing,
And every lick, it seemed to strike
"Hard hearted Barbey Ellen."
12. She looked east, she looked west,
Till she saw the pale corpse coming:
"Lay him down, lay him down,
And let me look upon him."
13. The more she looked, the worse she got,
Till she bursted out in crying:
"Young man, young man, you died for me.
I will die for you tomorrow."

14. They buried Sweet Willie in one church yard,
And Barbey in the other;
And out of Barbey's breast sprang a red, red rose,
And out of his a brier.
15. They grew and grew to such a length of height,
Till they could not grow no higher;
And there they tied in a true-lover's knot
And the rose run around the brier.

B.

"Barbara Allen." Sung by Miss Mary Riddle, Black Mountain, Buncombe County, North Carolina, from whom the editor obtained it. This variant was published in the *Journal* XXXIX, 211. It is reprinted here for the sake of the tune which has since been obtained and now accompanies it.

It was a plea - sant morning in May When

all the green buds were swel-ling Sweet Wil - liam

on his death bed lay For the love of Bar' - b'ra Al - len.

1. It was a pleasant morning in May
When all the green buds were swelling --
Sweet William on his death bed lay
For the love of Barbara Allen.

2. He sent a servant into the town
And unto Barbara's dwelling,
Saying, "Your master's sick and sent for you
If your name is Barbara Allen."
3. It's slowly, slowly she got up
And slowly she went to him,
But all she said when she got there:
"Young man, I think you're dying."
4. "Oh, yes I'm sick and very sick,
And sorrow within me dwelling;
And no better, no better I never will be,
If I don't get Barbara Allen."
5. "It's no better, no better you never will be,
For you can't get Barbara Allen."
He turned his face unto the wall;
He turned his back upon her.
6. "It's young man, young man, to remember when we
Were in yonder town a-drinking;
You drank a health to the ladies all around
And slighted Barbara Allen!"
7. "Oh yes, oh yes, I do remember when we
Were in yonder town a-drinking —
I drank a health to the ladies all around,
And my love to Barbara Allen."
8. And when she had got a mile away from town,
She heard his death bell tolling.
And every toll it seemed to say:
"Stop there, Barbara Allen."
9. She turned around to view the ground —
She saw his corpse coming.
"Stop there, lay him down, down,
That I may look upon him,
Sweet William died for me today —
I'll die for him tomorrow."
10. Sweet William was buried in the old church-yard
And Barbara was buried beside him;
And out of his grave sprang a deep red rose
And out of Barbara's a briar.

- II. They grew to the old church top
 And, of course, they could grow no higher.
 They wrapped and tied in a true love-not,
 The rose wrapped round the briar.

8. THE MAID FREED FROM THE GALLOWS.

Child, No. 95.

A.

Communicated by Miss Mary Riddle, North Fork Road, Black Mountain, Buncombe County, North Carolina. Obtained from her father, C. W. Riddle, who learned it in Madison County, N. C.

See *New Jersey Journal of Education*, March, 1926; Reed Smith, No. 10, with interesting note on the recovery of a West Virginia variant. Campbell and Sharp, No. 24, give four texts and four tunes. Cox, No. 18, gives seven texts. Cf. Sandburg, 72; Hudson, *Journal XXXIX*, 105, three variants; Wyman and Brockway, 44; Reed Smith, *South Carolina Ballads*, 80. For additional American references see Cox's head-note.

1. "Oh Hangman, hold a while,
 For I think I hear my father come
 Rumbling o'er the sea
 To bring money to pay my fees.
2. "Father, have you brought money
 To pay my fee?"
 "No, I have come to see you hung
 On yon white oak tree."

B.

Obtained from Laura Ferrara, 95 Clifton Place, Jersey City, N. J., a senior in Dickinson High School, who after hearing various versions read, surprised her teacher by singing naively these stanzas which she had learned from Edith Williams, 307 East Fourth Street, Claremore, Oklahoma.

See *New Jersey Journal of Education*, March, 1926.

1. "Hold up your ropes and wait a little longer,
 For I think I see my father comin'
 No further than a mile.
2. O father, have you brought me silver?
 Or have you brought me gold?
 Or have you come to see me hung
 Beneath that willow tree?"

3. "I have not brought you silver,
And I have not brought you gold,
But I have come to see you hung,
Beneath that willow tree."

9. JOHNNY SCOT.

Child, No. 99.

No title. Obtained from Miss Laura Harmon, Cade's Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, August, 1928, who learned it from her father, "Uncle" Sam Harmon.

See Campbell and Sharp, No. 25.

1. Johnny Scot, a handsome right. . . .
Old England is so wide —
The fairest lady in old England
By Johnny Scot's with child.
2. King Ed'ard wrote young Johnny a letter
And sealed it with his hand.
He sent it away to young Johnny Scot
As fast as a letter could go.
3. The very first lines, young Johnny, he read,
It caused him for to smile.
And (the) very next line he read
The tears run down for a while —
4. Saying, "Away to old England I must go,
King Ed'ard has sent for me."
"Away to old England if you do go,
I doubt you coming back.
Five hundred of our best life-guards,
Shall bear you company."
5. He dressed his servants all in green;
His self he dressed in white.
And every town that he rode through,
They tuk him to be some knight.
6. He rode till he come to King Ed'ard's gate.
He dinged there at the ring, —
And no one was so ready as Ed'ard himself
To rise and let him come in.

7. "Is this young Johnny Scot?" he said,
 "Or old Johnny Scotling's son,
 Or is it the young bastard-getter
 From Scotland has come in?"
8. "It is not young Johnny Scot,
 Nor old Johnny Scotling's son;
 This is the very grand Scot Lord,
 And Johnny Scot is my name."
9. This young lady come peeping down stairs.
 "Come down, come down," said he.
 "Oh, no, I have to wear the studdiest (sturdiest) steel
 Instead of the beating gold."
10. "If it's mine," young Johnny he said,
 "And mine I expect it to be,
 I will make it the heir of all my land,
 And you my gaily dee."
11. "No, no," King Ed'ard he said,
 "Oh, no, that never can't be.
 We have (an) Italian in our town,
 That has killed more lords than three,
 And before sunrise tomorrow morning,
 A dead man you shall be."
12. The Italian flew over young Johnny's head
 As swift as any bird.
 He pierced the Italian through (the) heart
 With the point of his broad sword.
 And he whipped King Ed'ard and all of his men;
 And the king, he like to a-hung.
13. "Hold your arm," King Ed'ard he said,
 "And pray do spare me;
 You can make it the heir of all your land
 And she your gaily dee."

10. JAMES HARRIS (THE DAEMON LOVER).

Child. No. 243.

"The House Carpenter." Sung by Mrs. Hiram Proctor, Cade's Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, August, 1928, who learned it from her father.

Campbell and Sharp, No. 29, give eleven variants and tunes. *B* most nearly resembles the present text. Cox, No. 25, states that twenty-one

variants have been found in West Virginia. See Sandburg, 66; Pound, No. 17; Smith, No. 11; *Journal*, XXX 325; XXXV, 346; Cox's *A* bears some resemblance to the following text.

1. "Well met, well met, my own true love;
Well met, well met," said he.
"I'm just returning from the old salt sea,
Returning for to marry thee."
2. "Have you wedded any other man?
I'm sure I've wedded no other woman."
"Yes, I'm wedded to a house carpenter,
And I think he's a very nice man."
3. "You better leave your house carpenter,
And come along with me.
We'll go till we come to the old salt sea
And married we will be."
4. She dressed her babies all in red
And laid them on the bed.
"Lay there, lay there, my sweet little babes,
To keep your papa company."
5. She dressed her pavage all in blue;
Herself she dressed in green;
And every town they rode through,
They tuk her to be a queen.
6. They had not been on the sea two weeks —
I'm sure it was not three —
Till his true love began to weep;
She wept most bitterly.
7. "What are you weeping for, my love?
Are you weeping for my gold?
Are you weeping for some other man,
That you love more dear than me?"
8. "I'm not weeping for your gold,
Nor neither for your store;
I'm just weeping for my sweet little babes
That I never will see no more."

9. "If I had a thousand pounds of gold,
I'd give it all to thee,
If you'd take me to the land once more,
My poor little babies for to see."
10. "If you had a thousand pounds of gold
And would give it all to me,
I'd never take thee to the land no more,
Your poor little babies to see."
11. They had not been on the sea two months —
I'm sure it was not four —
Till they sprang a leak in her true love's ship
And it sank to rise no more.
12. "What hills, what hills, my own true love,
That look so bright above?"
"That's hills of heaven, my own true love,
Where all God's people doth go."
13. "What hills, what hills, my own true love,
That look so dark below?"
"That is hills of hell, my own true love,
Where you and I have started to go."
14. "A curse, a curse to all seamen,
A curse, a curse," said she,
"You've robbed me of my sweet little babes,
And stole my life away."

II. COME, PRETTY POLLY.

"Pretty Polly." Obtained from Granville Gadsey, who sang it at Guerrant, Breathitt County, Kentucky, July, 1925.

See Campbell and Sharp, No. 39; Kittredge, *Journal* XX, 261; Wyman and Brockway, 79; *New Jersey Journal of Education*, March, 1926. For full history of this song see Cox's head-note to No. 89.

1. I saw a girl in London,
Her name I could not tell.
I saw a girl in London,
I love her so well.
2. Oh, wonder where is pretty Polly!
Oh, yonder she stands,
Gold rings on her fingers,
Her lily-white hand.

3. "Come along, pretty Polly,
Go along with me,
Before we get married,
Some pleasure we'll see."
4. "O, Willie, O Willie,
I'm afraid of your ways,
I'm afraid you're leading
My body astray."
5. "Pretty Polly, pretty Polly,
You guess about right
For I dug on your grave
One part of last night."
6. She threw both arms around him
Begging for hearts and tears:
"How can you kill a poor girl
That loves you so well?"
7. He led her over the hollow,
The valley so deep.
The last of pretty Polly —
Begin to mourn and weep.
8. "Us go along a few steps farther
And see what we can spy —
A new dugging (grave)
And a spade lying by.
9. "No time for to study,
No time for to stand —
Gold rings on your fingers —
Your lily-white hand."
10. He drew a knife all out of his pocket,
All in his right hand.
He stabbed it to her heart, the blood
Began to float down.
11. In the new dugging grave
Pretty Polly did go.
He threw the dirt over her
And started for home.

12. (He) left nothing behind
But the wild birds to mourn.
-

13. He stepped on the ship with his "hark
And welcome tend";
The ship struck a rock
To the bottom it did go.

14. The death of the devil Willie,
Have to pay
For killing pretty Polly
And running away.

15. Oh, wonder where is pretty Polly!
Oh, yonder she goes —
Rings on her fingers
And corns on her toes.

12. FLIRTING.

A.

"Willie." Recorded by Mrs. Emory P. Morrow, Aliceville, Alabama, 1925. Mrs. Morrow writes how she obtained the song and tune from mountain boys: "Some of the 'song-ballets' are so melodramatic and tragic and the tunes so doleful that it is hard to keep from laughing at them, but we finally succeeded in writing down the words to 'Willie' and 'My Little Mohea'. It was even more difficult to remember their tunes. About that time my two room-mates and I succeeded in getting enough money to have water put in the boys' dormitory, in which we roomed, and then I knew my problem was solved, because it is instinctive for boys to sing while bathing. I used to call to them to sing 'Willie' and 'My Little Mohea', while five or more of them were taking their shower bath — and they couldn't resist. In that way we learned many of the tunes."

See Hudson, *Journal*, XXXIX, 164.



1. They say it is sinful to flirt.
They say I've a heart made of stone.
They tell me to speak to him kindly,
Or else leave the poor boy alone.

2. They say he is only a kid.
I am sure he is much older than I,
And if they would leave us alone,
Much pleasure I'm sure we would have.
3. I remember one night when he said,
He loved me far dearer than life.
He called me his darling, his own,
And asked me to be his dear wife.
4. "Oh, Willie," I said with a smile,
"I'm sure I will have to say no."
He took the white rose from my hair,
And said, "Good-bye, I must go."
5. Next morning dear Willie was found
Down in the pond by the mill.
His blue eyes forever were closed
And damp were the locks of his hair.
6. Pressed close to his dear lips was the rose
That he took from my dark hair,
"Oh Willie, my darling, come back,
I'll ever be faithful and true.
Oh Willie, my darling, come back,
My heart beats only for you."

B.

"Sweet Willie." Obtained from Miss Mary Riddle, Black Mountain, Buncombe County, North Carolina, 1926.

1. Oh, they say that old sin is a slur,
And they tell me my heart is a stone.
And they tell me I must treat him kind,
Or else leave the poor boy alone.
2. I remember one night when he said
That he loved me more than his life.
He called me his darling, his pet,
And asked me if I'd be his wife.
3. "O, Willie," I said with a smile,
"I'm sure I will have to say no."
He took a white rose from my hair
And said "Good bye, I must go."

4. Next morning poor Willie was dead;
He was drowned in the pond by the mill;
The water so clear and so pure,
It flows from the brow of the hill.
5. "O, Willie, my sweetheart, come back,
I will always be faithful and true;
O Willie, my sweetheart, come back,
I will always be faithful to you."

13. PEARL BRYAN.

"Pearl Bryant." Obtained from Granville Gadsey, Guerrant, Breathitt County, Kentucky, 1925.

Both Cox and Pound have pointed out that "Pearl Bryan" is an adaptation from one of the most widespread of American ballads variously entitled, "The Jealous Lover" (Pound, No. 43; Cox, No. 38), "Lorella", "Florella", "Florilla", "Flora Ella", "Blue Eyed Ella", "Poor Lurella", "Poor Lora", "Poor Lorla", "Nell", "Fair Florella", etc. It was made to fit the murder of a girl named Pearl Bryan. For a full account of the murder see Cox's head-note. See also Kittredge, *Journal* XXX, 344; Shoemaker, *North Pennsylvania Minstrelsy*, 49; Philips Barry, *American Speech*, August, 1928, 441; Hudson, *Journal* XXXIX, 116. (In Shoemaker's second edition, 1923, the page is 201.)

1. In Greencastle lives a lady, who was known this wild world over,
Who was murdered by Scott Jackson, whom she really did adore.
Yes, she loved him dearly, for he was both young and gay;
In him she trusted firmly and by him was led astray.
2. She told him her brave story and he knew that if (it) were true;
Then, he grew very much discouraged for he knew not what to do.
He went to his friend, Wallen; they seek and said — — — —
And there they held a consultation and the dating plot was laid.
3. In a cab one rainy evening just before the close of day
Up rode Wallen and Scott Jackson and with Pearl they rode away.
Yes, Pearl and all her beauty left the town with those two men,
Not thinking for one moment what would be her awful end.
4. They drove far from the city to a place so far from home, —
And there they found her body lying headless, bloodstain, and alone.
Yes, it surely was those two men killed her; all over this wide world
are known.
The murder of Pearl Bryant has been told in many a home.

14. THE TEXAS RANGERS.

"Texas Ranger." Obtained from Miss Mary Riddle, Black Mountain, Buncombe County, North Carolina, 1925, who learned it from her father. See John A. Lomax, *Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads*, 44; Pound No. 73; *New Jersey Journal of Education*, March, 1928.

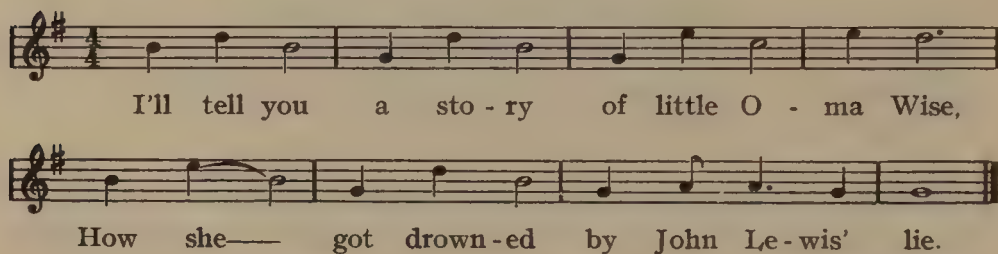
1. Come, all you Texas Rangers, wherever you may be,
A story I will tell you which happened unto me:
My name — it's nothing extra — my name, I will not tell;
I am a Texas Ranger and shortly I must go.
2. At the age of sixteen years I joined the social band;
In marching from Cincinnati to the Rio Grande,
How our captain did inform us to what he thought was right!
"Before we reach yon station our boys will have to fight."
3. I saw those Indians coming, I heard them give command:
From "Arms, to arms," they shouted, "Pray, by your horses stand."
I saw the smoke arising; it seemed to reach the sky;
My feelings at the moment — now is my time to die.
4. I saw their glittering arrows all around me like hail did fall;
My heart it sunk within me, my courage almost fell;
They fought there nine long hours before the lines gave way;
The like was (of) dead and wounded, I never saw before.
5. There was six as nobler Rangers as ever trod the West,
Lies buried by their comrades with bullets in their breast.
I thought of my dear old mother when this she said to me:
"My son, my son, they are all strangers, with me you'd better stay."
6. I thought she was childish and this she did not know;
My mind was on Rangers and I was bound to go.
Perhaps you have a mother, perhaps a sister too;
My mother nor my sister is here on earth no more;
I have no wife nor sweetheart to weep and mourn for me.

15. POOR OMIE.

"Oma Wise." Obtained from Henry Clay Oliver, Cade's Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, August, 1928. This ballad came to the editor by chance. While engaged in writing in his mountain cabin, his sole companion, a native boy of ten, left to himself, voluntarily broke into song so mournful in tune as to be almost startling in effect, coming as it did

in the voice of a child. Some coaxing brought a repetition of the song, the words of which were at once taken down.

See Campbell and Sharp, No. 70; R. W. Gordon, *New York Times Magazine*, January 9, 1927; *Journal* XX, 265—267; XXV, II; XXXIX, 142; Pound, No. 51, who in her note gives an interesting story of this ballad by Prof. Belden.



1. I'll tell you a story of little Oma Wise,
How she got drowned by John Lewis' lie.
He told her to meet him at the Adams Springs,
Some money he would bring her and other fine things.
2. No money he brought her to flatter the case.
"We'll go and get married and there'll be no disgrace."
She hopped up behind him and away they did go,
Down toward the river where the deep waters flow.
3. "John Lewis, John Lewis, please tell me your mind.
Is your mind to marry me or leave me behind?"
"Little Oma, Little Oma, I'll tell you my mind:
My mind is to drown you and leave you behind."
4. "John Lewis, John Lewis, I beg for my life.
I'll go around a-begging, and I won't be your wife."
He picked her up and kissed her and turned her around,
And threw her in the river where he knew she would drown.

16. THE PRETTY MOHEA.

A.

"Little Mohea." Obtained from Miss Mary Riddle, Black Mountain, Buncombe County, North Carolina, 1925.

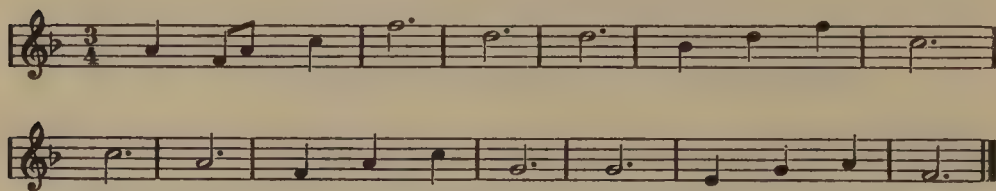
Cox, No. 116, quotes three variants that have been found in West Virginia under the titles "Pretty Maume", "The Little Maume", and "The Pretty Maume". See Eckstorm and Smyth, *Minstrelsy of Maine*, 231; Pound, No. 91; Wyman and Brockway, 52; *New Jersey Journal of*

Education, February, 1926; *ibid*, March, 1928; Hudson, *Journal* XXXIX, 132.

1. As I was roaming for pleasure one day,
 Out in the sweet wild-wood to fly time away;
As I was amusing myself in the grass,
 Well, who did I see but a fine Indian lass?
2. She sat down beside me and taking my hand
 Said, "You must be a stranger and in some strange land,
But if you will follow, you are welcome to come
 And dwell in the cottage that I call my home."
3. The sun was fast setting far o'er the blue sea
 While I was a-wandering with my little Mohea;
Together we rambled, together we roamed,
 Till we came to the cottage in the cocoanut grove.
4. And this kind expression she made unto me:
 "I'll teach you the language of the little Mohea;
It's go no more roaming far o'er the blue sea
 And dwell in the cottage with the little Mohea."
5. It was early one morning, a morning in May;
 It grieved my heart sadly these words for to say:
"I'm going to leave you, my little Mohea,
I have a lover far o'er the blue sea
And I'll not forsake her, for I know she loves me;
 Her heart is as true as the little Mohea."
6. The last time I saw her she stood on the sand
 And as my ship passed her she waved me her hand,
Saying, "When you have landed on your native shore,
 Think of the little Mohea in the cocoanut grove."
7. And when I had landed on my native shore
 With friends and relations around me once more,
I gazed all around me but none could I see
 That could compare with my little Mohea.
8. The girl I thought loved me proved untrue to me;
 I turned my course backward far o'er the blue sea;
I turned my course backward far o'er the blue sea
 To dwell in the cottage with my little Mohea.

B.

"Little Mohea." Recorded by Mrs. Emory P. Morrow, Aliceville, Alabama, 1925.



1. As I went out walking, for pleasure one day
In sweet recreation to while time away;
As I sat amusing myself on the grass,
Oh! who should I spy but a fair Indian lass.
2. She sat down beside me, took holt of my hand,
Said, "You are a stranger and in a strange land,
But, if you will come, you're welcome to go
And dwell in the cottage that I call my home."
3. The sun was fast sinking far over the sea
As I wandered along with my pretty Mohea;
Together we wandered, together we roamed,
Till we came to the cottage in the cocoanut grove.
4. Then this kind expression she made unto me:
"If you will consent, sir, and stay here with me,
And go no more roaming far over the salt sea,
I'll teach you the language of an Indian Mohea."
5. "Oh! no, my dear maiden, that never can be,
For I have a true love in my own country.
And I'll not forsake her, for I know she loves me,
And I love her and her heart is as true as the pretty Mohea."
6. It was early one morning, one morning in May
To a fair maiden these words I did say:
"I'm going to leave you, so farewell, my dear,
My ship sail's approaching and home I must stay."
7. And the last time I saw her she was standing on the sand.
As my ship sailed past her she waved me her hand,
Saying, "When you get landed with the girl that you love,
Think of the little Mohea in the cocoanut grove."

8. And when I got landed on my own native shore,
My friends and relations gathered around me once more.
They gazed all about me; not one could I see
That was fit to compare with my little Mohea.
9. And the girl that I trusted proved untrue to me;
So I'll turn my course backward o'er the deep sea;
I will turn my course backward and far from this land
I'll flee and go live my pretty Mohea.

17. FRANKIE AND ALBERT.

A.

"Little Frankie." Sung by Granville Gadsey, Guerrant, Breathitt County, Kentucky, 1925.

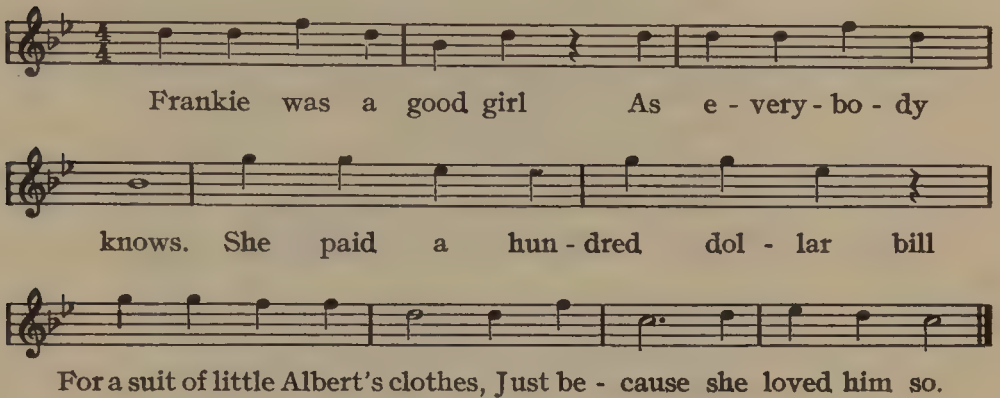
See Sandburg's head-note to his four versions of this song, 75; R. W. Gordon, *Adventure Magazine*, August 20, 1923; *ibid.*, May 10, 1925; Spaeth, *Read 'Em and Weep*, 39; Scarborough, 79; *New Jersey Journal of Education*, September, 1926; Cox, No. 46; Glen H. Mullin, *Adventures of a Scholar Tramp*, 260; Odum, *Journal XXIV*, 366; Perrow, *Journal XXVIII*, 178; R. W. Gordon, *New York Times Magazine*, June 19, 1927. The latter, who has now one hundred and ten versions of this song, writes "I know of no song in American today with so many different texts," and adds further, "Your version of 'Little Frankie' is a most interesting and valuable one." The true cause of the shooting is rather hastily passed over, a mere mention being made in verse 3, which does not quite correspond with the reason given in verse 1. Verse 11 is rather rare. Very few versions contain this reference to the children. Verse 12 is, of course, out of place. It usually begins the song.

1. Frankie went down to the old hop-shop
To get her a thirty-eight.
She's going to kill little Albert
For coming through her gate.
2. Frankie went up to the big ball game;
She did not go for fun;
All under her white apron,
She carried a forty-one.
3. Frankie went down to the depot;
The door was open wide;
There sat little Albert with another woman by his side.
"Oh, Albert, you are my man, a gamble-man,
But you won't stay at home."

4. Albert started out the back door —
He started all in a run.
“If you don’t stop there. Albert,
I’ll shoot you with my gun.”
5. She shot little Albert once;
She shot little Albert twice;
The third time she shot little Albert,
It took poor Albert’s life.
6. Go and take little Albert to the hospital,
Go and turn him over slow,
For the ball of Frankie’s gun
Is hurting his side so.
7. Go and gear up your horses
And hitch to the golden hack
To take little Albert to the grave-yard
And never bring him back.
8. Frankie went to the grave-yard
All dressed in scholar (?) black,
Saying she would give one thousand dollars
If she had little Albert back.
9. Frankie went to the grave-yard;
She kneeled down on her knees
Saying praises to the Lord —
Give her heart some ease.
10. Frankie went to the court-house
To have her trial.
The jury said to the Judge,
“I believe little Frankie ought to be cleared.”
11. Frankie had two children —
One was a girl and (one a) boy.
She said, “If you ever see your papa’s face,
It will be in another world.”
12. Frankie was a good little woman,
So everybody knows.
She paid one hundred dollars
For Albert’s suit of clothes.

B.

"Frankie." Obtained from Austin Harmon, Cade's Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, August, 1928.



Frankie was a good girl As e - very - bo - dy
knows. She paid a hun - dred dol - lar bill
For a suit of little Albert's clothes, Just be - cause she loved him so.

1. Frankie was a good girl
As everybody knows.
She paid a hundred dollar bill
For a suit of Albert's clothes,
Just because she loved him.
2. Frankie went down to the bar-room;
She called for a bottle of beer;
She whispered to the bar tender:
"Has Albert he been here?
He is my man and he won't come home."
3. "I am not a-going to tell you no story;
I am not a-going to tell you no lie;
He left here about an hour ago
With a girl called Alice Fry;
He is your man and he won't come home."
4. Frankie went to the house
As hard as she could run;
And under her apron
Concealed a smokeless gun;
"He is my man but he won't come home."
5. Frankie went to the pool-room,
And knocked on the pool-room door,
And there she saw the man she loved
Standing in the middle of the floor;
"You are my man and you will come home."

6. Albert ran around the table
And fell down on his knees.
He hollowed out to Frankie:
"Don't kill me, if you please;
I'm your man and I have done you wrong."
7. Frankie stepped out in the back yard;
She heard a bull-dog bark;
"That must be the man I love slipping out in the dark.
If it is, I am a-going to lay him low;
He is my man, but he done me wrong."
8. Frankie went down to the river.
She looked from bank to bank:
"Do all you can for a gambling man,
But yet you will get no thanks;
For a gambling man won't treat you right."
9. Frankie reached down in her pocket,
And pulled that forty-four out,
And shot little Albert through that suit of clothes
People been a-talking about;
"He's my man but he won't be long."
10. "Turn me over, Frankie,
Turn me over slow,
Turn me on my right side;
My heart will overflow;
I'm your man and I have done you wrong."
11. Frankie looked down on Broadway
As far as she could see —
Two little children just a-crying and singing
"Nearer, My God, to Thee" —
Seems so sad little Albert is dead.
12. They took little Frankie to the courthouse;
They sat her in a big arm chair;
She was listening for the judge to say:
"We will give her ninety-nine year —
She killed her man in the first degree."
13. But the judge, he said to the jury:
"Jury, I can't (can) see

When (why) she shot the man she loved —
I think she ought to go free:
For a gambling man won't treat you right."

14. Frankie walked out on the scaffold
As brave as she could be:
"When I shot the man I loved,
I murdered in the first degree;
He is my man and I loved him so."
15. Now little Albert is buried
And Frankie is by his side —
Had it cut on the head and foot tomb-stones,
"The gambler and his bride,"
The gambling man and his bride.

C.

"Little Frankie." Obtained from Austin Tuohy, Jersey City, N. J.,
who had it from Miss Wilna Suggs, Chattanooga, Tennessee.

1. Frankie was a good woman, as everybody knows;
She saved up all her money, to buy her old man's clothes;
He was her man, but he done her wrong.
2. Frankie went to the bar-room, for to get a glass of beer;
She said, "Say, Mr. Bartender, did you see my old man here?"
He was her man, but he done her wrong.
3. Bartender said, "I say, Miss Frankie, I cannot tell you a lie;
Old Albert was here about an hour ago with a girl named Sussie Sly;"
He was her man, but he done her wrong.
4. Frankie went home just as fast as he could run;
She reached down in the pocket-pulled out a forty-four gun;
He was her man, but he done her wrong.
5. Frankie shot him once — bang! Frankie shot him twice;
The third time Frankie shot him, she took her old man's life;
He was her man, but he done her wrong.
6. Rubber tire buggies, great high silk hats!
They took old Albert to the graveyard;
And she forgot to bring him back;
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

18. THE WEXFORD GIRL (THE CRUEL MILLER).

"The Lexington Girl." Obtained from Miss Mary Riddle, North Fork Road, Black Mountain, North Carolina, 1925.

See Cox, No. 90 (A. "The Tragedy"; B. "Johnny McDowell"); Hudson, *Journal* XXXIX, 125 (A. and B. "The Oxford Girl"; C. "The Expert Girl"; D. "The Shreveport Girl"); Belden, *Journal* XXV. 11.

1. My tender parents brought me up, — provided for me well.
It was in the city of Lexington, they placed me in a mill.
It's there I met a pretty fair maid; on her I cast my eye;
I promised her I'd marry her, and she believed a lie.
2. I went into her sister's house at nine o'clock at night;
But little did the creature think at her I had a spite.
I asked her to walk a little way, a little way away,
And we would have a little talk and name a wedding day.
3. We walked a long, a lonesome, road until we walked through a desert plain.
I drew a stake out of the fence and hit her in the face.
She fell upon her bended knees; for mercy loud she cried
And said, "Oh, please don't murder me for I'm unprepared to die."
4. Little attention did I pay unto her dying prayer, but only hit her more
Until I saw the innocent blood which I could (not) restore,
I ran my fingers through her coal black hair; to cover up my sin
I took her to the river side and there I plunged her in.
5. On my returning home I met my servant, John.
He asked me why I was so pale and yet so onward worn.
I snatched the candle out of his hand and went to take my rest,
For I could feel the flames of hell a-burning in my breast.
6. Come all you people old and young
And listen to my story:
It's always prove to your lover true
And never let the devil get the upper hand of you.

19. YOUNG JOHNNY.

"East Tennessee Girl." Sung by Mrs. Samuel Harmon, Cade's Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, August, 1928.

See Campbell and Sharp, No. 48; Cox, No. 124; Mackenzie *The Quest of the Ballad* 70, 190—193; *Journal* XXV, 7; XXVIII, 156; XXXV, 373.

1. Johnny, he is home;
He is just home from sea;
He's been to Ireland,
Where he's been before.
2. "What luck had you, young Johnny?
What luck had you from sea?
It's quite a difference, Johnny,
From what you see on me."
3. "Call down your daughter, Polly,
And set her down by me.
We will drown melancholy —
Married we will be."
4. "My daughter, she is absent;
She's not been seen today,
And if she were here, John,
She'd turn thee away.
5. "My daughter's mighty rich, John,
And you're very poor.
You better seek your lodging
In some other store."
6. Johnny being sleepy,
He hung down his head.
And called for a candle
To light him to bed.
7. "My beds are full of strangers
And have been four weeks or more;
You better seek your lodging
In some other store."
8. Johnny raising up
From all against the wall;
He first begin to rake,
And then he did howl.
9. And out of his pockets
Come both hands full of gold.
Seeing the money made
The old woman rue —

10. Saying, "Young Johnny,
My daughter will soon return to you."
Up stepped a little smiling miss
And threw her arms around him.
11. "Oh, you're welcome, young Johnny,
You're welcome here, my dear.
My father's beds are empty;
You can have your lodging here."
12. "Before I'd lie within your house,
I'd lie within the street,
For when I had no money,
My lodging was to seek.
13. "But now I've money plenty,
I'll make the tavern hurl (whirl)
With bottle of peach brandy
And East Tennessee girl."
14. "Come, all you jolly seamen
Who plow the raging main
And earn all your money, boys,
Through cold, snow, and rain.
15. "And when you have no money
Out of doors you'll be turned,
You and your daughter Polly,
Both deserve to burn."

20. SWEET WILLIE (SWEET LILLIE).

Sung by Henry Clay Oliver (Aged 10), Cade's Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, August, 1928.

See Cox's head-note to No. 146 for comparisons with many songs under various titles. Cf. Perrow, *Journal XXVIII*, 177.



Cho: Wil-lie, sweet Wil-lie, O Wil-lie, fare you
1. My foot's in my stirrup, My rein's in my



well. I'm going a-way to leave you, I love you so well.
hand. I'm going a-way to leave you (To) Some far distant land.

1. Willie, sweet Willie,
Oh, Willie, fare you well.
I'm going away to leave you,
I love you so well.

2. My foot's in my stirrup,
My rein's in my hand;
I'm going away to leave you
(To) some far distant land.

Chorus:

Willie, sweet Willie,
Oh, Willie, fare you well.
I'm going away to leave you,
I love you so well.

3. Your parents don't like me;
They say I'm too poor;
They say I'm unworthy
To enter your door.

Chorus:

Willie, sweet Willie,
Oh, Willie, fare you well.
I'm going away to leave you,
I love you so well.

4. Some say I drink whiskey.
My money's my own,
And those who don't like it
Can leave me alone.

Chorus:

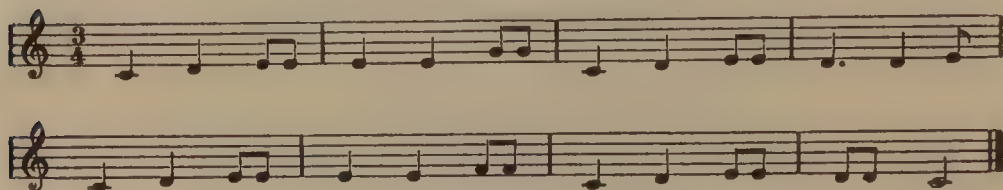
Willie, sweet Willie,
Oh, Willie, fare you well.
I'm going away to leave you,
I love you so well.

21. A PACKAGE OF OLD LETTERS.

A.

"A Little Rosewood Casket." Recorded by Mrs. Emory P. Morrow,
Aliceville. Alabama, 1925.

See Perrow, *Journal XXVIII*, 172; Pound, *Folk-Song of Nebraska and the Central West: a Syllabus*, 21.



1. In a little rosewood casket,
Resting there about the stand,
Is a package of old letters,
Written by my true love's hand.

Chorus:

We have met and we have parted,
We have said our last farewell,
My poor heart is almost broken,
There is none but me can tell.

2. Go and get those letters, sister;
Read them gently o'er to me;
Many times I've tried to read them,
But for tears I could not see.

Chorus:

3. Now you've brought them, thank you, sister;
Come sit down upon my bed
And press closely to your bosom
This poor aching throbbing head.

Chorus.

4. Tell him when you meet him, sister,
That I never ceased to love,
And in dying I've prayed for him
In a better world above.

Chorus.

5. Tell him that I was supported;
Ne'er a word of censure spoke;
Still his silence and his absence,
This poor heart is almost broke.

Chorus.

6. When I'm dead and in my coffin,
And my shroud around me wound,
And my narrow bed is ready
On some pleasant churchyard ground,
Chorus.

7. Go and get those letters, sister;
Press them closely to my heart
And that little ring he gave me
From my finger'll never part.
Chorus.

B.

"Rosewood Casket." Obtained from Mary Riddle, Black Mountain, N. C., 1925.

1. In a little rosewood casket that is resting on the stand,
Is a package of old letters written by a perished hand.
Will you go and bring them, sister, and read them all tonight?
I have often tried but could not, for the tears would blind my sight.
2. Come up closer to me, sister, Let me lean upon thy breast,
For the tide of life is ebbing and I fain would be at rest.
Bring the letters he has written, he whose voice I've often heard,
Read them over, live, distinctly for I've cherished every word.
3. Tell him, sister, when you see him that I never ceased to love,
For I dying prayed to Him in a better world above.
Tell him that I was supported and ne'er a word of censure spoke,
But his silence and his absence, this poor heart has well nigh broke.
4. Tell him that I watched his coming when the noontide seen was high,
And when at eve the angels set their starlight in the sky,
But when I saw he came not, tell him that I did not chide —
But I spoke in love about him, and I blessed him when I died.
5. When in death's white garments you have wrapped my form around,
And have laid me down to slumber in the quiet churchyard ground.
Place the letters and the pictures close beside my pulseless heart,
We for years have been together and in death we will not part.
6. I am ready now, my sister, you may read the letters o'er,
I will listen to the words of him whom I shall see no more.
And e'er you shall have finished, should I calmly fall asleep,
Fall asleep to death and wake not; dearest sister, do not weep.

22. A KENTUCKY FEUD SONG.

"The Hargis-Marcum Feud." ("The Hargis-Callihan Feud"). Obtained from Miss Mabel Hall, Taft, Texas, who had it from Clay Hurst, Heiner, Breathitt County, Kentucky.

With this "song-ballet" came the request not to print it for a few years. Some years have now passed. Moreover another correspondent writes: "The newspapers helped to make the Hargis-Callihan feud in bloody Breathitt County widely known. It is interesting to know that, true to nature, the people have sung the story of that terrible feud until now it is one of their many 'song ballets'." It therefore appears to be current enough in oral transmission. The story has been stated to be about as follows:

"Marcum killed a Hargis, fled to the country, went to Texas. He felt compelled to go back to settle some business. Upon his return war was declared in Jackson. The governor sent troops to try to quiet things but they could do nothing. Marcum, it seems, had succeeded in settling all business and was leaving the court house expecting to take a train for the West that night, but Hargis's man got him — Jett, you understand, was hired by Hargis to do the killing. Jim Hargis once ruled Breathitt County with an iron hand."

See variant published by Professor Josiah H. Combs in *Folk-Songs du Midi des Etats-Unis*, Paris, 1925, p. 183. It has thirteen stanzas and a chorus. Some of the stanzas are almost identical with those of the present text. The chorus of the former is practically the same as the last two lines of stanza 8 and the first three lines of stanza 9 of the song printed here.

- 1 It was on the fourth of May —
Half past eight o'clock that day;
J. B. Marcum was standing in the courthouse of his town,
Where Curt Jett was lurking 'round
Just to get a chance to lay him on the floor.
2. Thomas White, a friend of Jett's —
No worse man was ever met —
Then came walking boldly through the courthouse hall.
As he was passing by, he looked Marcum in the eye,
Knowing truly that poor Marcum soon must die.
3. Judge Jim Hargis and his man,
Sheriff Edward Callihan,
Were across the street in Hargis Bros'. store.
Some people know the plot and were listening for the shot
And see Jett's victim fall there in the door.

4. Jett advances through the hall
With his pistol lead and ball,
And he killed poor Marcum on the spot.
B. J. Ewen, standing by, saw him fall and heard him cry:
"O Lord! O Lord! They have killed me now at last."
5. Ewen kept the secret well
For he was afraid to tell;
For her feared they would kill him there and then.
They arrested White and Jett; and the courts of Jackson met;
And the prosecution labored with its might.
6. Whit the courts of Breathitt over,
Judge Redwine could do no more,
And he left it with the jury for the right,
One man began to plead that he thought they should be freed,
And it is believed Jim Hargis paid that man a fee.
7. Then the courts at Harrison met
And condemned both White and Jett;
And sent them to the prison where they both will have to stay.
Their poor mothers grieve each day for their boys who have gone away
For there is nothing that can sever a mother's love.
8. She'll pray for them with each breath
And cling to them until death
And Hope to meet them in the courts above.
Marcum leaves a wife to mourn him all her life,
But his little children stand it well and brave.
9. But that little Curtis Jett,
Thomas White, and others yet,
Are the men who laid poor Marcum in his grave.
But they'll let these men go free and they'll pay their lawyer's fee
But they will get their judgment on that Judgment Day.¹

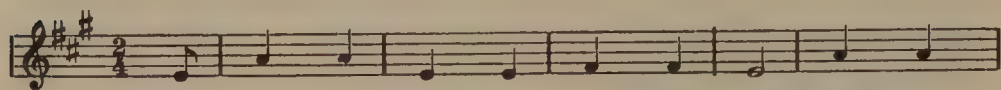
23. THE FROG AND THE MOUSE.

A.

This is the only song of the present group that was not recovered from the Southern Highlands. Obtained from Charles G. Osgood, Princeton, New Jersey, who had it from his aunt in upper New York State.

¹ This happened on May 4th, 1905. Both men have been pardoned for several years. — Clay Hurst.

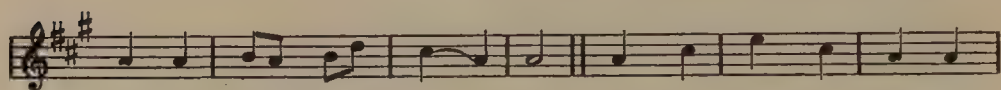
See *Journal* XXXV, 392; Wyman and Brockway, 25; Campbell and Sharp, No. 119; Cox, No. 162; Hudson, *Journal* XXXIX, 166; Sandburg, 143; Scarborough, 46 ff.; R. W. Gordon, *New York Times Magazine*, January 8, 1928.



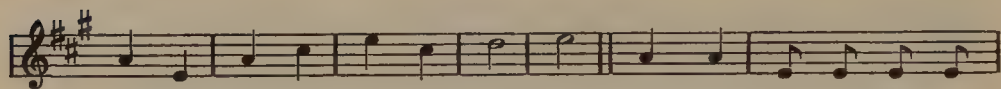
There was a frog lived in a well, Rig-tum



putty mitty ky - - mo and Mrs. Mouse she kept the mill,



Rigtum putty mitty ky - mo Kymo kayro delto



kayro Kymo kayro ky-mo Strym Strawn pumma diddle



Ly u-pon a rigtum Rigtum putty mitty Ky - mo.

There was a frog lived in a well,
 Rigtum putty mitty kymo
 And Mrs. Mouse she kept the mill,
 Rigtum putty mitty kymo
 Kymo kayro delto kayro
 Kymo kayro kymo
 Strym strawn pumma diddle
 Ly upon a rigtum
 Rigtum putty mitty kymo.

He took Miss Mouse upon his knee,
 Rigtum putty mitty kymo
 Kymo kayro delto kayro
 Kymo kayro kymo
 Strym strawn pumma diddle
 Ly upon a rigtum
 Rigtum putty mitty kymo.

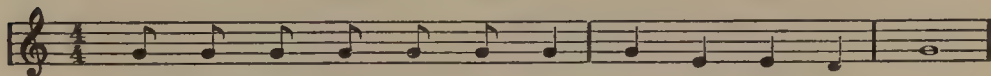
He said: "Miss Mouse, will you marry me?"

Rigtum putty mitty kymo .
Kymo kayro delto kayro
Kymo kayro kymo
Strym strawn pumma diddle
Ly upon a rigtum
Rigtum putty mitty kymo.

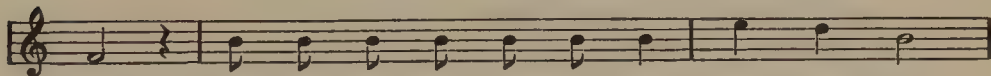
"I cannot answer as to that;
I'll have to ask old Uncle Rat."

B.

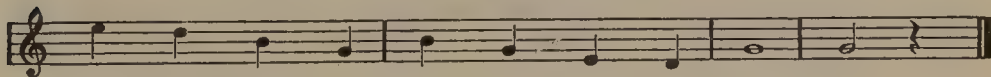
"Froggie". Obtained from Mrs. Mellinger E. Henry, who learned it from her old colored mammy when she was a child in Atlanta, Georgia.



Froggie went a - courting, and he did ride — um - hm -



hm! Froggie went a - courting, and he did ride



sword and pistol by his side — um - hm - hm!

1. Froggie went a-courting, and he did ride — um-hm!
Froggie went a-courting, and he did ride. —
Sword and pistol by his side — um-hm!
2. He went into Miss Mousie's den — um-hm!
He went into Miss Mousie's den,
And said, "Miss Mousie, are you within?" — um-hm!
3. He set Miss Mousie on his knee-um-hm!
He set Miss Mousie on his knee,
And said, "Miss Mousie, will you marry me?" — um-hm!
4. "Not without my pa's consent," — um-hm!
"Not without my pa's consent,
Would I marry the president." — um-hm!

5. Mr. Rat laughed and he shook his fat sides — um-hm!
Mr. Rat laughed and he shook his fat sides,
To think of his daughter as being a bride — um-hm!
6. Where shall the wedding-supper be? — um-hm!
Where shall the wedding-supper be?
Way down yonder in the hollow tree — um-hm!
7. What shall we have for the wedding-supper? — um-hm!
What shall we have for the wedding-supper?
Black-eyed peas all stewed in butter — um-hm!
8. First came in was Mr. Bee — um-hm!
First came in was Mr. Bee
With a fiddle upon his knee, — um-hm!
9. Next came in was Mr. Snake, — um-hm!
Next came in was Mr. Snake
Passing around the wedding-cake — um-hm!
10. Next came in was Mr. Bug — um-hm!
Next came in was Mr. Bug
Passing around the whiskey jug — um-hm!
11. This is the end of the wedding-day — um-hm!
This is the end of the wedding-day,
And I have no more to say — um-hm!

NOTES AND QUERIES

PEARL BRYANT: AN UNPUBLISHED VARIANT OF AN AMERICAN FOLK SONG. Professor John H. Cox and Miss Louise Pound have pointed out that "Pearl Bryant" or "Pearl Bryan" as the title has previously appeared, is an adaptation from one of the most widespread of American ballads variously entitled "The Jealous Lover" (Pound no. 43; Cox, no. 38), "Lorella," "Floella," "Florilla," "Flora Ella," "Blue-Eyed Ella," "Poor Lurella," "My Sweet Luella," "Poor Lora," "Poor Lorla," "Nell," etc. It was made to fit the murder of a girl named Pearl Bryan. Professor Cox in *Folk-Songs of the South* has stated the incidents so fully that it seems best to quote them at length as follows:

"The title 'Pearl Bryan' and certain incidents and names found in the variants under that title are without doubt due to the following facts, for which I am indebted to Mr. Clifford R. Meyers, State Historian and Archivist of West Virginia. In a letter dated March 23, 1920, he wrote:

'I tried to secure the words of the song but failed. It seems that the song was very popular for a few years after the punishment of the criminals and I believe it was one of the ephemeral songs composed by some music hall singer. I remember hearing it many times and in it was a couplet which ran:—

"O, Pearl Bryan, she's dead,
And they can't find her head."

'The murder occurred near Fort Thomas, Kentucky, Friday night January 31, 1896, and was the result of a criminal operation. The girl apparently died, her head was taken off, and the body placed in the woods. After being found it was identified by the feet — Miss Bryan being "web-footed." Two young doctors, Scott Jackson and Alonzo M. Walling, were arrested and later convicted. A young man by the name of Woods was implicated, but later released. The two were hanged, but I do not know the exact date. Miss Bryan was from Greencastle, Indiana.'

"On April 1, 1920, he wrote as follows: 'A letter to the *Cincinnati Enquirer* failed to obtain the words of the song, but the following is what the paper sent me:

"'Pearl Bryan was a Greencastle, Indiana girl. She is said to have appealed to Scott Jackson and Alonzo Walling, students at the dental college in Cincinnati, to have her given medical attention after she arrived in this city. Her body was found, minus her head, near Fort Thomas, Kentucky, February 1, 1896. Her identity was established through marks found in her shoes, which were sold in Greencastle. Jackson and Walling, charged with first degree murder, were tried in Newport, Ky. They were found to be guilty, and where hanged on March 20, 1897. The girl's head was never found."

'The enclosed data were published in the various parts of the country the day after the hanging and were sent out by some news agency:

"'Pearl Bryan, the daughter of a wealthy farmer near Greencastle, Indiana, was a belle of that town, and had been indiscreet, presumably with William

Wood (or Woods) as Jackson and Walling alleged. On January 27, Pearl Bryan left her home ostensibly to visit friends in Indianapolis, but instead came direct to Cincinnati to meet Scott Jackson, then a student in the Ohio College of Dental Surgery. Jackson failed to keep his appointment with the girl and after wandering about the city she went to the Indiana House and registered under an assumed name. The next day Jackson called to see her. On Wednesday, January 29, she left the Indiana House with Jackson and a fellow student, Alonzo Walling, and from that day until her headless body was found at Fort Thomas, nothing is positively known of the movements of the trio. It was testified at the trial that George Jackson, a negro cabman, had driven the three to Fort Thomas, where the girl was decapitated. Her head was never found. Jackson and Walling were arrested at their boarding house, in Cincinnati, and were charged with the murder. At the preliminary examination of the prisoners, and later, while standing over the girl's corpse, each accused the other of having killed the girl. Jackson admitted that he was acquainted with Pearl Bryan, but denied any knowledge of the murder. Walling said he did not know her. The trials were sensational and resulted in separate convictions. Each made numerous confessions and statements, the last one a joint effort to place the blame upon a doctor of Bellevue, Kentucky, who had been insane. This as were others, was disbelieved".

"May 8, 1920: 'My visit included a conference of the directors of the Enlarged Program of the American Library Association at Indianapolis. . . and a visit to Depaw at Greencastle. While there I saw Pearl Bryan's grave. The grave stone had been damaged somewhat by relic hunters.'"

The following version of the song was obtained from Granville Gadsey, of Guerrant, Breathitt County, Kentucky, in 1925. Notice the spelling in this case:

PEARL BRYANT.

— 1 —

In Greencastle lives a lady, who was known this wild world over —
 Who was murdered by Scott Jackson, whom she really did adore.
 Yes, she loved him dearly, for he was both young and gay;
 In him she trusted firmly and by him was led astray.

— 2 —

She told him her brave story and he knew that if [it] were true —
 Then, he grew very much discouraged for he knew not what to do.
 He went to his friend, Wallen: they seek and said — — — — —
 And there they held a consultation and the daring plot was laid.

— 3 —

On a cab one rainy evening just before the close of day
 Up rode Wallen and Scott Jackson and with Pearl they rode away.
 Yes, Pearl and all her beauty left the town with those two men,
 Not thinking for one moment what would be her awful end.

— 4 —

They drove far from the city to a place so far from home —
 And there they found her body lying headless, bloodstain, and alone.
 Yes, it surely was those two men killed her; all over this wide world are known;
 The murder of Pearl Bryant has been told in many a home.

Professor Cox gives three texts under the title of "Pearl Bryan":

"(1) Communicated by Miss Nellie Donley, Morgantown, Monongalia County, December, 1915; obtained from Miss Marion Rennar, who first heard it in 1912, one winter night, while gathered about a great wood fire in the country near Morgantown. Miss Debbie Bolyard sang the song and her brother, Winfield, played it on a mouth-harp.

"(2) Communicated by Professor Walter Barnes, Fairmount, Marion County, May 18, 1916.

"(3) Communicated by Professor Walter Barnes, Fairmount, Marion County, January 12, 1916. It was written down by Miss Janet Cook and given to Mr. H. M. Hart of the Watson School. It agrees closely with (2)."

MELLINGER E. HENRY.

Ridgefield, New Jersey.

A GEORGIA VERSION OF BARBARA ALLAN. The following version of *Barbara Allan*, which partly blends Child A and B and which adds as its final stanza a *motif* common to *Fair Margaret and Sweet William*, *Lord Lovel*, and *The Lass of Roch Royal*, was sung by Mrs. John Kerr, Cave Spring, Georgia, R. F. D. No. 1, on December 29, 1928. Mrs. Kerr, my paternal aunt, told me she learned the ballad from my great-grandmother, Mrs. Martha Jane Bouchillon, who was born near Abbeville, South Carolina in 1827. Mrs. Bouchillon moved to Floyd County, Georgia, sometime between 1845 and 1849.

1. In Scarlet Town, where I was born,
 There was a fair maid dwelling,
 And every youth cried well awa'
 Her name was Barbara Allen.
2. All in the merry month of May,
 Green buds when they were swelling,
 Young Jimmie Groves on his death-bed lay
 For the love of Barbara Allen.
3. He sent his men unto her then,
 To the town where she did dwell in,
 Saying, "You must come to my master now,
 If your name be Barbara Allen."
4. "If death be printed on his face,
 And o'er his heart be stealing,
 Yet little better shall he be
 For lovely Barbara Allen.

5. "If on his death-bed he doth lie,
What needs this tale you're telling?
I cannot keep him from his death,"
Said lovely Barbara Allen.
6. So slowly, slowly she came up,
And slowly she came nigh him,
And all she said when there she came:
"Young man, I think you're dying."
7. He turned his face unto her straight,
With deadly sorrow sighing:
"O pretty maid, come pity me;
I'm on my death-bed lying."
8. "If on your death-bed you do lie,
What needs this tale you're telling?
I cannot keep you from your death;
Farewell," said Barbara Allen.
9. He turned his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealing:
"Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
Adieu to Barbara Allen."
10. While she was walking o'er the fields,
She heard the bells a-knelling,
And every stroke did seem to say:
"Unworthy Barbara Allen!"
11. She turned her body round about,
And spied the corpse a-coming,
While all her friends cried out amain:
"Unworthy Barbara Allen!"
12. When he was dead and laid in grave,
Her heart was struck with sorrow:
"O mother, mother, make my bed,
For I shall die tomorrow.
13. "Hard-hearted creature him to slight
Who loved me so dearly;
O that I had been more kind to him
When he was alive and near me!"
14. She on her death-bed as she lay
Begged to be buried by him,
And so repented of the day
That she did e'er deny him.

15. "Farewell, farewell, ye virgins all,
And shun the fault I fell in;
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barbara Allen."

16. Out of his grave sprang a rose-bush,
And out of hers a briar;
They grew and wrapped in a true love-knot:
The rose wrapped round the briar.

CHARLES BOWIE MILLICAN.

Harvard University.

MORE CHILDREN'S JUMPING RHYMES.

1. Old man daisy
Sets me crazy,
Up the ladder,
Down the ladder.
One, two, three.

2. Mother, Mother, I am sick,
Call the doctor, quick, quick, quick.

Doctor, Doctor, shall I die?
Yes, my darling, bye and bye.

3. Tenement to let,
Fly move in.
When I move out,
Let (name of next jumper) move in.

4. I know a little lady, but her name is miss, (miss the jump by stepping on the rope)
She went around the corner to buy some fish,
She met a little fellow and she gave him a kiss.
I know a little lady but her name is miss. (miss the jump)

5. Down by the ocean in the reeds, (or, Over the ocean, over the sea)
Johnny broke a tea pot and blamed it on to me.
I told ma, I told pa,
Johnny got a lickin' ha, ha, ha.

6. Your mother, my mother
Live across the way
Two hundred sixty East Broadway.
Every night they have a fight

And this is what they say:
 Akabaka, soda cracker,
 Does your father chew tobacco?
 (Jump counting yes, no, yes, no, etc. to failure)

7. Nine o'clock is striking,
 Mother may I go out?
 All the boys are waiting
 For to take me out.
 One has an apple,
 One has a pear,
 One has a fifty cents
 To kiss me on the stair.
 I don't want your apple,
 I don't want your pear,
 I don't want your fifty cents
 To kiss me on the stair.
 I'd rather wash the dishes,
 I'd rather sweep the floor,
 I'd rather kiss a Chinaman
 Behind the kitchen door.

8. Keep the kettle boiling,
 One, two, three.
 (Repeating until failure)

9. Keep the kettle boiling,
 The eggs are frying,
 The baby's crying,
 One, two, three.

FREDERICK JOHNSON.

Everett, Mass.

AN AMERICAN VERSION OF SAM WELLER'S "TWO-PENNY ROPE" STORY. A hundred years ago approximately, Sam Weller described to Mr. Pickwick a hotel which he called "the two-penny rope." "When the lady and gen'l'm'n as keeps the Hot-el first begun business they used to make the beds on the floor; but this wouldn't do at no price, 'cos instead o' taking a moderate two-penn'orth o' sleep, the lodgers used to lie there half the day. So now they has two ropes, 'bout six foot apart, and three from the floor, which goes right down the room; and the beds are made of slips of coarse sacking, stretched across 'em... The advantage o' the plan's hobvious. At six o'clock every morning they lets go the ropes at one end, and down falls all the lodgers. 'Consequence is, that being thoroughly waked, they get up very quietly, and walk away!'"¹

Last September, as I leaned on a railing of the *George Washington*, returning from England, I heard three members of the crew — who had just come

¹ *Pickwick Papers*, Chapter 16.

up from below to get some air and catch a smoke — talking about New York boarding houses and one of them told this yarn: "Down on East Side not far from the Bowery is a place where you can get a bed for a quarter a night. The guy that runs the house has a bunch of bunks all in a row. The heads are in the wall and the feet are held up by a rope stretched from one end of the room to the other. At seven o' clock in the morning you *got* to get up. For the guy comes in and loosens the rope and all the bunks fall down."

Is this story one of the perennials? Had it been alive for centuries before it fell on Dickens' sharp ear as he stood at some wet London street-corner? And will it live till the last lodging house burns down?

ATCHESON L. HENCH.

Charlottesville, Va.

BEAR AND FAWNS.

The story of the fawns' escape from Bear Woman who has killed their mother is one of the most widespread in California.¹

- A. Grizzly Bear Woman 1. Friend 2. Co-wife of Deer.
- B. Kills Deer while delousing 1. (Frogs as lice) 2. "sham eating."
- C. Both of Deer's children, either 1. male 2. female, or 3. of both sexes
- D. Discover the death of their mother
 - 1. because Grizzly Bear brings home her flesh, or
 - 2. by means of the "Life Sign."
- E. They wreak their vengeance upon the two bear cubs by means of
 - 1. Smoke fanning play 2. or in some other manner. 3. They set up the corpses as if they were alive. 4. Grizzly Woman eats them by mistake.
- F. Flight of the fawns. 1. "false voices." 2. forbidding the household furniture to reveal the road they have taken.
- G. They save themselves from the pursuer
 - 1. Through the intervention of a helper, who kills the Bear (usually the crane).
 - 2. By the help of a cliff which grows up.
- H. and also 1. by means of "firestone". 2. by throwing in the river.
- I. Thereupon they ascend to the sky or enter the underworld and meet their mother
- J. They become progenitors of thunder and rain.

These elements occur in Californian versions as follows:

Klamath: Gatschet, CNAE 2, pt. 1, p. 118ff.

A 1, B 2, C 1, D 1, E 1, and 3, F 2, G 1, H 2 (crane as helper).

Yana: Sapir, UCP 9, p. 203ff.

A 1, B, C, E 1, and 3, F 2, G 2.²

¹ For distribution outside of California, see *Isleta*, Lummis, Charles, "The Man who married the Moon", New York, 1894, p. 179; *San Juan*, Parsons, E. C., "Tewa Tales," MAFLS XIX, p. 155; *Laguna*, Boas, Franz, "Keresan Texts", PARS VIII, p. 180; Gunn, John M., "Schat-chen" Albuquerque, 1917, p. 192; *Zuni*, Benedict, Ruth, *mss*; *Thompson River*, Teit, J., "Traditions of the Thompson River Indians", MAFLS VI, p. 69; JAFI, XXV, p. 322, and bibliography given there (*Comox*, *Kwakwaka*.) R. I. B.

² From Curtin, *Creation Myths*, p. 450ff. can also be inferred the end G 1 H 2 (Crane). In Sapir's version the absence of H 1 is probably the result merely of the confused representation of the narrator.

Lassik: Goddard, JAFLL 19, p. 135ff.

A 2, C, D 1, E 1 and 4, G 1, H 2 (crane as helper).

Wappo: Radin, UCP 19, p. 47ff.

A 1, (B), C, D 2, F 1, G 1, H 2, (very confusedly told; Crane as helper; I does not take place in the skyland as is generally the case, but in the land of the dead.)

Kato: Goddard, UCP 5, Nr. 17

A 2, B 2, C, D 1, E 1, and 4, F, G 1, H 2 (Heron as helper).

Maidu: a) Dixon, BAM 17, p. 79ff.

A 1, (B), C, D 1, E 1, F 1, G 2, H 1, G 1, H 2 (Combination of both endings) (Crane as helper).

b) *ibid.*, p. 80ff.

A 1, B, C 3, D 2, E 4, F 1, G 2, H 1

c) *ibid.*, p. 81ff.

A 1, B, C 1, D 1, E 2, and 3, F, G 2 (G 1) H 1, I.

Nishinam: Powers, CNAE 3, p. 341ff.

A 1, B, C 1, D 1, E 1 and 3 and 4, F, G 2, H 1, I.
(Combination of the contradictory elements E 3 and E 4).

Miwok: a) Merriam, Dawn of World, p. 103ff.

A 1, B, C 1, D 1, E 1, F 1, G, H 1, I.

b) *ibid.* p. 111ff.

A 1, (B) C... H 1. The deer's children kill the she-bear in her own house; fusion with a story in which the helpful relative receives the she-bear in his stone house, see below.

c) Gifford UCP 12, p. 286ff.

A 1, B 1 and 2, C 2, D 1, F 1, G 1, H 2 and G 1, H 1, I, J. (The first helper is crane, the second is lizard.)

d) *ibid.* p. 333ff.

A 1, B, C, D 2, E 1, F, G 1, H 1. (Lizard as helper)

e) Kroeber, UCP 4, p. 203ff.

A 1, B, C, E 1, F, G 1, H 1, I, J.

Note: Element B 2 occurs correctly only in Miwok c): in all the other versions it is misunderstood; in the Klamath version Grizzly Bear cracks *ipo* roots in order to make the deer woman believe that she has lice. The ending I three is present only in the Wappo, Nishinam, Miwok and of the Maidu versions. It represents a combination with a version of the Thundertwins, as suggested by the wheel after which the brothers run (Nishinam), or by the ball (Maidu c), which they follow. Such connections are made easy by the tendency of these tribes to unite stories in a cycle. Among the Maidu we find, in addition, a story which refers to the flight of the deer to their grandfather Crane. (Dixon, BAM 17, pp. 88—9.)

R. DANGEL.

Vienna, Austria.

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CREE TRICKSTER TALES

by Rev. E. AHENAKEW¹.

CHICHIPISCHEKWAN (ROLLING HEAD).

It happened in the darkness of the primeval world that there existed a being, it is said, who may have been a man. With him was one who was his wife. They had two sons, one being half-grown and the other a small, toddling boy.

They lived in a wigwam, not of hides, but made of many willow wands plastered over with mud to make it warm. Once in a while in later times such lodges were built for winter use; but the impossibility of their being removed from place to place brought them to such discredit among this nomadic people that they were in time entirely replaced by those of skins.

This family lived happily for a time. Every morning the father went out into the woods and seldom came home without bringing with him the choicest pieces of venison. He was happy in his work and in the companionship of his wife and children.

A time came, however, when he noticed that she had changed somehow. Instead of the happy, contented look he used to see on her face, there was now an air of restless preoccupation. A strange light was in her eyes. Every now and again she would get up and go for wood in a nearby bush. This she did repeatedly, even when it seemed altogether unnecessary. The man said nothing, but made up his mind to do some investigation in order to help her, if it were possible.

One day, some time after this, being in the bush, he saw her coming. Something in her eager gait so roused his curiosity that he hid himself behind some willows. She approached a dead tree, at the foot of which there was a large hole. She tapped! A great number of snakes came crawling out. She sat on a log that had blown down; and they crawled all around her, while she fondled them.

¹ The author gratefully acknowledges the help of his two friends, the Rev. Canon E. K. Matheson of Battleford, and Chief Thunderchild.

He was horrified! In him was born all that human abhorrence of the snake. Not stopping to make his presence known, he went back to the tent and called his two sons. "I am going out to hunt," said he. "Tell your mother so when she returns."

He walked a long time and passed many wild animals before he killed a moose. Without even stopping to take out the insides, he went home. Arriving there, he sighed as if in great weariness and told his wife that he had killed a moose. He explained to her where the carcass lay and asked her to go for some of the meat, as he himself was not feeling well. She showed marked reluctance at having to go; but she could not very well disobey him. "Let me run for some wood first," she cried. "No," replied the man in a firm voice. "Go at once!"

Mumbling to herself, she started off. The man, looking at the fire, saw a piece of sinew contracting with the heat. He knew that she had dropped it there while he was not looking and that it was an act of magic performed by her, in order to make shorter the distance she had to go. He scooped it out of the fire with a piece of stick and wetting it, stretched it to its utmost length, thereby counteracting the effect of her act.

Having done this, he armed himself with a hunting knife and walked to where he had seen the snakes. He tapped and as before the snakes began to crawl out one after the other. As fast as they came out, he cut off their heads. He spared only one — and that a very little one. "When the Earth is peopled by men," said he, "you will not have the power to interfere with those who are to be lords of it. You will be small and easily conquered." Having made this pronouncement on the reptiles of the West, he hurried back to the tent and began to make preparations for his wife's return.

He took four things and calling his older son to him he said, "You are to take your little brother on your back and flee for your lives. Here are things which will be useful when danger approaches; this Awl means a hedge of thorns; this Flint gives fire; this Piece of Rock can form a mountain; and this Beaver-Tooth, a great river of water. Farewell, my own sons! Farewell! May your lot be such that good may come to the Earth through this evil that is fallen upon us. In days to come should you want to see me, look up to the Northern skies; for I shall be up there. People will call me Oochaykatak (The Great Dipper)."

The boy took up his brother and fled to the West.

Some little time intervened before the mother arrived, panting and covered with perspiration. Her path had been long and she had run most of the way. Without a word she dropped her load and hurried to the bush. A great suspicion had come over her. Sure enough, there lay her pets in a heap, dead. Only one little snake came out to tell her what had taken place. An insane fury came over her; and she ran to wreak vengeance upon her husband for the death of the reptiles.

In the meantime, the man had been making preparations; he had pulled

a net over the door; and he stood, axe in hand, ready for his wife. She approached furiously; but her progress was arrested by her being caught in the net; only her head went through. The man severed it from the rest of her body, and then fled upward through the opening on the top of the wigwam. "Chase him up to the sky," said the Head to the Trunk, "and I will go after his sons." The Body soared after the fleeing man up to the heavens; while the Head sped westward after the boys.

The man may be seen up in the northern skies at night time. He is the Great Dipper; to one side is the Little Dipper, which is the body of his former wife, always chasing him but afraid to go too near the abode of the North Star, who loves her husband and therefore is ready to protect him.

THE FLIGHT OF WESAKAYCHAK.

With wonderful speed the head of the mother rolled after the two boys. This was now Chichipischekwan, the Rolling Head. From afar the boys could hear her say, "Where — where can you flee? I am going to kill you!" Wesakachak, for that we must now call the boy, ran faster, holding his little brother. Ever nearer came the voice of his mother. Something must be done. He remembered the advice of his father; and, putting his brother down on the ground, he threw the Awl behind him, saying at the same time, "Let it be as my father said." Immediately, there came to be a seemingly impenetrable hedge of thorns between them and their pursuer. Once more he took up his brother and fled.

Rolling Head could not find an opening anywhere. She went up and down, but the hedge extended from sea to sea; there was no alternative but to force her way through somehow; and this she proceeded to do. Here and there she rolled, screaming with pain and fright as the thorns pricked her. How long she took to make her way through is not told; but in time she was free on the other side, bleeding all over but more furious than she had been before.

It is said that this hedge of thorns disappeared as time went on but that remains of it are still to be seen in the cactus plant in the South.

In the meantime the boy had been making his way as best he could, although he was now very tired, having had to carry his little brother on his back for so long a time and having no sleep. Once again he heard the approach of his mother as she spoke the words, "A-a-a-ay-y! Where in the world can you flee to?" He laid down his brother and throwing the piece of rook behind him, said, "Let there be a mountain from one end of the earth to the other." Immediately, Rocky Mountains sprang up and once again Rolling Head found herself thwarted.

Back and forth she rolled, looking for an opening through which she could go; but she found none. Imbued with unnatural power though she was, a time came when she was exhausted. She lay down beside a wall of rock and slept. A strange sound awoke her. It seemingly came from

the heart of the mountain. The sound grew louder and louder till she saw a hole forming. It was a monster worm which had gnawed its way through the rock. Today this is known as the Golden Valley trail between Banff and Mt. Assiniboine.

Here was her chance! As soon as the worm was through, she followed crushing it, she then rolled into the hole, which was just large enough to let her through. Bleeding and scratched beyond recognition, she emerged on the other side, her fury increased a hundredfold. Once again she gave chase to her children and was close up to them in a short time.

The boy had been making very slow progress, in fact he was beginning to see the futility of mere flight. When he knew his mother's head to be near again, he threw down the Flint behind him and said, "Let there be a wall of fire from one end of the land to the other!" This happened. Once again Rolling Head found herself confronted by a seemingly insurmountable obstacle. She sought for a safe way through; there was none. Only one way was possible and that was to go through. Hesitating only for a short time, she rolled in to the flames and emerged on the other side, burnt and blackened. A man were dangerous in such a plight; but no creature exists that can exceed the fierceness of a woman, thwarted in her vengeance and humiliated at the same time. She gave chase once more!

After throwing the Flint, the boy Wesakaychak was just able to stagger along, because, of his great fatigue. He was hardly able to keep himself from falling asleep, even as he walked along unsteadily. When he heard his mother's voice again he took this time the beaver's tooth; and, throwing it ahead of him, said, "Let a mighty river flow here!" It was only when he found himself confronted by a great flow of water that he realized his fatal mistake. The river was in front of them and the Rolling Head behind. He and his little brother were now at the mercy of their mother; and he knew what that meant. His faculties cleared; and he ran along the side of the river, seeking some way of escape. The river seemed uncrossable. When about to despair, he saw two old patriachs. They were great Bitterns, old men in appearance, sitting, one on either bank of the river, exactly opposite to each other. These birds are quite large now; but in those days they were monsters in size. He ran to them and implored them to put him and his brother across the river. This they refused to do. They were not bad at heart, however; for in time they took pity on the plight of these boys. They put their necks side by side; and on this hastily improvised bridge the fugitives crossed safely to the other side.

In a moment or two Rolling Head came up. "Put me across!" she commanded. The birds refused. Now Rolling Head was a creature well versed in the wisdom of her kind. She made many flattering remarks to the Bitterns. Seeing that they were pleased, she kept on till they offered to help her. Wesakaychak implored them not to do so, but to no avail.

The birds once more placed their necks side by side and Rolling Head proceeded to cross.

Her naturally wicked nature was her own undoing. Recent wet weather had given rheumatism to the birds and their necks were painful. Rolling Head, when she saw Wesakaychak on the bank, began to jump up and down as she crossed. The incensed birds pulled up their necks; and she tumbled into the river. The boy, Wesakaychak, acting on the instinct which was later to bring him into such prominence in the affairs of the young world, took a stone and, throwing it into the water where his mother's head had disappeared, yelled out the word, "Namao! Namao!" (Sturgeon). The Head whisked its tail and swam away, a fish.

Thus the mother who, because of her evil ways, had lost the highest that mortal can attain, was destined forever to play the humbler role. But even against her evil will she made herself useful to man by becoming the fish now found in our rivers called by the Cree Indians, *namao*.

THE YOUNGER BOY BECOMES WOLF.

There was now no immediate cause for fear but still the boy's predicament was great. Fortunately it was summertime and Wesakaychak found enough berries to keep himself and his little brother alive. They were very lonely and he found it very difficult to keep the little one happy.

Be it remembered that they were the first human children. Nothing in the way of toys, with which people are wont to keep the young ones amused, were in existence as yet. Wesakaychak stripped the bark off a willow and wound it into a ball. With this he amused his little brother who cried very often.

How long these solitary children lived alone in the wilderness nobody knows. At night Wesakaychak used to look up to the skies and through his tears he would see his father, and the sense of companionship this gave him was some comfort to his lonely heart.

One day as the boys were playing with the ball on the bank of the river, they saw a canoe approaching. It was wonderful to see it come of itself against the current. There was somebody in it, but he was not paddling. The only thing he did was to hit the canoe on the side now and again, and this would serve to quicken its speed.

When he came near enough to be seen distinctly, Wesakaychak saw that the occupant was a creature similar to himself, only rougher and more hairy in appearance. The canoe stopped of itself when it came to a point opposite to where they were. The boys continued to play, and as the little boy threw the ball it took a queer curving flight, as if drawn aside from the line of its course; and it fell into the canoe.

"Oh-h! Let us have it!" cried Wesakaychak. "It is the only thing I have to comfort my little brother with!" The stranger placed it on the

flat of his paddle and held it out. "Come and get it!" said he in a strange, cunning voice. Wesakaychak walked into the water and was about to take the ball when, with a dexterous movement of the paddle, the stranger scooped him up and landed him prostrate in the canoe.

"Let me out!" cried Wesakaychak in anguish. "I must go back to my little brother who needs me!" The monster struck the side of the canoe and it sped swiftly on.

"Let me go! Or else take my little brother too!" pleaded the sobbing boy; but with a self-satisfied grin, the man struck his canoe again and gradually sped on, leaving the little boy far behind on the bank. Wesakaychak heard his brother cry, "Brother! Brother! I will be a wolf! I will be a wolf! Oo-o-o-ow-w-." Through his tears Wesakaychak saw a young gray wolf run away into the woods. He cried and cried till he fell asleep, totally exhausted.

In due time, Waymesosiw, — for such was the name of this being, — arrived at his lodge. He placed the sleeping boy on the ground, and turned his canoe over him. He seemed to be in great spirits. He spoke to his elder daughter, "I have brought a companion for you; go and get him. He is asleep beneath the canoe." The girl went out, but returned in a very short time, disgust on her face. "I do not want the swollen-faced little man," said she. "He is handsome," replied Waymesosiw. "He has been crying! You, Younger One, go and see how you like him then."

Now, the younger of the two girls seemed to be more human than any of the rest of the family. She too went out but more quietly. Finding the boy, she took pity on him. She washed his face in the river, and, waking him up, did all she could to bring comfort into his heart. She asked him about his past life, and, strange to say, she seemed familiar with the main events of it. News traveled rapidly through the land in those days, for animals and birds had free intercourse with each other. He told her what befell his little brother and she assured him that he would be able to take good care of himself, until such time as he himself would be able to look for him. A sympathy seemed to exist between them, and the boy, comforted greatly, walked with her to the lodge with every show of confidence.

In a day or two his face and eyes, which had been swollen, regained their normal state and he was seen to be a very handsome young man. The older girl was greatly chagrined at having rejected him and now did everything she could to win him over, but without any success. Between Wesakaychak and the younger girl there was mutual attraction and sympathy. She had given him that friendship for which he had long been hungry. While courteous to the older girl, he felt nothing that had a semblance of affection for her. As time went on he grew to manhood, and he found himself in love with the younger one. Waymesosiw giving his consent, he took her to wife, thereby incurring the deep hatred of the elder sister.

WESAKAYCHAK KILLS THE CRIMSON EAGLE.

Now Waymesosiw was a bad one. His one great desire was to kill whatever came within his reach. In allowing the union between Wesakaychak and his daughter, he had an ulterior motive. It would give him a hold on the young man and many opportunities would be his to bring about his death. He was full of craftiness; always careful in preserving that deportment which becomes a father-in-law, he, more by suggestion than by direct speech, managed to have the young man undertake dangerous tasks.

One day Wesakaychak, having returned from a long hunt, sat beside the fires, evidently thinking seriously. "I wonder," said he, turning to his wife, "I wonder where I could get some straight saskatoon-berry willows."

Waymesosiw, who, according to custom, never addressed his son-in-law directly, hastened to ask, "What did he say, daughter?" The young woman, who had very little respect for her father, replied, "He is asking where there are straight willows; but I would like to know how it is that you, who are so deaf, as a rule, are able to hear when you are not spoken to." "Splendid," said the old man, not at all put out by the words of his daughter. "I know of an island where there are such things. I shall paddle my son-in-law across thither tomorrow morning."

Wesakaychak, having accepted the offer, the two were on their way early the next day. The old man would strike the canoe with his paddle and it would shoot along speedily. At length they came to an island which was thickly wooded, and Wesakaychak stepped out of the canoe. No sooner had he done this than Waymisosiw struck the canoe and it slid back into the lake away from the shore. From a safe distance the old man said these words, "Crimson Eagle! I am leaving my son-in-law. You may eat him."

Wesakaychak, who had never quite trusted the old man, was not surprised at this treachery. He watched the canoe receding into the distance and then, turning away, walked boldly into the woods. He had not long to wait.

A crimson light flooded the grass and trees around him, and looking up hastily he saw a great bird preparing to swoop down on him. Grasping a mallet he had made for himself and into which had been willed much magic power, he waited. Almost with the speed of light the bird swooped down, and the next moment Wesakaychak had struck it to the ground. It was a fortunate stroke. He had timed it accurately; and the bird lay dead at his feet. From its body he plucked some down and then, having cut a number of willows, he killed a large gull. He stripped the skin off this, placed it on himself and flew across the lake to this home, passing unseen over the canoe of Waymesosiw.

The joy of his anxious wife was indeed great when he arrived at his home, having survived the treachery of the old man.

When Waymesosiw landed he had a smile of satisfaction on his cunning face. He had enjoyed himself immensely. Imagine his surprise, therefore, when he came into his home and saw Wesakaychak sitting there contentedly, paring away the bark from the saskatoon willows which he had brought. A little later, seeing a bunch of crimson feathers hanging to one of the tent poles his face blackened for an instant — but only for an instant. He was his own composed self in another moment and was examining the willows interestedly.

Some time after this Wesakaychak again had occasion to ask his wife a question. This time he wanted to know where he could find the quills of a crane. As before, the old man, who was ordinarily deaf, asked his daughter what her husband wanted. As before, she told him, but in a very ungracious way, for she knew he was seeking to destroy Wesakaychak.

"I know of an island where cranes are very plentiful and where quills can be found lying on the mud by the hundreds," said he. "I shall be pleased to paddle my son-in-law thither tomorrow morning." Wesakaychak knew that the old man meant to bring him to his death, but he was willing to take another risk, and he accepted the offer.

The next morning found them both in the canoe rapidly approaching an island. Here the same scene was re-enacted as before. The old man left Wesakaychak stranded on the island and from a safe distance yelled out, "Thou Great Serpent! I am leaving my son-in-law for you to eat."

As Wesakaychak began to collect quills which the cranes had dropped while moulting, he heard a sound. Turning to look, he saw a gigantic, horned serpent wriggling towards him. Its great jaws were open and he noticed with a shudder that its teeth were quite long and extremely sharp. Grasping his mallet he waited breathlessly. The serpent came on. At the right instant Wesakaychak leaped to one side and struck. The serpent wriggled convulsively and was soon dead. The mallet had again done its work.

Standing on the prone body of the monster, Wesakaychak said these words, "When man inhabits this earth, reptiles such as this will not be on land; nor will such birds as the Crimson Eagle infest the heavens."

Having stripped another gull, he put on its skin and was soaring away across the lake once more victorious over the treachery of his crafty and cruel father-in-law, and the disappointed old man found him at home again, quietly splitting quills and shaping them.

WESAKAYCHAK DESTROYS THE GREAT MOOSE.

Waymesosiw was now desparate. He had made two great efforts to have Wesakaychak killed and both had failed. In his despair he dreamed and saw the Crimson Eagle and the Great Serpent, both of whom had not only failed to destroy Wesakaychak but had themselves been killed. Great was the joy of Waymesosiw, therefore, when he again heard his

son-in-law ask his wife where he could find some sinew. Forgetting even to address him through his daughter, the old man offered to show the young man a place where he could find all the sinew he wanted.

The crafty Waymesosiw remembered that there was a Great Moose living in the Northland. He would plan to go with his son-in-law in quest of this animal. If it so happened that Wesakaychak escaped with his life in trying to kill the animal, then surely some other opportunity to destroy him would present itself.

With this design in mind Waymesosiw confided to Wesakaychak that he knew where there was a Great Moose, and would conduct the young man to its neighborhood. Of course Wesakaychak accepted the invitation, and they made due preparation, for it was to be a long and perilous journey.

When all was ready and they were to make their start the next morning Wesakaychak's wife had a private talk with him. She told him that she had had a dream in which she saw what was to meet them on the journey. "A-a-ay! My husband," said she, "be careful when you come to the haunts of the Great Moose. My father will pretend to be lame and will be some distance behind you all the time. Watch carefully and be ready! Here is some down. As soon as the Great Moose approaches, blow on this and say the words, 'Let me be like unto thee?' Immediately you will be transformed into this, the lightest of all things and you will be safe. When, in time the Great Moose is exhausted, you will know what to do. After you have killed the creature and you camp for the night, pretend to sleep but watch my father till something happens. I will be with you in spirit."

Morning dawned and the two men were on their way to the haunts of the Great Moose. It was a very difficult trip but the old man kept easily. Many days they walked before they saw tracks which seemed to be most unnatural so great were they.

"Ough!" said Waymesosiw. "The Great Moose!" Wesakaychak could hardly believe that any animal, however large, could have hoofs of such prodigious size. He at once secretly untied a small package from his belt and took out the piece of down his wife had given him. True to her dream he noticed that Waymesosiw dropped behind, pretending to be lame. Wesakaychak of course wisely paid no attention to this, but went on, carefully, looking for the huge animal.

Suddenly there was a mighty crash among some tall spruce trees. Wesakaychak had just enough time to blow on the down and to repeat the formula which was to bring about the change in him when the beast was upon him. With a deafening roar the Great Moose fought and belowed, as it tried to strike and to trample on the down, which was Wesakaychak. The down, however, quietly blew around in the air, sometimes settling on his head, his nose or other parts of the great body. All day the Moose struggled but with no success. Towards evening it sank down

exhausted and Wesakaychak, assuming his own shape, killed it. Standing erect on the big body of his victim, he said, "When man inhabits this earth, such animals will not be. They are too powerful and would be a menace to life."

It was some time before Waymesosiw came back. He had fled and left his son-in-law to his fate. Listening from the top of a high tree he had guessed from the length of the struggle that the young man was holding his own in the desperate conflict. When finally the noise ceased, he shrewdly supposed that the Moose was dead. Waymesosiw was greatly disappointed at the outcome of the fight; but he made up his mind to act as if greatly pleased, for the time being, hoping that by night he might be able to bring about something harmful to his partner.

Waymesosiw pretended great joy at the death of the Great Moose and busied himself preparing the camp and cooking their evening meal. He seemed unusually jovial and told many a yarn after they had eaten, as they sat for a long time before the blazing fire. The Great Dipper had turned considerably around the North Star when they laid themselves down to sleep. Something about the actions of the old man, when they hung up their clothes on the branches, awakened Wesakaychak's suspicions. He lay down, however, and watched secretly while Waymesosiw fell asleep almost immediately. A little later he got up very quietly and, taking his clothes from where he had hung them, changed them with Waymesosiw's, which he hung where his own had been. Having done this without awakening the other, he lay down again quietly and watched for developments.

Waymesosiw's snoring ended with a gasp! There was a moment's pause, and then he raised his head slowly. The big logs were still burning brightly and he had to shade his eyes to see his son-in-law across the fire. "Are you asleep?" he asked in a subdued voice loud enough to be heard, if Wesakaychak were awake but not loud enough to awaken him if he should be asleep. The latter kept on breathing regularly as if asleep but actually watching through the corner of his eye. He saw Waymesosiw get up, approach what he thought were the young man's clothes and deliberately place them on the fire before he lay down again. Then, when they were irretrievably destroyed, he yelled, "Son-in-law, wake up! Your clothes are burning!" Wesakaychak jumped up and examined the burning clothes. "No," said he. "These are yours. Mine are dry now and I will take them."

Waymesosiw now knew that he had been outwitted, but true to his crafty nature, he made no comment. He had been worsted; but, be it said to his credit, outwardly, at least, he bore no grudge.

Morning came and Wesakaychak made preparations to go back home. Waymesosiw neither complained nor asked for help. Only when Wesakaychak was starting off did he speak of his plans. "You have beaten me, young man," said he. "Go back to your wife. Your way is better than

mine. I too will go home but more slowly." For a moment Wesakaychak nearly had pity on him, but hoping to give him a lesson, he left him; he knew that the old one would not die but would eventually come through not much the worse for his experience and perhaps wiser.

Waymesosiw left alone gathered a great pile of wood; and having secured a very large round boulder, he fired it till it was red hot. Then with a green pole he began to roll it in the direction of his home. The heat from it kept him warm; and as soon as the stone would begin to cool off he would heat it up again. Thus he traveled slowly and painfully, day after day.

Wesakaychak on the other hand came easily back to his home; and the joy of his wife was great. It was summertime before Waymesosiw arrived, a wiser man and changed. His lust for killing had left him. His naturally genial temperament came to the fore and in time he was liked by Wesakaychak. Thus all was well, and the home of Waymesosiw became a place of peace and contentment.

WESAKAYCHAK MAKES BOW AND ARROWS.

Having procured sinew from the Great Moose's body, Wesakaychak now had all he wanted for what he had long intended to make — a weapon for man. Once more he straightened up the saskatoon willows he had cut. With the dampened sinew he tied the split quills on to one end of each willow; to the other end he fastened sharp, triangular, flat pieces of stone. He added a nick at the end to which the quills were tied. Thus was made the first arrow. Using a longer stick and some twisted sinew Wesakaychak made the first bow. The idea seemed good to him. He went out into the woods and tried out his invention. His expectations were more than realized. With continual practice he soon came to be very skilful in the use of the bow and arrow, and many were the animals he killed.

Having satisfied himself that the weapon was effective Wesakaychak set to work patiently making other bows and arrows. Quiver after quiver was filled, and when he felt he had made enough, he spoke to his wife in these words, "There is a great camp of beings like ourselves a great distance north of where we are. I see some of them now and then in my long hunting trips. They tell me that there are a number of animals, known as Up-standing Cattle and also by the name of Short Noses, who prey on the people and are slowly exterminating them. I must go to their rescue."

His wife being willing that he should go to bring relief to these "people", if such they were, Wesakaychak made careful preparations, packing the quivers into a bundle which he could carry on his back. Assuring his wife that no harm would befall him, he struck out for the camp of those he hoped to rescue. He did not know exactly where they were but soon found

the tracks of one who had been hunting. These eventually led him to the camp where he was received hospitably and conducted to the tent of the leading man.

From this personage he learned the details regarding the Short Noses. They would come among the "people" apparently for friendly reasons and then suddenly they would pounce upon them and carry off a certain number. These they would eat. "It is almost time now for them to come," said the host, "and our lives are full of fear."

Wesakaychak felt that he had not come too soon. Something must be done at once. He asked his host to call all the men into the tent. This being done and the tent filled up with all who responded, he untied his bundle and gave a bow and quiver to each man. "You will watch me use these," said he, "and then you will all practice to make yourselves skilful in their use. Next time the Short Noses come, you yourselves must kill them all. None must be left alive."

Then Wesakaychak went out of the tent, followed by all the men. He aimed carefully at a tree some distance away; and the next instant the arrow was buried in it. A murmur of surprise went through the crowd. All wanted to try the new weapon, and in a little while everybody was shooting. In a very few days every man was able to use the bow and arrow and the men made them for their wives and children who also in time learned to use them.

A day came when the Short Noses arrived. They mixed with the people in a friendly way, their purpose being to find out which ones were fat and in fit condition to be eaten. Now Wesakaychak had arranged that all should act simultaneously. So it was that when he blew a whistle every person seized his bow and the slaughter began. The astonished Short Noses were unable to do anything. They were shot down, right and left. Not one of them escaped. Those that were trying to flee, Wesakaychak brought down from a distance. The earth was at length freed from these beings who because of their superior physical strength were killing off the people.

"In the days when man multiplies," said Wesakaychak, "such as you will not be." So saying, he took the dead Short Noses one by one and pronounced what they were to be. From each dead body ran away an animal or beast, a moose, a deer, a mouse, a rat, a skunk and all the others which are existent this day and which are used by man.

After receiving the thanks of all the people he had saved, Wesakaychak made his way back to his home, satisfied that once again he had done his duty.

WESAKAYCHAK LOOKS FOR HIS BROTHER.

Happy though Wesakaychak was with his young wife, one thing served to mar his contentment, and that was the uncertainty of his brother's fate. He lost many a night's sleep when it stormed, for the picture of his

little brother running along the bank of the river, crying after him, was stamped indelibly on his mind. He must go back and find him. One night he told his young wife this; and she gave her consent to his journey.

Without making much preparation, he started off one morning, heading straight for the place where he had last seen the wolf run away from the bank of the river into the woods. Arriving there he began to search for some sign which would give an indication of his brother's presence. Sure enough, there was a pile of whitened bones that had once been a moose; this was his brother's first kill. He went further, and after much traveling, found other bones piled up neatly. An ordinary wolf would have left the bones scattered. This was the work of his brother.

Day after day he searched, and his patience was invariably rewarded by finding places where his brother had brought down some animal. Wesakaychak's quest became more hopeful every day; not only was he able to see the tracks of his brother in time, but little signs of reasoned movements, for we must remember that the brother was both human and animal. Because of this fact Wesakaychak was enabled to know the general direction to take.

Fresher and fresher grew the tracks of the wolf, even as they increased in size. The brother was evidently a full-grown wolf now; and Wesakaychak felt that any moment he might come upon him. He looked around carefully as he went so as not to miss him. Suddenly there was a crash and a large gray wolf bounded away from behind a willow bush. "Brother! Brother! It is I. Do not be afraid of me!" cried Wesakaychak. The wolf brother stopped and approached fawningly. Wesakaychak was very much moved to see his only blood relation once again. It is not recorded what they did in order to show their mutual joy at meeting once again, for it is not good taste with Indian narrators to describe too minutely things which are sacred to those immediately concerned. Enough to say that the wolf confessed a feeling of dread of all that seemed human. He did not feel at ease even with his own brother.

"I will help you to overcome that natural shrinking," said Wesakaychak, setting to work to build a sweat-tent. Both brothers went into the tent. After they had had enough and had dried themselves, Wesakaychak burned sweet grass, waving it all over his brother's body. The bath brought out the perspiration from the wolf, and served to rid the young man of animal pollution. The waving and burning sweet grass awoke in him the human qualities and feelings which to some extent had been dormant while he was a wolf. This ceremonial completed, the wolf, now human once more, took his place by his brother without fear or shrinking and with a great show of joy.

Happy days passed, and warm was the welcome accorded to the brother by Wesakaychak's wife. So rejoiced was she to see her brother-in-law handsome in his young manhood, — almost an exact image of her husband — that she delighted to make fine garments for him and to

surround him with those little comforts without which he had lived so long. With a woman's intuition, however, she knew that something was on his mind. He seemed to be preoccupied at times and one day she saw him sitting on a hill for a long time, without so much as moving his drooping head. She mentioned the matter to her husband; and Wesakaychak asked him kindly that same day if there were anything the matter. "All is well here, brother," replied Wolf. "You and my sister-in-law have been so kind to me. I have a wife and son in the forest. Something tells me they are in trouble and I must ask you to give me leave to go to see them and put things right for them."

Wesakaychak gave his consent to this very willingly. His mind revolted at the thought of a creature partly endowed with human qualities, as the young wolf would be, being left to the mercy of the creatures of the wild. "Go, brother," said he, "Go, and may good fortune be yours. I have every faith in your manhood. One warning, however, I will give you: Never under any circumstances wade into lake or stream. Do not forget."

Thus, the Wolf was again separated from his brother to go back into the wilderness. He ran for a day and a night to where he had left his wolf family. He himself was again in the form of a large gray wolf. Approaching the wigwam where he had left his wife, he peeped in, and there, instead of his own family, was the Wolverine and two young ones. Where were his wife and son?

Full of rage though he was, he would not do anything to the intruders as yet. He sniffed around and smelling fire, ran into a bush close by. There stood an old wigwam from which much smoke was coming. He peeped in and saw his wife's mother and his own boy, both famished and scarcely able to sit up. A feeling of hot indignation came over him as he went in.

"What is this that has happened? Where is my wife?" he asked. "A-a-a-ay!" replied the old woman. "I have done my best to preserve the life of your son, but we are now both very weak. The Wolverine killed your wife and sent us out to starve. He allowed me to take my old wigwam, else we should have perished long ago. Day after day he killed beavers but never once did he give us anything to eat. His two little sons used to come secretly with little morsels of food, but in time he suspected. Catching them doing it, he worked himself into such a fury that he almost killed them. We are now so weak that we should have died had you not come."

The Wolf sat in silence for some time. Then without saying a word he went out and soon came back with some meat. "Eat that," he said. "As soon as you have had enough, I want you to move camp to the hill there, where you will find moose meat. I would like to kill the Wolverine now; but it is too insignificant a deed for a man to do. He cannot kill moose for himself, this Wolverine, but he loves moose meat. Plan a way

to put an end to his life. Let him die at the hands of an old and weak woman. I shall be close at hand to see that no harm befalls you."

The camp was moved in a short time. When the Wolverine woke up, he went outside and was surprised to see no smoke in the bush. "They are dead!" said he, as he walked over. In the next instant, however, he was sniffing around, for he detected an odor of venison. "The boy has killed a moose, and they have moved camp. I must make friends, for he will be useful to me," he thought. Taking two beavers, he tied them together. Laboriously dragging them up the hill, he put them at the door of the wigwam. "Whew!" said he as usual. "I have brought beaver for you and the old woman." "*Tawao!* (There is room)," said the boy. Wolverine came in grinning, for he was joyful to see meat being fried on a spit." Wolverine continued to smile ingratiatingly; for this animal was ever the slyest, dirtiest, meanest and most cunning of all the beasts of the land.

The meat was just then ready for eating. The old woman (for such we must call her, inasmuch as in these old narratives, there is only a slight demarcation between what is human and what is animal) the old woman placed the meat before the Wolverine. "Before you begin," said she, "I must ask you to humor my desires. It has always been the custom of my life that I ask all who partake of the first killing of my children and grandchildren to do so with their eyes closed. I desire you to humor me in this." "*Tapwā* (truly)," said Wolverine, as he accommodately closed his eyes.

The old woman, taking a big club, struck him on the head and he toppled over, stunned, his tail swaying and toes quivering. When he came to, the old woman was making excuses humbly. "It was so unfortunate of me to drop that bone on our guest's head," said she. The Wolverine hastened to say that it was nothing, and began to eat again with his eyes closed. This time she struck him with such good will that he died.

The gray Wolf, coming in, surveyed the scene before him. "It is well," said he. "Drag his body away, but spare his young ones. They are fit to live and to perpetuate his race."

Wolf stayed with his son and the old woman for some time. Daily he took the former out with him on hunting expeditions and the young wolf learned ways and means of procuring food from the forest.

When the young one was grown up, — for it takes animals only a comparatively short time to reach maturity, — the father decided to leave them. Calling his son to him, he said, "It is time now that I must leave you. I am human and it is right that you should work out your destiny for yourself. You must be the father of your kind. Play your part well in the world that is to be."

Bidding tender goodbye to both of them, he started out. Young Wolf went with his father part of the way. It was a clear, moonlit night. Up

on the hill they paused. "Look up to the northern sky," said Wolf. "That Oochaykatahk (The Great Dipper) is your grandfather. Now and then think of him and speak to him. Goodbye, my son."

The young Wolf, handsome and strong, stood silhouetted in the moonlight. His head was held up proudly and as he looked up at the Great Dipper; his howl rang out yearningly, "Oo-oo-o-ow-w-w!!" The father slipped away into the great forest.

WESAKAYCHAK RESCUES HIS BROTHER.

After taking leave of his son the gray Wolf traveled up and down the land, killing animals for his food as he went. He never forgot the warning of his brother. Whatever happened he always avoided going into water. He did not know why he should but he knew Wesakaychak had some good reason for having given the warning. Often he came to a river and if he were unable to jump across, he would stop, and then go some other way.

One day, however, he was chasing a fine young deer, and the very fleetness of the animal whetted his desire to run it down. It was not so much the need of food that made him chase so long but the swiftness of the animal pitted against his own. He must get it at all costs.

Just as Wolf had almost caught up with his quarry they came to a large lake, and the terrified deer leapt into it without hesitation. Wolf, too excited with the chase to remember his brother's warning, jumped, in after the animal. He had gone only a little way when he remembered but it was too late! Something powerful caught him from underneath, and he was pulled into the water.

In the meantime Wesakaychak was worrying. He felt as if something were wrong. He could not get his brother out of his mind. Finally his anxiety became so great that he started out once more, after taking affectionate leave of his family.¹

Through the forest he went searching for his brother, and in time his efforts were rewarded. He found his brother's tracks and they were comparatively fresh. Walking and running alternately, Wesakaychak followed these tracks and at last came to a place where Wolf had been chasing a deer. By all signs it was a hot chase, and he felt a strange foreboding of some evil connected with the tracks he was following.

All that day he walked, and when night fell over the land, not being able to see any longer, he lay down to rest. Because of his anxiety, he was unable to sleep. As soon as dawn came he was off again and the sun was not high in the heavens when he arrived at the lake. The tracks

¹ Whether or not he ever saw them again is not known, for they do not appear again in the narrative. It is supposed that they survived a general catastrophe that later took place and became the founders of the human race.

of both the deer and the wolf led unmistakably into the water. He knew what had happened! Poor Wesakaychak sat down to think, but no plan came to him. Being wise, however, he decided to wait and allow time to offer some solution.

As he sat on the shore of the lake, Wesakaychak noticed a kingfisher perched on a tree close by. The bird was gazing intently into the water. "What is it you are looking at?" asked Wesakaychak.

"At those Sea Lions playing with the skin of Wesakaychak's brother," replied the bird.

"Do they ever come ashore?" inquired the man.

"Yes, they do," was the reply. "They always work their way towards the shore and when they are tired, they lie down to sun themselves on the beach."

Wesakaychak went to a nearby bluff covered with dry spruce. Calling to his aid all land animals and birds, he bound them to secrecy. He told them that the Sea Lions would cause a flood to be in the land and all must work to make a great raft.

The beavers at once started to cut the logs down and Wesakaychak and the rest hauled them to an open space in the woods where they tied them together securely. With the advice that they were all to keep within easy reach of the raft, he again made his way down to the lake. The Kingfisher was there again, watching the Sea Lions at play.

"Listen to me," said Wesakaychak. "If you do what I tell you, I will paint you so that you will be one of the prettiest of all birds. I am going to turn myself into an old dry tree here on the beach. The Sea Lions will see me and will suspect something. Argue with them, telling them that the tree has always been there but they have never noticed it before. If you can convince them that all is well, I will reward you as I have said." The bird replied that he would do as Wesakaychak desired.

When the Sea Lions came ashore they noticed the tree. "What is this? How did it come here?" they asked. "O, that has always been there," said the Kingfisher. They were very suspicious nevertheless, but in the end the bird convinced them that their fears were unfounded. They lay down and were soon fast asleep.

Then Wesakaychak assumed his own form again and going amongst the sleeping Sea Lions either killed or wounded them all. Some that were not so badly wounded managed to slide back into the water. Securing his brother's skin, Wesakaychak blew on it; and it gradually came back to life.

As for the Kingfisher he rewarded him handsomely. He painted him as he had promised, drawing a line around the neck with white clay and placing a tuft of beautiful feathers on the top of the head. Then this vain bird, pleased with himself, flew over the calm waters of the lakes in order to see his own reflection. He was the first kingfisher to be as such birds are this day.

THE FLOOD.

The day following Wesakaychak's adventure with the Sea Lions on the beach, while walking along he met a toad which was in the guise of an old medicine woman. She was shaking her rattle jerkily in time with her hopping. As she went, she sang in a sort of monotone, "On my way to conjure! On my way to conjure!"

"Where are you going, grandmother?" asked Wesakaychak.

"I am on my way to conjure over the chief of the Sea Lions who was sorely wounded by Wesakaychak yesterday," she replied.

"What do you do when you conjure?"

Being a garrulous creature, the toad in a husky, gurgling voice, explained her usual procedure. When Wesakaychak had learned all he wanted to know, he killed her, and stripping her skin off, put it on himself. Taking the rattle in his hand, he hopped away as she had done.

When Wesakaychak came to the lodge of the Sea Lions he heard a great deal of groaning. "When I conjure," said he, "it is my custom at this stage to have the place in which I perform darkened, and everybody else must keep away." His wishes were of course respected; and no sooner was he alone with his patients than he went from one to the other, killing them properly this time.

When he had completed his task he ripped off the toad skin and fled for his life. It was none too soon. He just managed to reach the raft when the flood came. Many of the animals reached the raft but hundreds perished unable to get there. Some were on the hills and these Wesakaychak rescued.

In time even the high hills were submerged, and the world was drowned.

When at length the water seemed to rest, Wesakaychak began to consider what to do. He called the Otter, the Beaver, and the little Muskrat to him. First he sent the Otter down to see if it could bring up a little mud. This little animal was down for a long time before he came up unconscious, although he was kicking feebly with one hind leg. Wesakaychak blew on him and brought him back to life.

Then the Beaver, taking his turn, was down much longer but he also came up unconscious and without any mud. The hope of all life now rested on the Muskrat. He dived and they had given him up for dead when he came up, kicking feebly and unconscious. Wesakaychak blew on him and noticed a small piece of a leaf on one of his claws. "I reached the tops of trees," said the little animal; "but I was faint and had to come up. I will make another try." Once more the plucky, little muskrat dived. All awaited his return breathlessly. Surely he would succeed! Time went by but there was no sign of him.

Suddenly, one of the birds that had been flying about, looking down into the water, gave a call, "Muskrat is coming up!" It was true enough. The little animal soon emerged from the water, to all appearances dead.

Wesakaychak breathed on him and brought him back to life as before. There on the sole of his foot was a little bit of mud and some more on his mouth. This certainly was precious material in a world of waters! Wesakaychak picked it carefully and making it into a ball began to blow upon it, whereupon it seemed to grow rapidly. With his paddle-like tail the Beaver began to beat it out flat, while Wesakaychak kept on blowing.

How long the process lasted is not known. In the time they could not see where the shores of the land they were making touched the waters. Wesakaychak rested and asked his brother, the gray Wolf, to run around in order to judge the size of the land.

In two days the Wolf came back and reported that it was not large enough as yet. Again Wesakaychak began to blow. This time the Wolf, once more detailed to investigate, did not return for many a day, and when he did come back he reported that the land was not large enough. Again the man worked. This time he sent the Crow, who did not return. Then Wesakaychak stopped, concluding that the earth was large enough.

Thus, out of the Flood land was reclaimed and Life multiplied again. Many of the forms of life that had been too vicious and dangerous to man were no more. The Muskrat, the Beaver and the Otter were rewarded for the share they had had in the restoration of the land and were told that from thenceforth they would be equally at home on land and water. They are so to this day. The gray Wolf did not resume his man-like form but ever after that lived with his brother, and today his descendants — those most faithful companions and protectors of man, the dogs, — are to be seen wherever Indian lodges are.

WESAKAYCHAK SNARES THE SUN.

Wesakaychak turned his attention to other matters. Everything did not work just right. Perhaps the most pressing need had to do with a more regular supply of light and heat. The Sun was only an occasional visitor to those who lived in the Earth and the long periods between the visits were very trying to life. Something must be done.

After careful consideration, Wesakaychak made up his mind to catch the great heavenly body. He set a great snare right in the path which it was wont to take and caught it the very next time it passed. In vain the Sun struggled to free itself; the cords by which it was held fast were too strong for it.

At first everybody was delighted but soon it was found that there was danger of the inhabitants being scorched to death by the proximity of the great body. They would gladly have released it, but no one was able to go near enough to undo or to cut the snare. In desperation Wesakaychak invited the spirit of the Sun, Anaynake, to a con-

sultation. The result of this was a compromise. Wesakaychak was to try to liberate the Sun, while Anaynake promised to come near the edges of the Earth only in the mornings and evenings while in the day time it was to come just near enough to warm the Earth. Kee-watin, the North Wind, was told to work in conjunction with the Sun and the arrangement was adopted whereby one was to retire as the other advanced and vice versa. Each was to exercise its power in turn, having respect for the rights and efforts of the other. Everything seemed satisfactorily settled.

The problem that now had to be confronted was the liberation of the Sun. It could not free itself, and so far no one had made any attempt to take the risk involved. Wesakaychak called a mass meeting of all the creatures of the Earth and laid the matter before them. He promised that, whoever released the Sun would receive special favors from him.

The Beaver, though once before he had been useful, was yet an insignificant kind of animal. He was held in no esteem in the animal world. He had only a few small teeth and his fur was sparse and bristly like that of a pig. He was, however, one of those creatures that are always to the fore and whose greatest desire in life is to out-do others in everything. He boldly offered to release the Sun. There was a burst of laughter at this and a look of doubt came over Wesakaychak's face, but he had asked for someone to volunteer and he had to accept the Beaver's offer.

The Beaver trotted off awkwardly and anxiously did all the animals watch. Some said the fool would never go near and others held that it is often those who are foolish who surpass others in doing things which no sane creature would attempt to do. Suddenly they saw the great ball of light arise majestically from the place of its captivity. It sped on that course which to this day it has kept. Never once has it broken its promise to Wesakaychak. Faithful has it been to the word of Anaynake.

The Beaver was pitiful to look upon when it returned. Three blackened stumps were all that remained of its teeth. The swinish hair he had before was all burned away and only his half-scorched skin remained. Wesakaychak in gratitude clothed him in a most beautiful fur coat, gave him a lovely set of flat teeth, sharp and broad, admirably fitted to cut down trees for building purposes.

He was the envy of all those who were wont to mock and laugh at him. As a remembrance of the deed the Beaver did for the inhabitants of the world, his teeth were made to be of a brown color as if they had been scorched. They are so to this day, and what is there more beautiful than the fur of this animal and what is there better adapted to the cutting down of trees than its teeth? The Beaver

did not abuse his new gifts, but managed to live down his former reputation by leading a life of quiet seclusion and of incessant industry.

WESAKAYCHAK RIDES ON THE MOON.

One evening Wesakaychak lay on his back on a hill admiring the full moon. How beautiful it was and how lovely it would be to ride upon the great bright disk across the heavens! After all, why should he not! In a moment he was on his feet and the next instant was traveling to where the moon was wont to appear from the depths of the earth at the point where land and sky meet. He walked all night but he did not seem to come any nearer to the moon. He must give up that plan and think of another.

The next evening Wesakaychak saw a crane and an idea came into his head. Why not ask it to take him up to the moon. "Come here, my little brother," said he. "Take me up to yonder moon that is rising in the skies, and I will repay you." The crane consented and Wesakaychak, holding on to the legs of the bird, was wafted up towards the moon. On and on they went and still the moon seemed far away. At last the crane was tired and Wesakaychak himself felt as if his arms were going to break. They went on and on. It became serious for both. „Hurry! Hurry, or I will have to let go!" cried Wesakaychak in anguish. The crane gave a short call and the man knew they were almost there. A final spurt! They both fell down in a dead faint. When Wesakaychak regained consciousness, he found himself lying on the very edge of the moon, and his cramped hands were still holding on to the legs of the bird. He noticed that the strain he had put upon them in this upward flight had stretched them to a most abnormal length. "He will be able to walk around with good speed," said he; and such is the case with the crane today.

After they had had a rest Wesakaychak thanked the bird. He painted a beautiful crimson spot between its eyes. The crane was delighted and took leave of its benefactor in a very cordial way.

Wesakaychak now gave up his time to admiring the scenery round about him. It was beautiful. There were the stars somewhat dimmed but yet visible; he saw his father, the Great Dipper; there was his mother's body, the Small Dipper; he saw the earth, and it looked very far away. He enjoyed himself greatly. Oh! the ecstasy of the swift, smooth motion over the heavens! He made up his mind to stay there all his life.

Things, however, took on a different aspect as time went on. The moon decreased in size steadily. Wesakaychak found his seat becoming sharper and sharper, till at last he was holding on to the horns of the moon. Every moment made his situation more precarious. How was he to get down? This problem solved itself very easily. The moon

disappeared from under him and he descended head over heels, sideways, and every other conceivable way. Seeing the earth rapidly approaching him as he thought, he yelled out, "A soft place! A soft place! It was I who made the earth!"

He fell into a soft place, for the earth, obedient to his call, formed in itself a soft spot into which Wesakaychak fell head foremost. He wriggled and squirmed for a long time before he was able to extricate himself. All covered with mud and water he presented a most pitiful sight. Feeling angry at his mishap, he stood up in as dignified a posture as was possible under the circumstances and cursed the soft spot of ground which had saved his life. "When man inhabits the earth," said he, "such spots as this will be waste and of no benefit to anyone. They will be called '*mus-kake*'¹ (mosshag)." These exist today and are of no apparent value to man.

THE BLINDFOLD DANCE.

Wesakaychak was now leading what was practically the life of a vagabond. He loved to wander about and to find out things for himself and to put them right wherever he found them in need of adjustment.

In the course of his travels he was often very hungry. With his sense of responsibility partially gone, he was becoming careless in his ways. For instance, he never provided for the future, but was content to serve the needs of the present moment as best he could. Instead of going out to hunt, as he used to do, in his earlier life, he was now trying to live on his wits. So it was that, walking along one day, he felt very hungry indeed. He could find no birds eggs, and there were no berries as yet. It is true there were many ducks and geese on the lake close by, but of course he could not catch them. They no longer trusted him, and had become wary and suspicious of him. Still, his gnawing hunger drove him to make a feeble attempt to catch a young one. He waded out and swam after it. The attempt was hopeless. After swimming and diving for some time he gave up with a smile at his stupidity, and decided to use his wits.

Going to the *mus-kake* into which he had fallen, he pulled up a great quantity of moss. Wrapping this up in his robe, he heaved it on to his shoulder, singing as he went, "Blindfold dance I make! Blindfold dance I make!" He walked along the shore of the lake on which the fowl were, apparently paying no attention to them.

Now curiosity is a very common trait among all creatures and birds are no exception. Attracted by the mysterious actions of Wesakaychak, they came all round questioning him. He walked on indifferently, paying no attention to them whatsoever. This only increased their

¹ Known as "*muskeg*" in the Canadian wilds.

curiosity, and they followed him eagerly to a place he had selected for what he intended to do.

The birds now had a short consultation, and they appointed one of themselves to ask him what significance there was in his actions. Wesakaychak replied to this in these words, "What you see me doing is a preliminary to a very sacred rite. Only a little while back, I received a new song. The queer thing about it is that it can only be sung inside of a lodge which has but one small opening. If you will build me such an one, I will sing the song for you; and you can dance to it. This bundle, the contents of which you must not see, has to do with the ceremonial."

It was not long before a long lodge was built according to plans given by Wesakaychak. After all were in, they closed themselves in, leaving only one small opening at one end.

As a preliminary to the proceedings that were to take place, Wesakaychak painted the birds, each family having a distinguishing mark: the loon receiving red eyes and spotted back; the stock duck a white ring around the neck; the goose two stripes down the lower jaw; the pintail a brown head and two long tail feathers; and others the peculiar markings they still carry. This he told them was all in preparation for what he called the blindfold dance.

The birds were greatly pleased and were ready to join heartily in what was to take place. The mysteriousness of it added to their enthusiasm. Wesakaychak began to hum a song; it was the new song. He was composing it as he sang. It was not long before the birds were on their feet starting to dance. Wesakaychak stopped them with a severe gesture. He laid a hand reverently on the great bundle he had. "This dance *Pu-suk-wa-pe-se-mo-win* (the blindfold dance)," said he. "Everyone the lodge must close his eyes and make a noise with voice and wing as soon as the dancing begins. No one must look on pain of instant death. This is a serious ceremony and any that are not willing to observe every part of it may go now."

No one offering to go, Wesakaychak gave the word and began to sing. Every bird closed its eyes, flapped its wings and danced, calling in its own peculiar way. It was a noisy dance but it suited Wesakaychak's purpose splendidly. He went along wringing the necks of the fattest ones and stepping on them.

All went well with his scheme till an old bird of the waterhen family took as sly peep through one eye. "Fly, fly for your lives!" yelled he. A great hubbub arose. Wesakaychak managed to trample on the hind part of the waterhen, which he flattened out, leaving the legs of all fowls that belong to that family as they are today. The next instant he was knocked down, and he found it advantageous to remain in a prostrate position. One side of the lodge was burst open and the fowls fled.

The survivors called a meeting in order to discuss ways and means towards punishing Wesakaychak for his evil deed.

THE MARKINGS ON THE BIRCH TREES.

Having many choice birds in his possession Wesakaychak now made a great fire. He plucked some of the birds and prepared to cook them all at once and in different ways. Some he could roast on a spit, and the rest he would place, feathers and all, in rolls of birch bark in order to retain the fat.

When they were all cooked Wesakaychak found that he was not quite hungry enough to enjoy them properly. He must spare no pains to make the feast a great success. Seeing a pair of birch trees standing side by side he lay down between them. "Get closer to each other and hold me here till I am very hungry; otherwise I will be tempted to begin feasting too soon," said he to them. The birch trees took him at his word and held him fast.

A whiskey-jack came and perched itself on a branch close by. Wesakaychak saw him, and a look of suspicion came over his face. "You foolish little bird," said he. "Do not dare to invite anyone to my feast." The whiskey-jack had not thought of doing so; but now he was off like a shot. Here was a good chance to punish Wesakaychak. He spread the news to such good purpose that in a little while every creature in the forest was feasting on Wesakaychak's cooking. In a very short time nothing but bones was left, and Wesakaychak, tired out with his struggles fell asleep.

How long he slept, nobody knows. He was rudely awakened by a sharp sting in the eye. A buzzard was over him pecking at his eyes. He was still unable to wriggle out of the trap, so he spoke in most brotherly terms to the buzzard, who, however, would do nothing to help him.

Summoning his old time energy Wesakaychak put forth a mighty effort and was free. Seizing the buzzard, he tried to wring its neck violently, at the same time plucking the feathers off its head. This is why this bird has a bald head and a red, inflamed-looking neck today.

Wesakaychak next turned his attention to the birch trees. They, too, must be punished. Taking four long willows he began to strip them, nor did he stop till the willows were all used up. This is why one sees those peculiar canoe-shaped markings on the bark of the birch trees of the present day. He also passed sentence on them that they could never grow anywhere but in moist, low-lying country.

Having meted out such punishment he collected what bones were lying around and gnawed away at them to get the marrow, for he was very hungry.

WESAKAYCHAK AND THE "STARTLERS"

It was after this that Wesakaychak was sauntering along aimlessly, having no particular destination in view. The whole land was his home and what mattered it where night overtook him? One place was as good as another to him as long as he was able to procure food.

As he went along he came upon a nest of young prairie chickens. "Little prairie chickens," asked he, "pray, what is your name?" "That is our name you call us by," they replied. "Everything that breathes has two names," said Wesakaychak. "I myself have three: Wesakaychak, Nanaposo, and Mutchekewis. Do not tell me you have only one name." "Well, then," replied the little birds, "we are sometimes called startlers."

"Startlers indeed!" said Wesakaychak. "What can you startle?" As a mild protest against the suitability of their name, he carefully dirtied their faces with wet mud. Laughing at the effect of his work, he went on his way.

When the mother bird arrived and saw the state of her young ones, she was angry. She talked abusively about Wesakaychak till she was out of breath. She determined to avenge the injury inflicted on her feelings.

How to do this was the question. She worked out a plan, and, acting on it with great dispatch, invited all the prairie chickens in the district to come to help her punish him who had dealt so disrespectfully with her. Many came in response to her appeal for help and they settled themselves among the tall grass on either side of a river over which Wesakaychak was wont to jump when he had occasion to come that way.

As luck would have it, he came along in a short time. When fairly near to the river, he took a run in order to make a good jump. At the moment when he was in the act of springing every chicken in the vicinity flew up with a great flutter of wing. The effect was so *startling* on Wesakaychak that his muscles refused to function adequately and he fell with a splash in the middle of the river.

Scarcely had he touched the water when he was further startled by ducks and geese that had come to see the fun because they still bore him a grudge on account of the catastrophe at the blindfold dance. These splashed water all over him with their wings. When finally they ceased, Wesakaychak crawled out of the river more dead than alive. The "startlers" had repaid him amply for his practical joke.

As he sat beside a fire, drying his clothes, he made up his mind that he would make weapons for himself. They would be for purposes of defence — and of offence when necessary. As this resolve formed in his mind he noticed that flat, board-like strips were falling away from the decayed log on which he was sitting. Each of these represented one year's growth of the tree. They were soft and could easily be worked into shape.

Taking a sharp stone that he always carried around with him, Wesakaychak began to whittle; and soon he was manufacturing all kinds of weapons. He made a dagger; a bow and several arrows; a spear; two large hunting knives and sundry other weapons. Placing these in their proper place on his person, he stuck an eagle quill in his hair. Thus

Wesakaychak presented a very war-like appearance. Walking over to a stream of water he gazed long at his own reflection and felt himself to be a bold warrior indeed.

"From now on," said he; "I disdain to conquer these animals by the cowardly method of outwitting them. I shall fight them on their own ground and subjugate them; otherwise man will be in a sorrowful plight."

FIGHT WITH THE GRIZZLY BEAR.

Having given a general challenge to the animal kingdom, Wesakaychak marched off, confident in his ability to conquer anyone who might cross his path. Deer, moose, caribou and other animals fled in panic before him. He was greatly elated, and an air of superiority showed itself on his brow.

It happened one day that he met a great grizzly bear. He ordered it out of his path, telling it that, being a warrior, he must have the right of way in the forest as well as on the prairies. The bear good-naturedly stepped to one side to avoid a collision with the approaching warrior.

Wesakaychak ached for a fight, however, and here was a worthy antagonist. He swerved to one side as he walked and collided violently with the bear. "Where are your eyes, my slow brother?" asked he tauntingly. The bear looked him over haughtily and walked away. This was too much for our hero, who followed the bear and gave it a rousing kick.

Like a flash of lightning the indolent beast turned, showing its great teeth in a snarl. Wesakaychak began to shoot with his bow and arrows. Alas! They were of soft wood and they fell without causing any injury. In a short time they were all used up. The grizzly now made a spring and Wesakaychak met him with a spear which splintered on the bear's face. "If I were one of those poor warriors that own just one single weapon, you would have me at a disadvantage," gasped Wesakaychak, as he jumped aside. Pulling out a knife, he closed in on the bear and stabbed it in the side. His weapon crumbled in his hand. He took his second knife, but this shared the fate of the other. The time had come for a rapid change of tactics. He must flee. Wesakaychak's natural agility when running away was worthy of note; he jumped clear over a willow bush with the bear in hot pursuit.

Around and around this bush fled Wesakaychak with the bear coming steadily after him. In time they made a path around the bush, and Wesakaychak noticed an old bull-buffalo head gradually being unearthed. Every time he passed it, he kicked at it in order to dislodge it. At last he succeeded. On the next round he hurriedly grabbed up the head, and, placing it on his own, turned on the grizzly, bellowing like a bull with such energy that the bear turned tail and ran for his life. It felt sure that Wesakaychak had become a buffalo.

As was said before, our hero was swift when running away, but he was equally so when running after anything fleeing from him. Making a great leap, he landed astride of the bear's back, and that animal, frantic with fright, did its best to be rid of this dangerous rider. Swiftly it ran over stumps and stones, and Wesakaychak, now afraid to jump off, held on like grim death. Suddenly down they went over a precipice. Both of them lay stunned. The bear, being the first to come to, sniffed at Wesakaychak's face, and then walked away in the forest.

Wesakaychak in time regained consciousness. His antagonist had gone. Nursing his head, he smiled as he thought of the brave beginning he had made as a warrior and of his ignoble end.

"In days to come," said he, "when warriors first go forth to battle, they will do so in humility. The ornament on the head will be used, not before a battle but after glory has been achieved by prowess born of a courageous and manly heart."

One more thing he had learned, and from this experience he laid down a rule which obtained throughout the prairie in later times.

ADVENTURE WITH THE STONE

Sometime after his adventure with the grizzly Wesakaychak was greatly bored. He looked around for something of interest. A pile of old buffalo horns attracted his attention; here was something with which he could ornament his robe. Sitting down beside the pile, he began to polish them till they shone. There is nothing that responds so well to rubbing as buffalo horns. After he had finished this part of his task, he strung them at regular intervals along the edge of his robe. When the whole was completed, he covered himself up, and the rattle of the horns as he walked made a pleasing noise to him. Be it known that he was ever investigating how effects followed causes, for he had no help from hereditary knowledge.

Coming to a large boulder he stopped abruptly. An idea had come to him. "My poor brother," said he — for to him everyone was a relation, — "your exterior looks rough. You must suffer equally from rain and the excessive heat of summer. Here you are," he continued, covering the stone with his robe. "I will give you this present. My heart goes with it."

He had not gone far when he noticed a very black cloud approaching from the west. At once he repented having given away his robe. The storm came nearer and looked very threatening. What a fool he had been to give his robe to a stone! He doubled on his tracks and, coming to the boulder, pulled the robe off from it most rudely, saying at the same time, "*Ishai* (an exclamation of challenging contempt.) Do you think I would really give you my robe when I need it myself? You have defiled it!"

Now Wesakaychak was given to tempting fate. Retreating a short distance, he began to tease the stone. "*Yu-hoh!*" he said, pretending to be afraid. "I believe the old stone is beginning to lose its temper! I must watch out! No knowing what it may not do! I am afraid it is thinking of chasing me!" The boulder actually moved a little. "*Yu-hoh! Yu-hoh!*" Wesakaychak gave two little jumps as if to flee.

All of a sudden the stone moved and slowly began to roll after Wesakaychak, who pranced along in delightful anticipation. Our hero's joy was short-lived, however. Swift of foot though he was, he could hear the stone thundering right behind him. Thinking to get it at a disadvantage he ran up a hill, but the stone maintained the same speed, and he was obliged to run down again. His delight had changed now to terror. He ran like the wind; but the stone continued to gain on him till it struck him on the legs and he tumbled down. His pursuer calmly rolled on to his back and settled down.

"That's right, my brother!" said Wesakaychak, trying to make light of his situation, "My back has been troubling me lately. Rub it a little for me, it will do me good." The stone moved, the better to settle down. "There! That's the very spot. I thank you, my brother!" he said.

In a little while Wesakaychak began to feel his position very trying. "That is enough now. I thank you, brother," said he. "Your rubbing has been very beneficial." The stone refused to move, and Wesakaychak at length realized that he had to look to himself or he would be there all his life. He called upon every bird, beast and reptile he knew, but they all confessed to being afraid of the big stone. He found nothing that was able to release him. Year after year he lay there, and at last moss grew over him and mixed with his hair.

One evening in summer time some night hawks (*peasks*) were flying around. They would go up high and come down with a great whirring noise of their wings. Each time they descended the stone would give a start. Here, at last, was somebody of whom his captor was afraid.

"Come here! Come here! My brothers!" beseeched Wesakaychak. "This stone is killing me, but he is afraid of you. Fly up high and then come down together with all the noise you are able to make. If you free me, I will paint you so that you will be handsome."

The vain birds were more than eager to win beauty for themselves so easily. Up high they flew; then coming down together at a great rate they whirled with their wings close to the stone, and it splintered to pieces. Wesakaychak arose, picking off moss from his hair. He was very grateful to the birds for his deliverance. He took them up one by one, straightened out their beaks which had been ungainly before, and with a piece of white clay made dots all over them. They looked very handsome.

Then standing up to his full height, Wesakaychak said these words,

"In days to be you will be called *peaskwa*. You will never need to build a nest in order to hatch your young." This is why night hawks lay their eggs on bare mud and are covered with many white spots.

WESAKAYCHAK'S BUFFALO.

One day Wesakaychak saw an old buffalo bull feeding, and being hungry he felt he must find some way of killing it.

"My brother," he said with a disarming smile, "I have been looking for you for days. Up north there was a great and prolonged argument. It was a big talk. Most of the people held stoutly that you were no runner at all; while I myself, knowing you better, maintained that you were fleet of foot and that you could beat me even if you were blindfolded as you ran."

The old bull was pleased. "I admit," said he, "that I am fleet of foot, although modesty does not allow me to make the fact generally known. I am willing now to prove the faith you have in me, and I will race you with my eyes closed."

Wesakaychak had noticed a precipice not far away from where they were. Having blindfolded his "brother," he faced him in the direction of the cliff. Giving the word to start, each of them leaped forward and was off. Our hero took care not to pass the bull and kept talking to let it know that he was behind. In the excitement of the race, the old animal forgot that the precipice was close. A warning cry came from Wesakaychak; but it came a little too late! The bull tumbled down and broke his neck. Wesakaychak, going through the performance of wiping tears off his eyes, said, "My foolish old brother! When will age learn to be sensible?" Then later, "I believe he is in fair condition, and I am so hungry."

With a practised hand he soon had the hide removed. Opening the abdomen he pulled out the part of the folds of the stomach called by the Indians *oo-mao*. This was generally eaten raw, being very crisp. "Here," said he to a small fox that was prowling around. "Go and wash this for me in the river." The fox went down with it but instead of washing it, ate the meat and then came back to Wesakaychak with the news that the wolverine had robbed him of it. Wesakaychak gave him another piece and this shared the fate of the first. The fox gave the same story, but Wesakaychak, suspecting, gave him a kick which stunned him.

Having dressed the meat, Wesakaychak made up his mind to have a sleep first before he partook of it. He deputed his own mouth to call him if any animal should come around to steal. It was to yell out when giving the alarm.

No sooner was he asleep than a mouse came and the mouth of course did its duty, waking up Wesakaychak, who saw only the small

creature running away. In a little while the mouth again gave the alarm for practically nothing, and this time it was told to keep quiet for the rest of the night.

The wolverine was the next one that came, and, no alarm being given, he quietly dragged the dead body of the bull to a bush nearby where he was joined by a large number of other hungry beasts. They feasted to their heart's content and nothing but bones were left when they finally dispersed.

Wesakaychak woke up hungry in the morning. Sitting up, he rubbed his eyes, — the meat was gone. Following the marks to the bush, he saw bones scattered everywhere. He could not very well blame anybody but himself, so he picked up the bones and took them to his camp fire.

He carefully broke them up into small pieces and boiled them. A layer of nice grease formed on top of the water. Scooping it up he placed it in a flat container and waited for it to cool off. Grease is capable of absorbing great heat, but it is very slow in giving it up. Wesakaychak at least thought so, being very hungry. He determined to ask the muskrat to tow it about the stream and cool it off. That little animal consented to do this for him. He tied it to the small creature's tail, and the plan worked beautifully till Wesakaychak's love of mischief overcame his reason. He knew the 'rat to be a very nervous little animal, and the desire to startle it came over him with such force that he gave way. "Sh-h-h!!" he said with startling suddenness, as the 'rat went past him towing his pan of grease most carefully. With wonderful rapidity the little animal dived, and the grease was spilt. Wesakaychak, jumping into the water, took up handfuls of the floating grease and licked it. This was all he tasted of his buffalo. His love of practical jokes often resulted in his own undoing.

THE LITTLE BIRD'S ARROW.

Wesakaychak was lying down in the sunshine one day when he heard the sound of chopping, apparently at no great distance from where he was. Who could it be? Surely there were no people in the vicinity.

Getting up, he walked into the woods to investigate. It sounded quite near, and yet he could not see anyone. He proceeded slowly, looking around as we went. There ahead of him was an axe swinging but he could not see anyone at the handle. He went still nearer and all at once his features relaxed into a wide grin. There before him was a little bird, most dignified in its deportment, swinging away manfully at a big birch log.

When Wesakaychak was able to control his merriment, he asked the little fellow what he was doing. "I am engaged in shaping an arrow for my own use," said the bird. "But you are so small and this is a

terrible weapon," said Wesakaychak incredulously. "I can use it, else I would not be making it," said the little bird, "in these unhappy times one must be ready for purposes of defense." "You talk like a little man," said Wesakaychak. "I will tell you what we will do. I will go and stand a few paces off, and you will shoot at my head." "I hate to do childish and useless things," replied the bird, "but, since you doubt my manhood, go and stand in front of yonder hill which looks so blue in the distance and I will shoot at you."

Wesakaychak, always ready for a little fun, walked away towards the blue hill. Arriving there, he took his stand. As if it were close he heard the voice of the bird say, "Watch out!" Seeing a small speck coming in the distance he dodged to one side and almost at the same instant felt the whiz of the arrow past his ear. It buried itself in the heart of the hill.

Slowly recovering from his fright and surprise, he looked in the direction the arrow had come from and there was the bird standing calmly, bow in hand. When he had fully recovered his self-possession Wesakaychak's face relaxed into a smile. Affecting a look of reproach, he said laughingly, "I was only fooling with you, my little brother, when I asked you to shoot at me and you took me seriously!"

Inspired by the noble bearing of the little bird he stood up as straight as an arrow. Holding up his hand he said, "When man inhabits this land, both in the hunt and in war, the use of the arrow will level the strength and the courage of men. Because of it the small will never be entirely at the mercy of the big and the strong."

WESAKAYCHAK AND THE HAIRY HEARTS.

Wesakaychak now felt the need of companionship of his own kind. He had seen a camp at a certain place and thither he went. He was received very hospitably, for although known to be full of practical jokes, he was a man of great worth when confronted with matters of importance. The head man invited him to appear before him.

"You have come at a time of sorrow," said this man. "Yesterday one of our young men, who had been out hunting, failed to return. We know only too well what has happened to him. There are hairy beings living some distance from here who have been instrumental in the death of a number of our young men. Whenever they find a man walking through the forest alone they kill him and eat him. They hunt for men and they call us 'moose'. They are encamped beside a lake, in the middle of which, on the ice, is a spear. As soon as a man steps on the lake he is drawn irresistibly towards the spear and falls on it, pierced through the body. The father of these beings comes along in the morning and takes the body home to be eaten. These beings are known as Hairy Hearts."

As Wesakaychak listened, he felt that here was something that needed adjustment. He must destroy these beings. That night, having made a few necessary preparations, he secretly left the camp and headed for the haunt of the Hairy Hearts. It was a moonlight night; and the hoarfrost on the trees showed up beautifully. There before him, up in the clear, cold sky was his father, the Great Dipper. He remembered his last words to him, "I hope that of our misfortune may come what will be for the good of man." He walked on determined to put things right, and to give his own kind that chance to prosper which he felt sure they were worthy to have.

As the dawn was coming he came to the lake that had been mentioned. Unhesitatingly he stepped on to it. No sooner had he done so than he felt himself drawn by a powerful force towards the center of the lake. He let himself go till he was within a few feet of the spear. Then he paused with an effort and grasped it in his hand. Putting it through his coat, he passed it between his arm and body. Lying down prostrate on the snow he managed to look as if he too had met the same fate as the others had.

Now be it known that the Hairy Hearts were not an intelligent race. They were able to think, it is true, but there generally was a link or two missing when they attempted to reason a thing out. It was, therefore, not to be wondered at that the old Hairy Heart was deceived into thinking that Wesakaychak was dead and frozen solid. Heaving him on to his shoulder he headed for his wigwam.

While on the open ice it was easy enough to carry his burden for he was strong, but coming to the winding path among the spruce, his troubles began. Wesakaychak was of a roguish disposition, and here was a splendid chance to give vent to his love of mischief. Taking hold of the branch of a tree he held on. The Hairy Heart tottered and then forged ahead, thinking that his burden was somehow caught among the trees. When Wesakaychak saw him pulling ahead, he suddenly let go of the branch, and the sudden relief sent the old one headlong into the snow. Seeing that the trick worked well, Wesakaychak practiced it over and over again, each time making his captor more breathless and angry. At other times he would box him on the ear, and the old one would moan with pain, thinking that a branch had swished and struck him. The journey was so full of trouble to the Hairy Heart that he decided to leave his "moose" behind and send somebody over to fetch it.

It was his old woman he picked on to finish the work he had left uncompleted. Muttering words she did not dare to say openly, she went out; and coming to where she expected to see the "moose" she found nothing but a bundle of spruce branches. Feeling disgusted at her husband's stupidity, she went back and told him what she had found. "You foolish woman," said the Hairy Heart, "that bundle

is himself. That 'moose' has strong spirit help. Go and get him." She brought the bundle back with her this time.

Cutting the branches up carefully she boiled them in her big pot. Every now and again one of the family would taste the "soup" but there was no change. It eventually dawned on the dull brain of the old one that Wesakaychak had played a trick on him, and he was very angry.

Taking a spear he went to see for himself. Sure enough, there were the tracks leading off from where he had left his "moose." He followed the tracks till at dusk they ended at a large pine tree with spreading branches. It was quite dark; so he decided he would wait till the morning. Covering himself up in his robe he lay down beneath the tree.

As it turned out, Wesakaychak was sitting up among the branches right over where the old one was lying down. He spent the long hours of the night pelting the face of the would-be sleeper with cones, pieces of sticks and snow. Being given to roguish tricks, he managed to spend a very enjoyable time of it, laughing silently to himself whenever he managed to make a good hit.

In the morning, after a very troubled sleep, the old one opened his eyes and there right above him among the branches was his "moose." "Ah! there you are, my good moose," said he. "Yes," replied Wesakaychak. "I have been waiting for you all night so that you will not have to go any farther." "What a good moose is mine," said the Hairy Heart. "You will not have to wait much longer; for I am hungry. I will come up right away and dispatch you."

Suiting the action to his words he began to climb the tree, spear in hand. Every time he looked up, Wesakaychak shook the branches and a shower of dust and pieces of sticks would fall on his face and eyes. Furthermore, his long spear was causing him much difficulty.

"Hand your spear up to me, and then you can use both hands in grasping at the branches," suggested Wesakaychak. "What a clever moose," said the Hairy Heart in admiration of the other's intelligence. "I should never have thought of that myself."

So saying, he handed up his spear, and Wesakaychak solicitously asked him not to look up in case something should fall into his eyes. This last piece of advice the old one appreciated also, and came crawling up with his head down. When he was near enough, Wesakaychak drove the spear into the crown of his head. The creature was indeed stunned and fell to the ground, but the Hairy Hearts were very tenacious of life. In a little while he staggered up to his feet and began carefully walking home, groaning every time a branch touched the spear which was still in his head.

After a painful effort he reached home. Consternation reigned in the camp. No one seemed to know what should be done under such grave circumstances.

At length one of them suggested a plan. "Let the Wise One be called!" said he. The one referred to was supposed to be of a very superior intelligence. All concurred with this suggestion.

The Wise One responded to the call readily. Putting his head into the wigwam in which the wounded one lay, he took in the situation at a glance. "Sap.!" said he; and with that went back to his own lodge. No one understood him but this indefiniteness of speech served to heighten the respect that was held for him. They sent again for him. This time he was more explicit: "*Sapokechich!* (hammer it through)," said he.

Being wise, nobody thought of questioning the advice he gave. They hammered the spear through, and the old Hairy Heart died. His own kin ate him up, his widow claiming the greater portion of his carcass.

In the meantime, Wesakaychak had been busy. He knew they would not give him up and he surely was not going back himself till he had rid the earth of them. He made a slide down a steep hill, throwing water over it till it was very smooth. At the bottom of this he placed a big club.

All preparations being made, he went to the Hairy Heart camp. It was night time and the wigwams were all alight with the fires in them. He could hear talking and laughter. They were not mourning for the death of the father of the camp. Wesakaychak, tightening his belt and seeing that his shoe strings were securely tied, yelled out, "Hai! What are you Hairy Hearts doing? Your 'moose' is still at large." A great hubbub arose! The Hairy Hearts, male and female, big and little, rushed out and gave chase to Wesakaychak, who, always fleet of foot, bounded over the deep snow, heading straight for the top of the hill on which he had made his slide. Coming to it, he slid down to the bottom. Here he took up his position waiting, club in hand.

The Hairy Hearts came on, strung out in a line. The swiftest of them was the first one to come sliding down the hill helplessly. Wesakaychak struck him on the head and threw him aside. One after the other, the rest came down and all were met in the same way. Last of all the old widow came down the slide with screams and a great deal of clatter caused by her pots which she had slung on to her back. She, too, met the same fate accorded to the others.

Wesakaychak now ripped the bodies open and pulled out the hearts. They were hairy and still beating. Making a huge fire he burnt them, nor did he leave till they were burnt up completely.

Taking up the ashes he threw them up. The wind wafted them away; and, standing up tall and noble in bearing, he made his usual pronouncement, "In days to come such beings as these will not exist on earth. They would be a hindrance to man. Out of the ashes of the hearts which are scattered will come small white animals which will be food for man when other and larger game is scarce."

From here and there, wherever the ashes he had thrown up fell, hopped away those mild and timid animals which have been so useful to man in the past — the rabbits.

WESAKAYCHAK MAKES A POUND.

On a deserted camp ground a solitary wigwam could have been seen one day in late winter. A little smoke came out of the hole at the top.

Some distance away a beautiful Indian girl moved about wearily, gathering dry sticks which she was to tie up into a bundle and carry with her to the wigwam where her aged father and mother were. Her movements were slow, for she was without food. She knew that it was only a matter of time before one or another of the three members of the little family would succumb to hunger and die.

As she was tying up the wood, she sensed the presence of somebody. Looking up, she saw a handsome man standing some distance away from her. Her first impulse was to flee but something in the noble bearing of the stranger reassured her. Unable to meet his gaze, she hung her head and waited for him to speak.

His first words surprised her. "I know you are hungry and that you have been deserted by your kind," he said. "I am one who am alone in the world but would help you, if you would let me."

The girl felt strangely drawn to the man, but she replied calmly enough, "You speak kindly and although you are a stranger and it might be considered immodest of me to speak freely to you on matters that are personal to myself, I will tell you why you see us thus. There was a great camp here once. Many young men whom I admired and who were worthy and brave sought to have me for wife, and because I was unable to say 'yes' to any of them, I offended many families. In time a coldness sprang up between us and the rest of the camp. When they moved away we decided to remain, and we are now slowly dying of hunger."

Wesakaychak — for it was he — was much moved by her story. "Tell your father," said he, "that I would willingly stay here in order to help you."

The girl went back, the joy in her eyes clouded by the great fear that lurked in their depths. She told the news to her father who, needless to say, was greatly pleased to welcome the stranger.

After Wesakaychak had sat talking to the old man for some time, he went out. It was not long before he returned, however, with the choicest parts of buffalo meat. The delight of the family was evident. They ate and drank, sparingly at first but more as time went on. This was the beginning of happier times.

Day after day, Wesakaychak went out, and he never returned without game. With plenty to eat and much to spare, they quickly regained the strength they had lost.

One evening Wesakaychak asked the old man if he would help in making a "pound," or fence of large timbers, strong and high. The old man gladly consented, even though he did not know what use the structure was to be put to.

They built it of large poplars on a bluff close by. They made it in the form of a circle, each log being dovetailed into the two adjoining ones, and the whole when completed was braced strongly from the outside. There was only one gate. The approach to this was a sort of platform which slanted up from the ground for quite a distance to the opening, at which there was a drop of about four or five feet into the "pound." At regular intervals on either side of the approach they placed tufts of willows, forming two lines which converged at the gate.

When all was ready, Wesakaychak told his friends that he was going to run out for buffalo, and that when they heard the animals coming they were not to look out, else everything would be spoiled.

He started off. Coming into view of a herd grazing out on the plains below the hill on which he was, he covered himself over with his robe and gave out a queer high-pitched series of yells. Curiosity is a strong trait among all creatures, and the buffalo came running up the hill. Wesakaychak ran speedily to another elevation and was on the crest of it by the time the herd reached the hill from which he had first called them. Repeating this performance once more the buffalo came on. By using this strategy, which was later to be used so generally, Wesakaychak managed to lead them into the approach lined with willow tufts that led into the the pound.¹

No sooner, however, did the three at the camp hear the sounds of hoofs and of horns knocking against horns, than they became greatly excited. The two women could not control their curiosity. They peeped out, but saw nothing. All the noise suddenly stopped, and in a few moments Wesakaychak came in quietly.

Next morning he again expressed his intention to run for buffalo. He said he was sorry to have to say so, but this time he insisted on the two women being tied up securely. He himself secured the young woman carefully, while the old man did the same with his wife, much to the indignation of the latter. The two women lay prostrate, tied hand and foot with soft leather thongs.

When again they heard the approach of the buffalo herd and the noise of "people" yelling excitedly, the women's excitement knew no bounds. What did the sound of human voices mean? They rolled and

¹ In later times men hid behind these willows, and as soon as the leader of the animals had passed, waved their cloaks, thus keeping the herd going in the proper direction. It needed skillful manoeuvring, but it was by far the most effective way of killing the animal so necessary to life in those days.

wriggled, but could not loosen themselves. The noise increased, and they heard the hoofs as the herd passed over the platform; they heard the bellowing of the bulls and the excited voices of men, women and children; then twangs of bow strings and whoops of delight. It was cruel to be forced to lie prone like logs when all this was going on.

At length the noise ceased, and a few moments later Wesakaychak came in quietly and began to untie the girl. She was indignant at him, but he did not seem to notice. The older woman was more expressive; she told her husband exactly what he looked like and what she thought of him. Altogether she failed to acquit herself in the manner that women affected towards their husbands in the old days.

The three now went out, and the sight which met their eyes! The pound was full of dead buffalo. Day after day they worked, dressing and hauling the meat. They made platforms up in the trees, and upon these they placed the carcasses.

When all the meat was securely put away and the women were busy tanning the hides into leather, Wesakaychak told the old man that the band of Indians which had gone away from the camp earlier in the winter were starving, and that he would like to go and invite them to move camp to where they were. The old man was glad that it should be so.

Wesakaychak made preparations, and the young woman looked at him with great concern. She had not heard of his intention to go and invite the starving Indians; she only knew he was going away. This is not a love story, but be it said that by now she had grown very much attached to this man who had done so much for her and for her family and who never took advantage of his kindness to them in any way. She went out to pick up sticks where she had first met him.

In a little while, he came out fully equipped for his journey. "You are going to leave us?" she said, and her eyes filled with tears before she had time to check them. He looked at her for some time without speaking. Then he said, "I never thought that I should love a woman again. I had one, and she is dead. Yet, when I first saw you here and pitied you, I loved you. I shall be back in a little while and then I shall speak to your father." At this she dried her tears, and her eyes sparkled through them. She was betrothed to the man she loved. Nothing else mattered; even the one dread of her life was temporarily dead.

In a few days he returned and with him was the starving band of Indians. The old man acted as the herald. He welcomed the people and told them to camp in a circle and to help themselves to as much of the meat as they needed.

As if by magic the great camp was reared. Everyone was happy. A council meeting was held, and Wesakaychak was asked to act as chief of the tribe. He declined.

That night he asked the old man for his daughter, and, consent being

gladly given, he took her to wife. A new wigwam was made for him; and it was pitched outside of the circle among the wigwams of the leading men.

WESAKAYCHAK AND THE THUNDERBIRD.

Wesakaychak was happy with his beautiful wife, but life is not all happiness. It was now springtime and Wesakaychak noticed that something was troubling his wife. She still loved him, he knew, but she seemed nervous and her appetite had failed her. He was very anxious, and at last made up his mind to ask her if there was anything on her mind. This he did one day. She replied to his question, "I am afraid, not so much for myself but because I love you so well and your life is in great danger. Very soon, now one who has loved me since I was a little girl will be here. He is terrible and will kill you."

Wesakaychak felt elation rather than dismay at this reply. He knew now that his wife's love for him was real, and he was ready to meet any danger that might come his way.

"What happens when he approaches?" he asked her.

"A black cloud comes from the west. There is a great wind, and lightning pierces through the cloud in all directions. Then a low, rumbling noise —." At this moment she paused; for they both heard the noise, distant and ominous. Her face was as pale as death and her hand shook. "It is he!" she gasped faintly.

Wesakaychak smiled at her reassuringly. "Do not be afraid. Trust your husband," said he. "Control yourself now, and tell your father to advise the people to secure their wigwams carefully. Then come back and sit down here near me." His confident air calmed her somewhat, and she went out and did what he asked her to do.

With startling suddenness the storm struck the camp. Peyasiw, the Thunder Bird, arrived. He threw the door flap of Wesakaychak's tent open rudely as he strode in. "Go out!" he yelled to Wesakaychak in thunderous tones, while his eyes flashed forked lightning. Wesakaychak sat quietly without reply. "It is *you* I am speaking to," roared Peyasiw again. This time Wesakaychak replied, "You go out and I will follow you." This Peyasiw did.

Taking a beautiful buffalo robe that hung on a line, Wesakaychak slung it over his shoulder and walked out. When he came face to face with his rival he shook his robe and the atmosphere cooled down. He shook it again, and the air was frosty. He repeated the action yet again, and the trees began to crackle with the frost.

Peyasiw, the Thunder Bird, began to shiver with the cold. His one weakness was his inability to live except in warm atmosphere. "You have beaten me," said he. "I love her, but she is yours. Whatever power I may have is yours, only save my life."

"You should have said that before," said Wesakaychak, shaking his

robe again and thus bringing back the warmth that had prevailed during the day. "Go! Remember, I have defeated you. Only once in a while in days to come, you will destroy man by accident; but you will never terrorize him nor try to assume relationships with him other than those involved in your work. By the power of the Crow I defeated you. Do not forget that."

In subsequent years the Blackfeet threw crow weed on the fire whenever there was much lightning and thunder, and all through the camp could be heard people crying, "Caw! Caw! Caw!" in order to ward off the danger of being struck by lightning.

The joy of Wesakaychak's wife knew no bounds. They lived happily together for a long time.

WESAKAYCHAK AND THE TOMTITS.

Walking along one summer day in a most aimless way, Wesakaychak was bored to death with himself and his surroundings, when suddenly a strange sight caught his eye. There in front of him was a tomtit engaged in some sort of ceremonial: it would take its eyes out, throw them up on to the tops of the willows, and then they would drop back into their sockets.

Wesakaychak felt an irresistible desire to be able to do the same. He approaches the bird. "My little brother," said he. "Teach me how to do that too." "No!" replied the bird in a severe voice. "This is a sacred rite; I only do this when I have a headache." Wesakaychak felt himself rebuked and walked on without replying.

He was not as much impressed by the sacredness of the rite as he seemed to be, however. He had no sooner gone out of sight than he made a quick detour, describing a half circle and arriving where he had been when he first saw the bird. Here he made a few changes in his appearance. Repainting his face with vermillion, he took a stick in his hand and stooped as if he were an old decrepit man. With many a groan he passed close by where the bird was still performing the rite. "What is the matter, old man?" asked the tomtit, pausing and looking at Wesakaychak.

"Oh, I am in a miserable state," replied that personage. "Do not bother your head about my wretchedness. I would not bring sorrow into your happy, happy life. I am all broken up and to cap it all, my head aches so much it almost splits. Oh-h-h!" he moaned as he pretended to move on.

"Wait!" said the bird. "I will see what I can do for you. Take out your eyes and throw them up to the top of these willows. Do not be afraid; they will drop back into place again. Remember, do not abuse this gift. Never use it unless you are in absolute need of it."

Wesakaychak, groaning pitifully, took his eyes out and threw them up. They dropped back into place. He was pleased, for he had never

thought such a thing possible. He walked away swiftly after he had assured the tomtit that the performance had cured him entirely of his headache.

The very first time he saw a bunch of willows, he began to groan, holding his head in both hands. "My head! My head is splitting!" he cried in gasps. As soon as he reached the willows, he threw up his eyes and felt them drop in again. Several times he repeated the act before his groaning ceased, and he was content to proceed on his way.

After this, every time he saw a bunch of willows he began to groan, holding his head. It was a most pleasant way to pass the time.

He was, however, making light of a rite somebody held sacred, and that is a dangerous thing to do. A curse dogs the steps of those who do so. He was throwing his eyes up when a fox saw him. This animal was at first very surprised but later began to plan how best to play a trick on Wesakaychak. The latter had by this time come to look upon himself as being so proficient in eye throwing that he tossed them up a great deal too high. Instead of their dropping into the sockets, he heard them fall on to the ground. He was now in a desperate predicament. He got down on his knees and felt all over the ground, but the fox had slyly run away with the eyes.

Every now and again, a sharp stick would prick Wesakaychak in the socket of his eye, and the pain at such times would be terrible. The fox, who was watching, was greatly delighted to see Wesakaychak in such a predicament. He had played so many tricks on the animals that none had much pity on him now. At length he heard a smothered laugh near him, and he knew it was the fox. "Oh, help me, my little brother," cried he. "Bring my eyes to me and I will repay you." The cruel animal, however, ran away with a laugh of derision that resounded through the woods.

It was now clear to Wesakaychak that he must do something for himself. He walked along slowly, every now and again coming up against some tree. "What kind of tree are you?" he would ask. None of the replies satisfied him, till at last he struck an apparently large one. "What tree are you?" he asked as usual. "Spruce," replied the tree. "The right one!" cried Wesakaychak. He passed his hand over the bark and collected pieces of dry gum. When he felt he had enough, he chewed it till it was soft and pliable. He then shaped this to resemble an eye, and, inserting it into one of the sockets, he could see! To collect more gum and make another eye for himself was only a small matter. He was again his old self and confidently he went forth to avenge himself on the fox.

He found that animal sleeping among some tall grass. How best to kill him was the question. To shoot at him with a dull-headed arrow would leave a dark patch on the hide; to use a sharp arrow would pierce it. The best way was to set fire to the dry grass all around him, for the slow approach of the fire would create anguish in the mind of the fox

even before he actually burned. That would be a suitable punishment for what he had done.

Suiting the action to his resolve, Wesakaychak started a ring of fire around the fox. When it was done, he gave a triumphant yell. The fox jumped up. Hither and thither he ran as if in great distress. Nearer and nearer came the fire from all directions. Wesakaychak clapped his hands in delight! When the fire came very near him the fox jumped over it easily and ran away laughing. Only the tip of his tail was singed. That is why it is white in color at that part in these days. Wesakaychak was very angry at himself, and spent some time in telling himself that he was a very poor specimen of man.

THE HANDICAP RACE.

Having nothing of any consequence to do, and being always curious about things, Wesakaychak made up his mind to go straight east. He determined to swerve neither to the right nor to the left.

Having made this resolution, he started. A tree would stand in his way sometimes; he would climb up to the top and down the other side. Rivers and lakes tried to bar his way, but he swam across them. A bear, realizing what he was doing, thought to have fun with him. He came running with a growl as if to attack Wesakaychak, and that person's hair stood on end, but he kept to his road, only at a faster pace. Every now and again the bear appeared from the side, growling fiercely; every time Wesakaychak's hair would rise. He had such difficulty in keeping to his road that he was glad when he saw the ocean in front of him. "I will practice first," said he to himself. He jumped into the water and swam half way across. He returned to the shore again, and this time he swam out in earnest for the opposite shore, feeling confident that he could do it easily.

The trial trip, however, had tired him, and it was not long before he realized that he was giving out. He determined to swim back. but when he was not far from shore he became unconscious with exhaustion and was drowned.

The waves of the ocean lashed the rocks and after a time he was washed ashore. He lay prone for some time where he had been cast. He was of a restless temperament, however, and this saved his life. "What am I doing here, lying down like an old wet log, when I could be walking around and looking for something to eat," said he to himself. With that he arose and walked into the forest, determined to find the bear who had teased him while traveling to the east.

He came upon the bear among some high bush cranberries. The animal was busily engaged eating, them, and Wesakaychak pretended not to see him. He would himself take a ripe cranberry, burst it near his eye and then laugh merrily. The bear looked at him with curiosity. He kept

up the performance till the animal felt he must know what he was doing and came up to inquire. "I have found a deed of ecstasy," replied Wesakaychak. "You see me burst a berry; the juice goes into my eye, and the effect is so wonderfully pleasing that I cannot help myself and I laugh. Here, take two handfuls, burst them into your eyes and the ecstasy will be multiplied in your case."

The bear, believing Wesakaychak, picked two great handfuls of over-ripe berries. Keeping his eyes open, he crushed the berries into them, and the next moment the forest was resounding with his cries of pain. The juice had burned his eyes terribly, and he was blinded. "My poor brother! Poor brother!" cried Wesakaychak in pretended anguish. "You made a little error. You did not do it as I told you. Put your head on this log and I will cure you." The bear laid his head down on the log, and Wesakaychak, taking a club, hit him such a blow that he died.

Having cooked the bear he sat down to rest for a short time before beginning his meal. During this interval he saw his old friend, the fox, limping along. "Come here, my little brother," said he. "I will make a bet with you. We will run a race around that big lake and whoever wins can have this bear."

"I cannot race with you," replied the fox. "My foot is very sore, and I find it very difficult even to walk."

"I will handicap myself," said Wesakaychak. "I will tie these big stones on to my ankles."

"All right," said the fox, "but you will leave me, even thus handicapped." They started and Wesakaychak at once went ahead, the stones thudding heavily on the ground as he ran. The fox limped behind slowly.

Wesakaychak raced to such good purpose that soon he was out of sight. The fox, who had been pretending all along, raced back to where the bear lay, and with the help of other animals ate it up in a very short time.

Towards evening Wesakaychak approached, the stones still thudding on the ground. "My poor little brother," said he. "I have left him far behind. I will leave some meat for him; it will brighten up his life for a day at least."

Coming to where his bear had been, there was nothing but scattered bones. "Once more he has outwitted me," said he. "In days to come, the fox will live by his wits. Whenever his cunning fails him man shall kill him." So it is to this day; the fox is one of the most cunning and slyest of animals.

WESAKAYCHAK AND THE GEESE.

Wesakaychak sat on a hill watching a flock of geese sporting on a lake below. Now and again some would fly up and then return. There was great ease and speed in their movements. Why should they alone

enjoy the power of flight? Surely, man was worthy of such a gift. He must find out something about it.

Walking down the hill to the lake he called the geese to him. At first they would not come, for they did not trust him because he had so often deceived them. The head gander, however, came over at last and the rest followed at a distance.

"My little brothers!" said Wesakaychak. "I have a matter I want to lay before you. I may say that it is one in which your happiness is involved. I have long been busy in adjusting things on earth. I have destroyed animals that were harmful to the rest of the creatures. I have been a busy man, and for that reason, I have not been able to put things right for those who fly through the spaces above. I am now free to attend to this part of my life-work. You will give me a pair of wings and I shall fly around and see what there is to be done."

The geese hesitated, and talked among themselves for a while. Then the gander replied thus, "We hesitate, not because we are selfish and would not give to others what we enjoy ourselves, but because flying is a dangerous mode of traveling, even to those of us to whom it is natural. We have, however, decided to let you have a pair of wings. Be very careful."

Wesakaychak was delighted. He promised that he would consider the gift as sacred, that he would use it only for the good of those to whom it had originally been given. When thus the matter was satisfactorily settled, Wesakaychak was given an extra large pair of wings. He was cautioned, however, that he must wait a few days before attempting to use them, as they needed time to grow on to his body.

His impatience was so great that he did not wait the full time, but surprised his new friends by crying, "Honk! Honk!" and flying up suddenly. He managed to get to some height when one of the wings broke, and down he splashed on to the lake. The geese spoke to him with great severity and this time he waited the full time required.

When the geese decided to move to other feeding places they formed in two lines, making an angle in the usual way, and Wesakaychak, crying, "Honk! Honk!" lustily, placed himself at their head. They had warned him to keep away from the camps of people, but Wesakaychak, thinking to play a joke on them, flew right straight for a camp, crying, "Honk! Honk!" as he approached it. Men ran out of the wigwams with their weapons and the next moment the geese were flying amongst a shower of arrows. Wesakaychak laughed merrily as a murmur of alarm went through the flock. His merriment was short-lived, however, for an arrow struck one of his wings and down he went, rolling through the air. A great shout arose in the camp and people ran to see the monster goose, as they thought. Their eagerness was changed to laughter when they saw Wesakaychak getting up on to his feet, looking sheepish.

That worthy individual, without so much as saying a word, walked

away into the forest. Pausing for a while he said, "Every creature according to his gifts; with these only must he work out his destiny."

WESAKAYCHAK AND THE CANNIBAL.

Going along one day, Wesakaychak had the terrible misfortune to meet a cannibal. Now be it known that such beings were met with in this land in the far distant past. What they were, is not known. They were strong, and they had supernatural power. Their yell was so loud that it paralyzed all who heard them.

Such a personage Wesakaychak met, and he was frozen with terror. His teeth began to chatter, and his knees knocked against each other. His plight was pitiful, but yet he felt he must use his wits. Pulling himself together, he said, "My dear little brother, I have long been looking for you; our mother —," "Hurry up! Make a fire! I have no brothers and I am hungry. I am glad I met you."

Wesakaychak felt it was hopeless. He proceeded to gather up sticks for the fire, moving as slowly as he dared. Every now and again Wetiko, the cannibal, would yell at him to hurry up. There was nothing to do but to make the best of it and meet his horrible fate like a man. He knew that Wetiko was stronger and swifter than he was and there was not much time.

As he was gathering up sticks and the cannibal was blowing on the fire, he saw an ermine running past. "Come here, come here!" he cried in anguished whispers. "I will make of you the most beautiful of all creatures. This Wetiko is going to kill me. When he opens his mouth, jump in and run down his throat. You will find a big round thing beating there; that is his heart. Bite and tear it up. Hurry, hurry, or it will be too late." Wesakaychak pleaded so earnestly that the ermine took pity on him and jumped into the mouth of the Wetiko. "Hurry up, Wesakaychak, I am so hungry my heart is paining me!" yelled the monster. Without so much as waiting to hear the last of this, Wesakaychak fled at a great speed. The Wetiko flew through the air after him, falling dead just as he caught up, tripping Wesakaychak, who cried in anguish, "Father! Father!"

It was some time before the poor man realized that he was still alive, and when he saw that his enemy was dead, he fairly jumped around with joy. "If it had not been for my presence of mind, I would not have been breathing now," he said to himself.

The ermine came crawling out of the mouth of the monster. Wesakaychak took the little animal tenderly and washed all the blood off its fur. Taking some very white clay, he painted him all over with it. Only around the eyes he touched him up with black; this he also did with the tip of the tail. The ermine, proud of its new coat, ran off looking at himself. Ever since then, when winter comes on, this little animal puts

away its original color and dons that which Wesakaychak gave it as a reward of service.

WESAKAYCHAK'S EXIT.

Wesakaychak now began to feel old age coming on him. His had been a chequered career. He had his noble moments; he had always tried to rise to his responsibilities. Now his work was done.

He packed up his few belongings and determined to go east. There is a place in Alberta known among Indians as the "Resting Place"; that was where he had his first night's sleep on his final journey. About twenty miles west of the town of Battleford he slid down a hill as he went. The impression of his body is still to be seen and the Indians call it, "Wesakaychak's Sliding Place". How far east he traveled is not known but there are those who claim that he has been seen living on an island in the ocean and that he collects toll from passing ships. Others say that he has been so old for such a long time that he has sat in one place for ages and that a small spruce tree has grown through his body.¹

¹ By an easy transition the name Wesakaychak has been given to Santa Claus. These legends must not be narrated during summertime; if this is done, snakes are liable to crawl in to listen, it is said. To mark the end of a legend, the narrator usually says, "There goes the crop of a partridge!"

THE SUN DANCE OF THE OGLALA SIOUX

BY ELLA DELORIA.

The following text account of the Oglala Sioux was originally written by Sword, an Oglala¹ and accompanied Dr. Walker's manuscript. Since the orthography used by the Dakota is inadequate and the manuscript was obscure in some places I revised it with the help of several old people and give it here. Its interest, aside from the linguistic value, lies in the importance given to various phases of the ceremony by an old Dakota, and in the prayers and songs.

The symbols used in the text correspond to Riggs' Siouan alphabet, except that the medial and aspirate stops are differentiated.

	Stops				Spirants		Nasal Lateral	
	Voiced	Medial	Aspirate	Glottalized	Voiced	Unvoiced	Voiced	Voiced
Labial	b	p	p'	p'	—	—	m	—
Alveolar ..	—	t	t'	t'	z	s	n	l
Affricative	—	c	c'	c'	ž	š	—	—
Palatal ...	g	k	k'	k'	—	—	—	—
Velar	g̃	—	—	—	—	h	—	—

WIWA'YAKWAC'IPI.

(1) Wic'a' ece'la wiwa'yakwac'i it'a'c'api'¹; tu'weni wi'ya iyo'wi-wic'ak'iyapi šni'i. (2) Wiwa'yakwac'ipi ki hena' zuya' ya'pikta c'a it'o'kap ho'yeic'iyapi'². (3) Tuwa' toke'ya he'cel oi'c'ig.laka³ c'a he e c'a wiwa'yakwac'i it'a*c'ak'iyapi, 'lna he tuwe' ki ye' uma'pi ki eta' tuwa' kahni'ga c'a he e c'a kic'i' it'a'c'a s'a'^a. (4) To'k'ehci wic'o*ta o'p'api k'es eta' nu'plala it'a'c'api'¹. (5) Le wo'wasukiye^e.

(6) Nai's ta'ku wo'nihciye keša' wic'a'hiyag.le c'a ho'yeic'iyapi'¹. (7) Tk'a iyeš*tuk'a kic'i'zapi el o'p'api šni'¹. (8) Na ho'yeic'iyapi hena' iye' ta'kuni ši'ca ak'i'p'apikte šni tk'a išna'wasa*nicayapikta⁴, eya'pi'¹.

¹ See J. R. Walker, *The Sun Dance and other Ceremonies of the Oglala Division of the Teton Dakota*. Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History, Vol. XVI, Part II, New York 1917.

² Literally, they sent forth their voices in their own behalf.

w, y, h.

'(glottal stop). In the series p', t', c', k', the glottal stop continues until after the p, t, c, k release. With the spirants it follows the spirant. At the close of the sentence without punctuation particle it follows the terminal vowel and is followed by a strong echo vowel.

g, l, m, n are separated by marked voicing.

a, e, i, o, u are closed vowels.

a, i, u, are nasalized vowels.

Vowels in contact are separated by a weak, but complete closure. There are no diphthongs.

The c series corresponds to English j, ch; ž and š to z in azure and English sh.

Syllables which in syntactic connection lose their accent are marked with an asterisk.

VERBATIM TRANSLATION.

(1) Men / that kind only / dance gazing at sun / they are leaders; / never / women / they are permitted / not. / (2) Sun dancers / the / those / they are going to war / then / previously / they declare themselves. / (3) Who / first / in that manner / declares himself / then / that one it is / that / they cause to be sun dance leader / and / that / someone / the / himself / others / the / from (their number) / whom / he chooses / then / that one it is / that / in company with him / he is leader / regularly. / (4) No matter at all how / many people / they take part / nevertheless / from (out of that group) / just two and no more / they are leaders. / (5) This / it is a rule. /

(6) Or else / any sort of thing / alarming / comes upon them / then / they declare themselves. / (7) However / these more fortunate / battles / in / they take part / not. / (8) And / self-declarers / those / themselves / nothing / evil / it will befall them / not / rather / they only / will cause a one-sided result (of evil, against the enemy) / they say. /

³ Literally, they tell on themselves; synonymous with hóyeic'iyapi (see note 1).

⁴ isna', they only; wa, something; sanica, one-sided; ya, to cause; i. e., they send something (evil) to the other side, to their enemies.

(9) Ną wana' to'na wiwā'yakwac'i ho*yeic'iyapikta c'a oya's'i ig.lu'-zuzupi ną ipa'hłalya wi hina'p'e kī e'tkiya e'tuwa ina'zipi¹.

(10) Ną wic'a'sa wak'a'ig.lawa wā ho'yeyešipi kī iś eya' ig.lu'zuzu ną wic'i'lazata ina'zī ną oki'hi hā'tāhāš¹ wak'a'olowa t'a*wa kī g.lohi'yaye^e.

(11) "Hūhūhe'!" to'paak'ig.le eye' cī he'c'eg.la hāb.lo'g.laki² ną leye^e:

(12) "Ape'tu wi kī wašte'ya³ nu'goptā icu' wo. P'ezi' hiya'paza oya's'i ite't'okeca ahi'nap'e cīhā' hoksi'la wahe'hātu⁴ kī lena' ite' wāwi'c'alakikta c'e, eya'pi¹. (13) Tk'a nakū' wama'k'aška yeye' cī hena' op ite' waki'c'iyakapikta c'e, eya'pelo'. (14) Ną wo'kic'ize kī le el ta'ku wac'a'-hiye cī oya's'i naği'wašakalakte^{e,4} ną wac'a'hiye⁵ cī hena'oya's'i mit'a'-wakte, eya'pi c'e. (15) Tk'a miye' ta'ku wo'wahtani⁶ wani'l mit'o'yate ekta' wak'i'nawazikte^e. (16) Heha'n, t'ati'ye⁷ to'pa kī ekta' tuwa' wahu'pakoza⁸ ewi'c'akiyapi kī ną ihu'k'uya wama'k'aška, wāb.li', c'eta', p'ehā', hūtkā', hena' oya's'i c'ānu'pa ni'ciyuzapikta keya'peló.

(17) Ape'tu wā t'owa'zica c'a iyo'lilita ab.la'kela, ok'a'ta wani'ca c'a el op wāye'c'ilakikta keya'peló." (18) Heha'n olo'wā kī le ahi'yaye^e:

(19) "Oya'te wašte'wakage lo⁹.

(20) "Oya'te wašte'wakage lo.

(21) "K'ola' lena' mi'cağa c'a."

(22) Heha'n ena'kiyapi ną wo'kic'ize o'p'api k'eya' ta'ku ic'e'kiyapi kī taye'hci iye'c'etu šni k'eš ec'e'l ec'ū'pikte^e.

¹ in case — then.

² hāb.lo'g.laka; from hāb.le', to fast in order to induce a vision; wi'hāb.la, to dream, is undoubtedly related. og.la'ka, to tell one's own. hāb.lo'g.laka, to speak with the supernatural world. My father says that they did not actually relate their visions. While a person without a vision did not dare to address the spirits, these did do so because they could refer to their acquaintance with the gods through their visions. They would say, "Don't you remember when you came to me in such a shape, at such a time? I am he, talking to you," etc. In other words, their hāb.le' gave them the right to speak familiarly to the spirits.

Wašte', good, beautiful, pleasant, easy to do, good tasting. c'ate' wašte', to be happy; t'awa'c'i wašte', to have a good mind i. e. to be kind, generous.

(9) And / now / as many as / are going to declare themselves to dance the sun dance / then / all / they disrobe / and / in rank formation (i.e. abreast, shoulder to shoulder) / sun / it rises / the / towards / looking / they take their stand. /

(10) And / man / considers himself holy / a / commissioned to make the declaration / the / he also / disrobes / and / behind them / takes his stand / and / he can / if. . then / his own sacred song / the / he sings his own. /

(11) "Well!" / four times in succession / he says / the / immediately / he speaks mystically / and / says this: /

(12) "Day / planet / the / in a kindly way / listening (turning the ear) / take (an attitude) / do. Grass / appearing in upright position / all / different aspect / they appear / when. . then / youths / suitable age / the / these / faces / you shall see them / it is so / they say. / (13) But / furthermore / animal-world / it exists / the / those / with / face / they will see each other, / so / they say. / (14) 'And / war / the / this / during / what / it is annoying / the / all / it will be spirit easy of access / and / annoyance / the / those / all / shall be on my side (i. e., let me annoy rather than be annoyed)', / they say so. / (15) 'But / I / something trouble bringing / without / my people / to that place / I returning will take my stand'. / (16) Next / wind sources / four / the / over there / what ones / wing-flapping things / they are called / the / and / underneath / animals, / eagles, / hawks, / cranes, / loons, / those / all / pipe / they will present for you, / they say.

(17) Day / a / blue sky all over / such / warm / calm / heat / absent / such / in / with / you will see them, / they say.' / (18) Then / song / the / this / he sings:

(19) "People / I make good, /

(20) "People / I make good, /

(21) "Friend / these / he makes for me / when. . . then." /

(22) Then / they adjourn / and / war / they take part in / certain ones / what thing / they prayed for / the / in exact manner / it is fulfilled / not / nevertheless / accordingly / they perform must. /

wašte'ya, thoroughly, completely, well finished, graciously; yuwa'steya, to deal with an object in such a way as to render it good in the process.

⁴ naġi, spirit; waśakala, cheap, i. e., to handle difficult situations with ease.

⁵ Obsolete term.

⁶ Used by the Church for expressing "sin"; but to the Dakota of old, ħtani', toil, labor; wo'waħtani, something that involves toil; something troublesome, difficult, calamitous.

⁷ t'ati'ye or t'atu'ye, from t'ate', wind; ou'ye, place from which something comes; the four cardinal points.

⁸ Mythical beings of bird form.

⁹ This song is repeated four times. Literally, "I render the people good by my work."

(23) Wic'a'sa wazi' wiwa'yakwac'ikta c'a heha'ya "yuwa'k'api" eci'yapi na u wak'a'ig.lawa u na ta'kuni ec'i'sniya ec'u' šni na to'k'el c'i'c'iyā u šni¹.

(24) Wic'a'sa wak'a* o'tapi tk'a co'nala wiwa'yakwac'i oki'hipi¹.

(25) He'c'el ape'tu wā el taku'ku wiwa'yakwac'ipi kī he el wo'ilakya-pikte cī hena' ig.ni'pi¹.

(26) Lena' ee'e:¹

(27) Wau'yapi t'oke'ya kī he ptec'i'cala² taya' c'e'pe kī he'c'a ha wā yuwa'k'aya kpaya'pi na taya' ka'gapi na hī ao'p'eya ka'gapi na peha' yuwa'k'ayela yuha'pi¹, ta'kuni aša'pešniya.

(28) Ptet'a'wašī wā wic'a'nape i'skokeca.

(29) T'ac'a'togewašī wā.

(30) P'a wā.³

(31) Ha'pa⁴ wā.

(32) Mak'a'wase eta'.⁵

(33) C'ali' eta'.

(34) Nazu'speci*k'ala.

(35) Mi'la.

(36) Wi'zilyewac'a*ga.

(37) Heha'n wiwa'yakwac'i kī ta'ku k'oya'k wac'i'kte cī lena' e'e'kte'e:

(38) P'eyo'zapaza⁶ o'skapi top p'ec'o'ka el ao'paza^a.

(39) Wana'p'i wā t'aha'saka mime*la c'a oho'm.ni waški'skitapi na t'o iu'pi na c'oka'ya wāb.li' wi'yaka wāzi'la iya'kaškapi na wi'k'a su'pi wā ik'a'kahya⁷ c'ate' kī ai' yopteya nap'iⁱ.

(40) Maštī'cala ha wā wasle'capi c'a oya'ya to'pa kī iyo'hila el owa'slece wāzi' el iya'g.laške'e.

(41) T'a'hca ha kpaya'pi num niti'yapeheya o'ic'ige'e.

¹ The first or the second e may be accented. Some speakers stress both e'e'.

² ptec'i'cala, ptezi'cala and pteh'i'cala are all used. The second form is most common among the Yankton (ptezi'cana).

³ My informants say the carrying case was not a p'a as Sword writes, but a wi'yakap'a, a feather-case. This type is used only by women. Generally it is made of rawhide and painted like a small parflêche bag, about 12" by 6" in size. It is used for carrying beadwork and sewing implements. The p'a were in pairs and were much more elaborately ornamented, with solid bead-or quill-work. They were made of soft skin, the size of pillows. I do not

(23) Man / a / is going to dance the sun dance / then / from then on / "consecrated" / he is called / and / therefore / regarding himself holy / he lives / and / nothing at all / improper / he does / not / and / just as he pleases / he lives / not. /

(24) Men / holy / there are many, / but / only a few / to dance the sun dance / they are qualified.

(25) Thus / day / a / on / various things / sun dance / the / that / in / they will use / the / those / they seek to procure. /

(26) These / they are:

(27) Offering / first / the / that / calf / nicely / fat / the / that sort / hide / a / treating it as holy / they tan it / and / carefully / they prepare it / and / fur / included / they make it / and / folded / very sacredly / they keep it / nothing / soiling it. /

(28) Buffalo-loin-fat / a / human hand / same size. /

(29) Fat of covering around ruminant's heart / a /.

(30) Container. /

(31) Moccasin / a. /

(32) Vermillion paint / some. /

(33) Tobacco / some. /

(34) Hatchet. /

(35) Knife. /

(36) Sweet-grass for incense. /

(37) Next / sun dancer / the / what things / wearing / he will dance / the / these / they shall be: /

(38) Hair-ornaments / wound with porcupine quills / four / top of head / that spot / he wears parting the hair. /

(39) Necklace / a / raw-hide / circular / such / around / it is notched / and / blue / with it is painted / and / in centre / eagle feather / only one / it is tied / and / rope / braided / a / for a tie / heart / the / corresponding to, on top of, about the location of / he wears suspended about the neck. /

(40) Rabbit / hide / a / slashed lengthwise / such / limbs / four / the / each / strip / one / at that place / he ties. /

(41) Deer skin / tanned / two / wrapped about the loins / he covers himself. /

know why the former kind were called feather-cases. They were not used for carrying feathers.

⁴ This means "a pair of moccasins."

⁵ *eta'*, part of, some, from among a group or quantity.

⁶ *p'eyo'za*, the parting of the hair; *ipa'za*, an instrument for parting the hair.

⁷ *ik'a'*, strings to be used as reins, or something to tie to; *ik'a'kahya*, to serve as reins.

(42) T'aha'saka wā t'at'a'kakahya wašpa'pi nā nakū' wāzi' wic'a'sa-kahya wašpa'pi nā hena'os c'awa'k'a pawo'slal e'g.lepi kī el ai'yaka-škapi¹.

(43) Wi'k'a sū*pi ha'ska wā.

(44) C'aka'p'estopi num, hena' u c'at'k'u' pahlo'kapi nai's hena' u kaška' na'žī¹.

(45) Nā u oi'ciwakta c'a oi'g.wapi oc'a'ze to'nakeca kī oya's'i, nā nakū' i'yat'o k'o.

(46) Hena' oya's'i taya' ig.lu'stapi, heha'n wi wā waki'c'epawi kī he el wic'a'sa oya'te el it'a'c'api kī oi'yag.leya Iya' Hwaye'la M.ni*ciyapi eta' wo'iyowik'ie icu'pi¹.

(47) Heha'n wiwa'yakwac'i it'a*c'a kī he wana' ape'tu wā el p'ii'c'ie¹.

(48) Nakū' kic'i' it'a'c'a kī. T'i'pi wā tuwe'ni og.na' yake' šni c'a mak'o'skan ho'c'okatakiya e'tuwa it'i'caḡapi nā Iya' Hwaye'la Om.ni*ciye eta'ha wic'a'sa k'eya' owi'c'ak'upi c'a hena' wic'o'h'a kī he wic'a'kiciyue-c'etupikta u el ška'pi¹. (49) T'i'pi kī i'g.luk'saya p'ezi'hota ape' b.laska*-ska owi'žapi nā c'atku' kī el mak'a' kī taya' ka'ḡapi¹. (50) He "owa'k-kaḡapi"² eci'yapi¹. T'ii'sleyata t'aha'saka "pteha'sla" eci'yapi kī he'c'a wā e'g.nakapi¹.

(51) Wiwa'yakwac'i it'a*c'a num wic'a'yut'api¹³. Ig.lu'žuzupi nā p'ehi' kab.le'lya uma'la c'aṇu'pa opa*ḡipi wā yuha' nā nup'i' sina' hja'kataḡa i'pi¹. (52) Iya' Hwaye'la Om.ni*ciye eta'ha owi'c'ak'upi kī hena' op ya'pikta c'a.

(53) He toha'ya p'ii'c'iyapi kī heha'ya wo'yute nā m.ni hena' yul-i'cakiš'ic'iya aki'h'aic'iyapi¹.

(54) Tukte'l wic'a'sa wak'a* kī t'i kī e'tkiya wiwa'yakwac'i it'a*c'a kī nup'i'caska⁴ ma'nipi nā iha'kap Iya' Hwaye'la Om.ni*ciye eta'hapi k'u is'eya' ya'pi¹. (55) Oya'te kī hwaye'la ina'žizi ya'pi¹. (56) Wic'a'sa wak'a* kī oya's'i ig.lu'žuzupi nā zitka'la šulu'ta⁵ wā a'taya ozu't'u p'e-

¹ p'ii'c'iya, to bestir oneself; to move about, getting ready for action.

² owa'ka, bed, floor, space set apart for a given purpose, a plot as in a cemetery. owa'kkaḡapi, a plot made ready for a purpose, called "altar" in the translation.

³ yut'a', to touch, to handle; iyu't'a't'a, to leave marks on something by handling it. A holy man rubs paint on his hands and touches the dancers to paint them.

(42) Rawhide / a / made like a buffalo bull / it is cut with a knife / and / also / one / made like a man / it is cut with a knife / and / those two / sacred pole / erected by pushing / they place it / the / there / they tie to it. /

(43) Rope / braided / long / a. /

(44). Sharpened sticks / two, / these / by means of / chest / he is pierced / or else / those / by means of / tied fast / he stands. /

(45) And / by means of / he will paint himself / so / paints / kinds / as many as there are / the / all, / and / also / blue-stone / too. /

(46) Those / all / thoroughly / they complete; / then / month / a / animals fatten (June) / month / the / that / during / men / people / among / they are chiefs / the / extending to / Gentle Speech / Society / from / permission / they obtain. /

(47) Then / sun dance / leader / the / that one / now / day / certain / on / prepares himself. / (48) Also / in company with him / leader / the / tent / a / nobody / in / sits / not / such / off by itself / toward the circle of the tribal tents / facing / they pitch it / and / Gentle Speech / Society / from out of / men / certain ones / they are loaned to them / so / those / rites / the / that / they will cause to happen properly for them, / for that reason / in it / they engage. / (49) Tent / the / around it / gray grass (sage) / leaves / flat ones / they spread out as bed / and / place of honor / the / at that place / ground / the / well / they make. / (50) That / bed (altar) / it is called. / On the right hand side of the tent / raw-hide / "buffalo-hide-without hair" / it is called / the / that sort / a / they lay it. /

(51) Sun dance / principals / two / they are touched (i. e., painted). / They disrobe / and / hair / in a loose hanging state / only one of them / pipe / filled / a / carries / and / both / robes / fur on the outside / they wear. / (52) Gentle Speech / Society / from there / they were loaned / the / those / in company with / they will go / that is why. /

(53) That / as long as / they are getting ready / the / so long / food / and / water / those / in a manner of from-eating they abstain-to-the-point-of-suffering / they cause themselves to fast. /

(54) What place / man / holy / the / lives / the / that direction / sun dance / leaders / the / both in a cluster, / they walk / and / after them / Gentle Speech / Society / they are from it / as aforesaid / they too / they go. / (55) People / the / softly / pausing from time to time / they go. / (56) Men / holy / the / all / they are disrobed / and / bird / redheaded woodpecker / a / entire / stuffed / crown of head / on / they wear on top of the head / and / blankets / with fur outside / wearing as a shawl / they sit. /

⁴ nup'î'caska, close together, touching one another, clustered; nup'î' ya'pi, both go at the same time, but not necessarily together or in the same direction; nup'î'caska ya'pi, they go side by side.

⁵ Red woodpecker; as separate words "feathers red".

sle'te aka'n p'eg.na'kapi na šina' hja'kataha i ya'ka'pi¹. (57) C'atku' ki el owa'kkagapi na el ptec'e¹ wa g.na'kapi¹.

(58) Wiwa'yakwac'i ki naku' to'na op i'pi ki oya's'i t'ii'sleyata iya'yapi¹. (59) Heha'n wic'a'sa wak'a* ki nape' g.lub.la'ya c'oka'takiya i'yo-take^e. (60) Heha'n c'anupa opa'gipi¹. (61) P'ahu' ki isle'yataha yus nape' yub.la'ya ya'ke' ki el k'u'pi¹. (62) Heha'n wic'a'sa wak'a* ki napo'g.mus icu'u. (63) He'c'u c'a to'na hel ya'ka'pi ki wo'p'ila eya'pi na "haye'" eya'pi¹. (64) Heha'n wic'a'sa wak'a* ki owa'kkagapi k'el wac'a'ga ki napo'g.na icu' na izi'lye^e. (65) El e'pazo na ak'e' el e'pazo na ak'e' el e'pazo na ici'topa ki el izi'lye^e. (66) Heha'n c'anupa opa'gipi ki ptec'e' ki el aka'n yu'zi na oya'p'e ki waka'takiya yu'zi na hab.lo'-g.lake^e.

(67) "Wak'at'aka', kama'katakiya ahi'tuwa u'silaya o'makiya yo. (68) Na t'atu'ye to'pa ki ekta'kta wahu'pakoza ya'ka'pi ki ihu'k'uya zitka'la ou'c'age ya'ka'pi ki: Hoksi'la waste*pi wahe'hatuyehci wau'ic'i-yapikta c'a ho'yenic'iyapi k'u he wana' iya'pi o'tkuzela kta c'a u ta'ku oya's'i wi'yeya ya'ka' tk'a ape'tu t'owa'zica² c'a ab.la'kyela iyo'lilita c'a el iyo'hila ite' ozu'la kic'i' waye'c'ilakikta c'e, eya'pi c'e. (69) Ta'ku wo'wahtani wani'l taye'hci wo'ec'u ihu'nikiyapikta c'e, eya'pi c'e. (70) He'el c'anupa ki le iya'hpenic'iyapikta c'e, eya'pi c'e."

(71) Ak'e' oya's'i "Haye'" eya'pi¹.

(72) Heha'n iya'ta na ihu'pa ki el yu'za c'a wiwa'yakwac'i it'a*c'a ki t'oke'ya u'pa c'a heha'n oya's'i u'papi na heha'yela^a. (73) Heha'n ak'e' c'anupa ki kic'u'pi na iye' to'k'iyataha hi'pi k'u e'tkiya g.la'pi¹.

(74) Heha'n oha'kap wic'a'sa wak'a* ki is tukte'l t'ica'gapi na ta'ku oya's'i wi'yeya e'g.lepi ki ekta' i¹. (75) Wana' waste'ya wi mahe'l iya'ye ci heha'n t'ac'e'zi c'eh-wa'zi el ai'pi na wic'a'sa oya's'i el i'pi¹. (76) Na wic'a'sa wak'a* ki owa'kkagapi ki el c'anupa wa opa'gi e'upapi ki he p'ahu' ki isle'yatakiya yus icu'kta tk'a ya'm.ni ayu'gati na ici'topa ki el icu'u. (77) Wazi'lyapi ki is eya' ya'm.ni icu*kuzi na ici'topa ki el

¹ ptec'esli, an unbroken piece of buffalo manure; here shortened to ptec'e'.

² A perfectly clear day with blue sky and without any clouds.

(57) Place of honor / the / there / they have made an altar / and / there / buffalo-dung / a / they have it laid. /

(58) Sun dancers / the / also / as many as / with / they came / the / all / to the right side of the tent / they go. / (59) Next / man / holy / the / hand / with his opened out / towards the center / he sits down. / (60) Then / pipe / they fill it. / (61) Bowl / the / holding it on the right hand side / with hand opened out / he sits / the / there / they give to him. / (62) Then / man / holy / the / closing the hand over it / he takes it. / (63) He does that, / then / as many as / there / they sit / the / thanks / they say / and / "Haye'" / they say. / (64) Then / man / holy / the / altar / the-there / sweet grass / the / hand / in / he takes it / and / burns it as incense. / (65) Towards it / he points / and / again / towards / he points / and / again / towards / he points / and / fourth time / the / there / he causes it to smoke (burns it). / (66) Then / pipe / filled / the / buffalo-dung / the / there / over it and resting on it / he holds / and / place for the mouth (stem) / the / upright / he holds / and / talks mystically (relating to his vision): /

(67) "Mystery-great, / earthwardly / looking down / pityingly / help thou me! / (68) And / wind-sources / four / the / in those various places / wing-flapping beings / they abide / the / below them / birds / species / they abide / the: / Youths / they are goodly ones / exactly of suitable age / they will offer themselves as a sacrifice; / so / they declared themselves, / as aforesaid / that / now / vow / it will be fulfilled / so / on that account / things / all / ready / are, / but / day / unclouded, blue all over and all day long / such / calmly / warmed / such / on it / each one / face / fully, directly / with / you will meet with him / it is so, / they say so. / (69) Anything / involving trouble / without / perfectly / ceremony / they will complete their own, / it is so, / they say so. / (70) Therefore / pipe / the / this / they will offer ceremonially for you, / they say so."

(71) Again / all, / "Haye'," / they say. /

(72) Then / he draws / it (smoke) / and / stem / the / there / he holds / while / sun dance / leader / the / first in time / smokes it / when... then / all / they smoke it / and / that is all. / (73) Then / again / pipe / the / they return his to him / and / themselves / from whence / they came / aforesaid / that direction / they go back. /

(74) Then / afterwards / man / holy / the / as for him / what place / they pitched the tent / and / things / all / in readiness / they set / the / over there / he goes. / (75) Now, / absolutely / sun / inside / it is gone / the / then / tongues of ruminants / one pailful / there / it is brought / and / men / all / at that place / they arrive. / (76) And / man / holy / the / altar / the / there / pipe / a / filled / it is laid / the / that one / bowl / the / on the righthand side / holding / will take up / but / three (times) / he reaches for it / and / fourth time / the / in it / he takes it. / (77) Incense / the / it also / three (times) / he pretends to take it / and / fourth time / the /

zilye^e. (78) Heha'n wic'a'sa wak'a* ki c'anup'a p'ahu' ki icu' na ptece' ki aka'n e'g.le na oya'p'e ki waka'takiya yus yaka' c'a oya'si ini'la yaka'pi¹.

(79) "Wak'at'aka', kama'k'atakiya ahi'tuwi na u'silaya o'makiya yo!
(80) Hoksi'la waste*pi wahe'hatu ki lena' op ite' wayec'ilakikte eya'pi k'u wana' o'tkuzela^a. (81) Tk'a ape'tu wa t'owa'zica, ok'a'ta wani'l iyo'lilita c'a he og.na'ya op ite' waye'c'ilakikta c'e, eya'pi c'e. (82) Oya'te mit'a'wa op ta'ku wo'wahtani wani'l wani'kta c'e, eya'pelo'. (83) Na t'at'a'ka na t'awi'cu, c'ica'la o'p'eya mii'tokahwap'aya oe'g.lepi mi'-cicağa yo, kiha' hena' u oya'te op wani'kte, eya'pi c'e."

(84) Oe'yašta oya'si el oya'te ki "haye'" eya'pi na heha'n lowa'pi¹:

(85) "Heya'ya le hibu' we,¹

"Heya'ya le hibu' we,

"Heya'ya le hibu' we,

(86) "Wak'a'pi mak'a' sito'm.niya hena'keh taku'waye lo."

(87) Heha'n c'anup'a ki iya'hpeyapi² na u'papi¹. (88) Heha'n wiwa'yakwaci ki oya'si ig.lu'zuzupi na sina' hja'kataha i'pi na si'-yot'aka k'eya' wabli' hupa'hu el hohu' ki u ka'gapi c'a oto'iyohila yuha' c'atku'ta ipa'hlalya na'zipi¹.

(89) H'ok'a³ wayu*p'ika ki oya'si t'aha'saka k'u he o'k'sa i'yo-takapi na lowa'pi na li'la i'yakis'api c'a wiwa'yakwaci ki oya'si c'e'yapi¹. (90) Le "T'ok'o'wec'eyapi"⁴ eci'yapi¹. (91) Olo'wa t'oke'ya ki he ahi'yayapi na ya'm.niak'ig.le t'aha'saka ki i'yuswuap'api⁵ na ici'topa ki el i'wac'iap'api¹. (92) Heha'n wiwa'yakwaci ki oya'si waci'pi¹. (93) Olo'wa o'ta u lowa'pi¹. (94) Na heha'n c'e'ga og.na' t'ac'e'zi oha'pi k'u heta' wic'a'sa wak'a* ki hake' ci'k'ala icu' na g.lu'te^e. (95) Heha'n oya'te ki oya'si wo'tapi¹. (96) Olo'wa ospa'ye top ahi'yayapi¹. Heha'n ena'kiyapi¹.

¹ An archaic term; to burst forth with noise, for a purpose.

² Literally, "to throw on to", as a tent over the tent poles; also to infect with disease. Ceremonially it means "to present the pipe to the gods".

³ The person who accompanies dancing by singing and drum-beating.

⁴ To cry for enemies, i. e., out of desire to kill them. owe'c'eya or ac'e'ya, to cry for want of something. hu'ku owék'c'eye^e, he cries wanting his mother; ac'e'ya, to cry on account of one who is absent or dead; g.lu-ha' c'e'ya, to cry over one's own, i. e., out of sympathy for one, not necessarily a relative or friend.

then / he takes it. / (78) Then / man / holy / the / pipe / bowl / the / he takes / and / buffalo dung / the / resting in it / he places / and / mouth-piece / the / pointing upwards holding / he sits / what time / all / silently / they remain. /

(79) "Mystery-Great, / earthwardly / look down / and / pityingly / help thou me! / (80) Youths / comely / of suitable age / the / these / with / face / you will see with them, / they said / as aforesaid / now / it is fulfilled. / (81) But / day / a / blue sky all over, / heat / lacking / gently warmed / such / that / during it / with / face / you will meet them / it is so, / they say so. / (82) 'People / mine / with / anything / trouble-bringing / without / I shall live / it is so,' / they say. / (83) 'And / buffalo-bull / and / his wife / little ones / in among them / somewhat towards the south of me / place of being, pasture / make thou for me / to the end that / those / by means of / people / with / I survive shall,' / they say so." /

(84) Pauses / all / at / people / the / "Hayé" / they say / and / then / they sing: /

(85) "So saying thus I arrive with éclat!

"So saying thus I arrive with éclat!

"So saying thus I arrive with éclat!

(86) "Spirits / earth / all over / every one, as many as there are / I am related to." /

(87) Then / pipe / the / they present ceremonially / and / smoke it. /

(88) Then / sun dancers / the / all / they disrobe / and / robes / fur outside / they wear as a mantle / and / whistles / of certain kind / eagle / wing / there / bone / the / of that material / they are made / such / every single one of them / holding / at place of honor / side by side, all facing one way, (the doorway) / they take their stand. /

(89) Singers for accompanying dancing, / skilled / the / all / rawhide / as aforesaid / that / around it / they seat themselves / and / sing / and / very / they cheer / what time / sun dancers / the / all / they weep. /

(90) This / "They cry for the enemy" / it is called. / (91) Song / first one / the / that / they sing it / and / thrice in succession / rawhide / the / they beat in very rapid succession / and / fourth time / the / there / in dance tempo they beat it. / (92) Then / sun dancers / the / all / they dance. / (93) Songs / many / by means of / they sing. / (94) And / then / pail / in it as container / tongue of ruminant / they boil it / as aforesaid / from there / man / holy / the / piece / small / he takes / and / eats his own. / (95) Then / people / the / all / they eat. / (96) Songs / groups / four / they sing. / Then / they adjourn. /

⁵ iyu'swu; caswu'la, fine wood, like small saplings; swuye'la ipat'a, to work porcupine embroidery in fine narrow rows, all in the same direction; nasu'pakce swu*la, a fine comb; iyu'swuap'api, to beat the drum rapidly with light strokes.

(97) To'pa ec'u*pi'¹, na tukte'l wo'inahni c'a nu'mnumkaska ec'u*pi'¹.

(98) Na heha'n yuo'nihaya ig.la'kapi, oya'te ki a'taya, na tukte'l k'ie'la mak'o'c'e wa waste' el e't'ipi'¹. (99) Hel wiwa'yakwac'ipi-kta c'a heu'.

(100) Waki'c'uza k'eya' b.la'yec'okaya ipa'hlalya i'yotakapi c'a wiwa'yakwac'i it'a*c'ahce ci hee' c'a ak'e' ig.lu'zuzu, sina' hja'pa wa hja'kataha i na c'anupa wa opa'gi yuha' waki'c'uza yaka'pi ki wici't'okap i'yotake'^e. (101) Toha'n oya'te ki ig.la'kig.lustapi na waki'c'uza ki ya'pikta c'a wiwa'yakwac'i it'a*c'a ki t'oke'ya ina'zi na ya c'a waki'c'uza ki iha'kap a'ye'^e. (102) Heha'n ig.la'ka oya's'i a'yi na e't'ipi'¹.

(103) It'a'hena ya'm.niak'ig.le e'yuhpapi¹ na ici'topa ki el ho'-c'okat'uya taya' oya'te ki e't'iwic'ak'iyapi'¹. (104) Iya' Wáhwala Om.ni*ciye eta'hapi k'u hena' e'e'pi c'a he'c'el e't'iwic'ak'iyapi'¹. (105) Heha'n t'at'a'ka p'ase'ca wa ag.li'pi na he yuwa'k'apikta c'a u.

(106) Wana' c'awa'k'a atu'weayikta u tukte'l wiwa'yakwac'i t'i*pi-kta mak'o'c'e ki el wic'a'sa k'eya' wae'c'uwic'ak'iya it'a*c'api ki hena' mak'a' ama'niya c'a'c'ega g.luha' e'yotake'^e. (107) Na tuwa'wa tuwe'ya ya*pikte c'u hena' el yus² awi'c'ag.lipi'¹. (108) Yuo'wec'ihā e'wic'ag.lepi na h'ok'a' ki is'eya' ipa'hlalya ina'zipi'¹. (109) Olo'wa ki le ahi'yayapi'¹ (tuwa' t'oke'ya na'zi ki he c'aze'yatapi na he'c'el o'wec'ihā c'aze'wic'ayatapi'¹):

(110) "Ak'e' wana' iya'ye lo,

(111) "Šu'ka³ Het'u' he iya'ye lo,

(112) "T'iya'ta heya'pe lo!"

(113) Wana' oya's'i c'aze'yal ihu'niwic'ayapi c'a heha'n yuo'wec'ihā iya'yapi c'a awi'c'as'api na wi'ya ki ug.na'gicala hot'u*pi'¹. (114) Na wi'ya wa t'i'takuye c'awa'k'a atu'weiyaye cihā' ki'cilowa na heye'^e (115) (Eha'ni wic'a'sa ki le ohi'tike ci heu' ki'cilowa^a):

¹ The act of e'yuhpapi, the taking down of all the tents and goods at each of the four ritual stops was called "e'page e'yuhpapi". The meaning of e'page is unknown.

² yus, holding. The one who goes after a person places his hand lightly on the upper arm of the one sought and walks with him.

(97) Four times / they do it, / and / where / there is need for hurry / then / in groups of twos / they do it. /

(98) And / then / reverently / they move camp / people / the / entire / and / where / nearby / land / a / it is good / there / they camp. / (99) There / they will dance the sun dance / so / that is why. /

(100) Officers / certain of that kind / in midst of open prairie / side by side / they seat themselves / then / sun dance / leader very / the / that is he / that / once more / he disrobes / blanket / with fur on it / a / with fur outside / he wears like a mantle / and / pipe / a / filled / carrying / officers / they sit / the / in front of them / he seats himself. / (101) What time / people / the / finish breaking camp / and / officers / the / they will start / then / sun dance / leader / the / first / he stands up / and / starts going / then / magistrates / the / following him / they go. / (102) Then / camp-movers / all / they go / and / there make camp. /

(103) On this side (of the objective point) / thrice in succession / they take down all their loads / and / fourth time / the / there / in a circle / in accordance with a plan / people / the / they are caused to make camp. / (104) Gentle Speech / Society / the ones from / as aforesaid / those / they are the ones / that / in that manner / they cause them to make camp. / (105) At that point, / buffalo-bull / dried head (skull) / a / they bring (return with) / and / that / they will consecrate it / so / that is why. /

(106) Now / tree holy (the sacred tree) / to scout for, they are going, / therefore / what place / sundance-structure / will be / spot of ground / the / there / men / certain ones / they cause them to perform the rite, / leaders, / the / those / ground / walking on / drums / carrying theirs / going they seat themselves. / (107) And / what particular ones / they will go scouting / as aforesaid / those / to that place / holding / they return with them. / (108) In single file / they place them / and / accompanists / the / they too / side by side / they take their stand. / (109) Song / the / this / they sing / (what one / first / he stands / the / that one / they call by name / and / thus / in due order / they name them). /

(110) "Once again / now / he has gone forth! /

(111) "Dog / Horned / that one / he has gone forth! /

(112) "Back home / they are saying that!" /

(113) Now / all / naming them / they finish with them / then / at that point / in single file / they start forth, / then / they cheer them / and / women / the / call in the manner of the screech owl. / (114) And / woman / a / her relative / sacred pole / to scout for has gone / if then / she sings for him / and / says that / (115) (Formerly / man / the / this / he was brave / the, / therefore / she sings his praise): /

³ Names with šu'ka invariably refer to the wolf, not to the dog. Wolf is called, fully, šukma'nitū, "dog of the lonely places"; mani'tu, away from human habitation.

(116) "Šu'ka Het'u' ohi'tike c'u, ak'e' iya'ye" eya'lowa'^a.

(117) C'awa'k'a kī el i'pi šni tk'a wat'o'g.laoh'api kī u ka'na ina'žipi¹. (118) Na eci'yataha yuo'wec'ihā ku'pi¹. (119) Heha'n k'o-ška'laka kī hena' ao'kawih awi'c'akupi na k'oha' h'ok'a' na'žipi kī e'tkiya bu'hig.le^e. C'oka'p wahpe' pta'yela pasla'l e'g.lepi¹. (120) Tuwa' t'okáheya c'a t'o'ka wāzi' he'c'el kte'kta keya'pi¹. (121) C'ake' heu' t'oke'ya el i'piktehcj¹.

(122) Tūwe'ya kī hel "Tūwe'ya Kūpi Olo*wa" ahi'yaya ku'pi na h'ok'a' kī wi'c'ic'okap g.li'yotakapi c'a c'anū'pa opa'gipi na upwi'c'ak'iyapi¹. (123) Heha'n wic'a'sa wā wi'wic'ayugi na heye'^e: (124) "Tukte'l ina'yazipi na šukma'nitū t'o'škiciye eša' wala'kapi he'ciha'owo't'ala oma'kiyaka yo. (125) Ug.na' maya'g.naye ki lo'." (126) Tūwe'yag.li kī iš wāzi' heye'^e: (127) "He c'iska'yapi¹ Wakpa* kī Heska' el he-ma'hel iya'ye cī el ob.la'ye kī hel K'aği' Wic'a'sa oya'tet'aka ahi'wi-c'ot'i c'a taya' wāb.la'ke lo." (128) "Haye'!" eya'pi¹. (129) Heha'n tūwe'yag.lipi k'u oya's'i otu'h'api² na heha'n ena'kiyapi¹.

(130) He'c'eg.la wana' c'awa'k'e kaska'aye^e. Oko'lakic'ie kī oya's'i c'a'c'eğa g.luha'pi na wa'hwayela ya'pi¹. (131) Wiwa'yakwaci it'a*-c'a na wic'a'sa wak'a* kī k'o'ya ya'pi¹. (132) Waci' it'a*c'a kī ak'e' šina'hja'kataha g.lo'wi na' c'anū'pa opa'gi g.luha' na šulu'ta yuga'-papi na ozu't'upi wā p'esle'te el p'eg.na'ke^e. (133) C'awa'k'a tukte'l he cī el e'yotaki na ok'o'lakic'ie kī hena' lowa'pi na aki's'a'sa wa-c'i'pi¹. (134) Wic'a'sa wak'a* kī wac'a'ga izi'lkiyikta c'a ya'm.ni e*pazo na ici'topa kī el zilye'^e. (135) Na heha'n c'anū'pa kī icu' na heye'^e:

(136) "Wama'k'aška mahpi'hepiya³ oya's'i nu'gopta icu'po. (137)⁴ Tuwa' šulu'ta eci'yapi, tuwa' wag.nu'ka eci'yapi, tuwa' škelu'ta eci'yapi na tuwa' wasna'snaheca, hena' c'a' nit'a'wapi na aka'n hokši'ic'ahyakiyapi kī, hokši'la wašte* wahe'haťu wā wau'ic'iya c'e. (138) C'a nit'a'wa owa'lota tk'a to'k'el taya' hokši'ic'ahyakiya he

¹ Probably the mountain goat.

² To act in vain; to give freely without thought of repayment.

³ Mahpi'ya, cloud, sky; hepi'ya, half-way up, on the side (as of a hill);

(116) "Dog / Horned / brave / as aforesaid / again / he goes forth," / saying so she sings. /

(117) Sacred tree / the / at that place / they arrive / not / but / they act like wild animals / the / on that account / there / they stop. / (118) And / from there / single file / they return. / (119) Then / youths / the / those / circling around them / they bring them homeward / and / meantime / accompanists / they stand / the / towards them / a rushing takes place. / In the midst / leaves / in a cluster / planted into the ground / they place. / (120) What one / first in order / then / enemy / a / that way / he will kill / they say. / (121) Therefore / for that reason / first / to that place / they arrive / would very. /

(122) Scouts / the / there / "Scouts / they return" / song / singing / they return / and / accompanists / the / in front of them / arriving / they seat themselves, / then / pipe / filled / a / they cause them to smoke. / (123) Then / man / a / questions them / and says that: / (124) "What place / you stopped / and / wolf / his manoeuvres / or something of the sort / you saw them / if . . then / truthfully / tell to me. / (125) By any chance / you deceive me / watch for." / (126) Returned scouts / the / on the other hand / one / says: / (127) "Horn- / they-use-for-Spoons / River / the / Mountains / White / there / into / it goes / the / there / level spot / the / that place / Crow / Men / in a great crowd / coming they have made camp / so / well / I saw." / (128) "Haye'," / they say. / (129) Then / returned scouts / as aforesaid / all / they give away / and / then / they adjourn. /

(130) Instantly / now / sacred tree / they go to cut. / Societies / the / all / drums / they carry their own / and / quietly / they go. / (131) Sun dance / leader / and / man / holy / the / too / they go. / (132) Dance / leader / the / again / robe / with fur outside / he wears his in the manner of a blanket / and / pipe / filled / carries his own / and / red-headed woodpecker / flayed / and / stuffed / a / crown / that spot / he wears set on the head. / (133) Sacred tree / what place / it stands / the / there / they sit / and / societies / the / those / they sing / and / cheering / now and then / they dance. / (134) Man / holy / the / sweet grass / he will burn / then / three times he reaches / and / fourth time / the / there / he causes to smoke. / (135) And / then / pipe / the / he takes / and / says: /

(136) "Those moving over the world (animals) / on the cloud-sides / all / ear-turned / take ye. / (137) What one / red headed woodpecker / they call, / what one / flicker / they call, / what one / robin / they call, / and / what one / great woodpecker, / those / tree / it is yours / and / on / you rear your off-spring / the, / youth / good / suitable / a / he offers himself a sacrifice. / (138) Tree yours / I borrow, / but / what manner / well / you rear your off-spring, / that / in like manner / my people / children /

t'it'a'hepiya part-way up the wall of a house; mahpi'hepiya, cloud-side, like hill-side.

⁴ The names of the birds enumerated in this sentence are uncertain.

iye'c'el mit'o'yate hoksi'cala ic'a'hkiyikte, eya' c'e. (139) Nā ta'ku wo'wahtani wani'l oya'te ic'a'gapikta ce."

(140) Hehan' olo'wā kī leé'e:

(141) "Ape'c'okaya wak'a'nawa*zi k'u,

(142) "Oya'te iye'kiyaya wak'a'nawa*zi k'u,

(143) "Ho'c'okata wak'a'nawa*zi k'u."

(144) Heha'n c'anū'pa iya'hpeyapi¹. (145) Hena' g.luštā'pi ic'u'ha c'awa'k'a kak'sa' šag.lo'gā yus e'wic'ag.lepi¹. (146) Top wic'a'pi nā top wī'yapi¹. (147) K'oška'laka nā wik'o'škalaka wašte*šte ece'la wic'a'kahnigapi¹. (148) K'oška'laka hena' t'oke'ya yuo'wec'iha waktog.lakapi¹. T'oke'ya kī he aya'stā heha'n c'awa'k'ahute kī el nazū'spe ū ya'm.ni ap'e*kūzi nā ici'topa kī el kao'tayā ap'a' c'a ayu'stā^a. (149) He'c'ū c'a he c'awa'k'a kak'sa' keya'pi¹. (150) Nā t'i'takuye kī hena' ug.na'gicala hot'ū*pi nā otu'h'ak'iyapi¹. (151) Nā hena' wic'a' kī iyo'hi ec'e'hci ec'ū'pi¹. (152) (152) Heha'n wī'yā to'pa k'ū hena' c'awa'k'a kī kau'kapi¹. (153) Is eya' kau'kapi c'a otu'h'api¹. (154) Ok'o'lakic'ie kī hena' iya'p'api nā wac'i'lowā*pi¹.

(155) C'awa'k'a taya' yuštā'pi heha'n c'a etā' kak'sa'pi nā c'awa'k'a kī ohla't'e iye'yapi nā ak'i'yuhapi nā wic'a'sa oya's'i c'awa'pe yuha'pi¹. (156) Ku'pi nā to'pa yuha' g.lina'zipi¹. (157) Heha'n k'oška'laka li'la wic'o'ta t'iya'takiya eha'ke šū'kahopi¹. (158) Heha'n hena' iyu'ha bu'wi'cahig.la c'a hel wic'a'sa wāzi'kzi li'la i'yakapi kī ū i'ci-yap'api nā li'la hica'hapi c'ake' kat'a'pi k'eš ak'e'sna kini'pi¹. (159) C'awa'k'a kī ag.li'pi c'a it'a'wok'sa wahpe' kī hena' ū o'hāzi-g.lepi nā ok'o'lakic'ie kī el lowā'pi nā wac'i'pi¹. (160) He'c'etu c'a ok'o'lakic'ie t'i'takuyepi kī el wo'yute wic'a'kicicaipi c'a o'p'a šni k'e'yaš k'o'ya wo'tapi¹.

(161) Heha'n wic'a'sa wak'a* kī wiwā'yakwac'i it'a*c'a kī kic'i' ho'c'okatakiya u'pi¹. (162) Heha'n oya'te kī aki'sa'sa wac'i'pi k'ū oya's'i ini'la yaka'pi¹. (163) Le'c'el wayu'ha u'pi¹. (164) Wiwā'yakwac'i it'a*c'a kī šina' hja'kataha i nā c'anū'pa opa'gipi wā yuha' t'oke'ya u nā wic'a'sa wak'a* kī is iha'kap u nā heha'n wo'waši kī

¹ My informants think this should be kahū'pi, they cut a gash in.

they will rear theirs, / he says so. / (139) And / anything / annoying / without / people / they shall develop." /

(140) Then / song / the / this is it: /

(141) "In the midst of the day / holy I stood / as aforesaid. /

(142) "People / recognizing (here and there, off and on) / holy I stood / as aforesaid. /

(143) "In the center of the camp circle / holy I stood, / as aforesaid." /

(144) Then / pipe / they offer ceremonially. / (145) These / they complete theirs / just then / sacred tree / cutters / eight / holding / taking them there they place them. / (146) Four / they are men / and / four / they are women. / (147) Young men / and / young women / they are good / that sort only / they are chosen. / (148) Young men / those / first / in a row / they relate their war-killings. / First / the / that / he finishes / then / base of sacred tree / the / there / ax / by means of / three / pretends to strike / and / fourth time / the / there / driven in tight / he strikes / when / he leaves it. / (149) He does that / then / that / sacred tree / the / he cuts down / they call it. / (150) And / relations / the / those / screech owl / they shriek / and / they cause him to give away gifts. / (151) And / those / men / the / each of them / in the very same way / they do. / (152) Then / women / four / as aforesaid / those / sacred tree / the / they fell it. / (153) They also / they fell it / then / they give away. / (154) Societies / the / those / they strike (the drum) / and / sing for dancing. /

(155) Sacred tree / completely / they finish / then / saplings / some / they cut / and / sacred tree / the / underneath / they send / and / carry it (several sharing load evenly) together / and / men / all / leaves / they carry. / (156) They return homeward / and / four / carrying it / coming they stop. / (157) Then / young men / very / a large crowd / towards home / for the last time / they howl-wolf (like wolves). / (158) Then / those / all / they break forward in a rush, / then / there / men / one here and there / very / they run / the, / therefore / they run into each other / and / very / they stumble / so that / they are killed / yet / again, as a rule / they come to life. / (159) Sacred tree / the / they bring home / then / around it / leaves / the / those / by means of / they place an arbor / and / societies / the / there / they sing / and / they dance. / (160) That happens, / then / societies / their relatives / the / to that place / food / they bring them theirs, / then / non-members / nevertheless / included / they feast. /

(161) Then / man / holy / the / sun dance / leader / the / with / towards the centre of the camp circle / they approach. / (162) Then / people / the / shouting now and then / they danced / as aforesaid / all / silent / they are. / (163) In this manner / carrying things / they come. / (164) Sun dance / leader / the / blanket / fur outside / he wears (as a mantle) / and / pipe / filled / a / carrying / first / he approaches / and / man / holy / the / as for him / following / comes / and / then / servers / the / those / what

hena' ta'ku ila'kyapikte ci hena' yuha' u'pi¹. (165) Ptehi'cala c'e*pa ha waste* k'u he na ha'pa na c'ap'a' hu na t'aha'saka wa t'at'a'ka na t'o'kakahkahya waspa'pi k'u he, na pte't'a'wasi na t'ac'a'togewasi mak'a'wase ipa'g.miyayapi wa hena'keca yuha' wici'hakap u'pi¹.

(166) C'awa'k'a el hi'pi na c'awa'k'a ki wosla'l hi'kte ci u wic'a'sa wa*hwala na waste* wa kahni'gapi na mak'a' ki mahe'takiya ok'e'-k'iyapi¹. (167) He wo'uoniha ki naku' wazi' u el i'pi¹. (168) Ak'e' wic'a'sa wak'a* ki c'anup'a opa'gipi ki ihu'pa el g.lus iya'hpeyi na hab.lo'g.lake'e. (169) Heha'n ptehi'cala ha k'u he c'awa'k'a i*kpata ape' pta'ya oka'ptapi k'u el iya'kaskapi¹. (170) Heta'ha ptehi'cala ha k'u oya'ya ki c'a u kai'ciyopteya ipa'sisapi¹. (171) Yub.la'ya. (172) C'awa'k'a ki ok'i'zata tk'a uma' hake' wak'sa'pi c'a he oka'zaya ki el p'a (wi'ya-kap'a) k'u he ha'pa k'u iya'pem.nipi na c'ap'a' hu k'u hena' yupta'ya na p'a (wi'yakap'a) na ha'pa hena' k'o wi'taya ok'i'zate k'el yug.la'-kiya iya'kaskapi, i'c'ipawehya. (173) Na t'aha'saka wa t'at'a'ka-ka*gapi na wazi' t'o'kaka*gapi k'u hena'os el oka'kosya iya'kaskapi¹. (174) T'ac'a'tawasi wa mak'a'wase iyu'g.miyayapi k'u he u c'awa'k'a ki saya'pi¹. (175) Na ptet'a'wasi k'u he is c'awa'k'a hi'kta c'a ma-k'o'hloka wa k'a'pi k'u he'c'iya mahe'l e'g.nakapi¹.

(176) Wic'a'sa wak'a* ki c'awa'k'a sayi'kte ci it'o'kap olo'wa wa lowa'a:

(177) "Ho't'ai*yā hibu' we lo;
 "Ho't'ai*yā hibu' we lo;
 "Ite't'ai*yā hibu' we lo;
 "Nit'a'mak'oc'e ki t'at'a'ka oma'niwaka*ge lo.

(178) "Ho't'aiyā hibu' we lo;
 "Nit'a'mak'oc'e ki t'at'a'ka oma'niwaka*ge lo.
 "Hena' c'ic'u' we."

(179) Hena' yu'sta'pi heha'n ok'o'lakic'ie oya's'i ina'zipi na c'awa'k'a ki wi'k'a su*pi u ik'a'yapi na naku' c'awa'k'a ki el wic'a'sa o'ta oyuspa yuwo'slal a'yapi na toha'n wosla'l e'g.lepi c'a heha'n c'a'c'ega kabu'bupi na li'la aki's'api¹. (180) Heha'n o'k'sa c'ao'k'i-zata pasla'tapi na t'osu' ha*skaskahca ag.li'pi, t'ica'gapi na t'iy'o'ho-

things / they will make use of / the / those / carrying / they come. /
 (165) Fat calf hide / good / as aforesaid / that / and / moccasins / and /
 sticks of choke cherry wood / and / rawhide / a / buffalo-bull / and /
 enemy-made to resemble, respectively / they are cut out / as aforesaid /
 that, / and / buffalo-loin fat / and / heart-covering fat / vermilion /
 rolled in / a / that many / carrying / behind them / they come. /

(166) Sacred tree / there / they arrive / and / sacred tree / the / erect /
 it will stand / the / for that purpose / man / gentle / and / good / a / they
 elect / and / ground / the / downward / they cause him to dig. / (167) That/
 honor / the / also / one / why / there / they go. / (168) Again / man / holy /
 the / pipe / filled / the / stem / there / holding his own / he offers it
 ceremonially / and speaks relative to his vision. / (169) Then / calf / skin /
 as aforesaid / that / sacred tree / top / leaves / clustered / they left it /
 as aforesaid / there / they tie it. / (170) From there / calf / skin / the
 aforesaid / limbs / the / sticks / by means of / crossed / they pin it. /
 (171) Spread out. / (172) Sacred tree / the / it was forked / but / one of
 them / part / they cut / so / that / crotch / the / there / carrying kit, bag /
 as aforesaid / that / moccasins / as aforesaid / wrapped around / and /
 choke cherry sticks / as aforesaid / those / taken together / and / carrying
 kit / and / moccasins / those / too / together / crotch / the / there / horizon-
 tally / it is tied, like a cross. / (173) And / rawhide / a / made buffalo bull
 (shape) / and / one / made enemy / as aforesaid / those two / there / sus-
 pended / they are tied. / (174) Heart-covering fat / a / vermilion / it was
 rolled in / as aforesaid / that / by means of / sacred tree / the / it was
 painted red. / (175) And / buffalo-loin fat / as aforesaid / that / as for it /
 sacred tree / it will stand / so / hole in the ground / a / it was dug / as
 aforesaid / down in there / inside / they laid it. /

(176) Man / holy / the / sacred tree / the / he will paint red / the / before
 song / a / he sings: /

(177) "With voice showing (With much noise) / I enter the scene, /
 "With voice showing / I enter the scene, /
 "With face showing / I enter the scene, /
 "Your land / the / buffalo-bulls / I cause to roam. /

(178) "With voice showing / I enter the scene, /
 "Your land / the / buffalo-bulls / I cause to roam. /
 "Those / I give unto you." /

(179) Those / they complete, / then / societies / all / they stand up /
 and / sacred tree / the / ropes / braided / by means of / they fasten / and /
 also / sacred tree / the / there / men / many taking hold / upright / they
 take it, / and / when / upright / they set it / then / at that point / drums /
 they pound on rapidly / and / very / they cheer. / (180) Then / around /
 forked poles / they plant into the ground / and / tent poles / longest
 ones / they return with / they make a house / and / around the house /

m.ni wahpe' k'eya'pi¹. (181) Hena' taya' yusta'pi ki heha'n h'ok'a' k'eya' c'a'c'ega g.luha' t'ima' i'pi na owa'kona'sto lowa'pi c'a' wic'a' ece' ig.lu't'a'pi na wa'paha, waha'c'aka, wahu'k'eza k'o iki'kcupi na t'iya'taha' yuo'wec'ihā i'yak au' na t'aka'taha' t'i'pi ki ao'hom.niya' ao'kawih i'yakapi na heha'n t'ima' e'yayi na ma'za wak'a' yuha'pi ha'taha's t'aha'saka t'o*ka k'u he el "sut'a'wac'i*pi"¹ na au't'at'api¹.

(182) Heha'n to'na kic'i'swo*hitika wic'a*kauspepi hena' sag.lo'ga' wahe*c'etuya c'oka'p yus e'wic'ag.lepi¹. (183) Wazi'kzi yus icu'pi-c'iyakel na'zipi tk'a iwi'c'acupi sni c'a' hena' wo'h'iyapi na c'aze'ka wac'i*pi na li'klila ma'za wak'a' ut'a' wac'i'pi¹.

(184) Wana' ena'kiyapikta c'a' tuwa' tuwe'ya t'o*ka kikte' c'a' he wic'a'p'aha wa c'ai'yakaska yuha' t'yo'patakiya wic'i't'okap wac'i' g.la c'a' wic'o'tapi ki iha'kap wac'i' ya'pi na t'yo'pata k'ihū'ni c'a' wic'a'p'aha k'u kama'k'atakiya ko'skos ku c'a' oya'te a'taya u'zi-hekta wac'i' uki'ye^e. C'a' ma'za wak'a' ut'a'pi¹. (185) Ya'm.ni kaw'i*gapi na ici'topa c'a' heha'n k'ina'p'api¹. (186) Yus e'wicag.lepi k'u hena' otu'h'api¹.

(187) Heha'n wana' wiwa'yakwac'i ki oya's'i t'i'pi el au'kta u k'i-c'a'ic'iyapi¹, (188) Tuwa' it'a'c'a' ki t'oke'ya yi na t'at'a'ka p'a k'u he nap a'nuk'ataha' oyuspi na p'ute' ki t'oka'takiya pazo' yu'ze^e. (189) C'a' wiwa'yakwac'i ki oya's'i ipa'h'lalya t'i'pi ki e'tkiya e'tuwa' ina'zipi¹, (190) Oya's'i c'e'yaya ma'nipi¹. (191) Ak'e' he "T'ok'-o'wec'eyapi" eya'pi¹. (192) Heha'n t'i'pi ki ao'kawih ao'hom.nipi na heha'n t'ima'hel iya'yapi na c'atku'takiya ya'pi¹, hel yaka'pikta c'a. (193) Ptep'a' k'u he c'atku'ta t'yo'patakiya e'tuwa' ahi'upapi¹.

(194) (Wiwa'yakwac'it'ipi ki oya's'i wi' hina'p'e ki e'tkiya t'yo'p-yapi¹.)

(195) Heha'n wac'i'pikte ci t'awo'yuhapi ki oha'kap el wic'a'kicicahipi¹. (196) He'c'eg.la h'ok'a' ki el au' na t'aha'saka pteha'sla k'u he yub.la'yapi na he wo'pagiyapi¹. (197) Na olo'wa' t'oke'ya ya'm.ni-aki'g.le i'yuswu ahi'yayapi na heha'ya wiwa'yakwac'i ki t'ok'o'wec'eya na'zipi na ici'topa ki el i'wac'iap'api c'a' heha'n wac'i'pi¹. (198) He'c'el hahe'pi² a'taya wac'i'wic'ak'iyapi¹. (199) Aya'papi ki

¹ They perform the "missing the aim" dance.

² heha'pi, night, generally used by the Teton; hahe'pi is the usual word for night.

leaves / they put up screen-fashion for a shelter. / (181) Those / well / they complete / the / then / accompanists / certain / drum / carrying their own / inside the shelter / they arrive / and / "Floor smoothing out" / they sing, / then / men / only / they dress themselves up / and / standards, / shields, / spears / too / they take theirs / and / from home / in single file / running / they come / and / on the outside / structure / the / around it / circling it / they run / and / then / inside / they enter / and / guns / they carry / if... then / rawhide enemy / as aforesaid / that / into / "missing aim they dance" / and / shoot at it repeatedly. /

(182) Then / as many as / brave in fighting / they are training them / those / eight / about that many / in the center / holding / they place them there. / (183) Certain ones here and there / in a wishing-to-be-taken-manner / they stand; / yet / they take them / not / then / those / they pout / and / dance in anger / and / very, very / guns / shooting-they dance. /

(184) Now / they will stop / then / what one / scout-enemy / he killed his / then / that one / scalp / a / tied to a stick / having / towards the door / in front of them / dancing he goes away / then / crowd / the / following / dancing / they go / and / at the door / he reaches his goal / then / scalp / as aforesaid / in a towards-the-ground-manner / swinging it / comes back / then / people / all / backwards / dancing / they come back. / Then / guns / they shoot. / (185) Three (times) / they turn about / and / fourth time / then / then / they go out. / (186) Holding / they set them forth / as aforesaid / those / they give away. /

(187) Then / now / sundancers / the / all / structure / there / they will come, / therefore / they prepare themselves. / (188) What one / he is leader / the / first / goes / and / buffalo-bull / head (skull) / as aforesaid / that / by both hands / he holds / and / muzzle / the / facing front / exposing it / he holds. / (189) Then / sun dancers / the / all / in rank formation / structure / the / towards / they take their stand. / (190) All / weeping / they walk. / (191) Again / that / "Crying for the enemy" / they call it. / (192) Then / structure / the / circling / they go around it / and / then / inside / they enter / and / to the honor-place / they go, / there / they will sit / that is why. / (193) Buffalo skull / as aforesaid / that / at honor-place / towards the door / looking / bringing here they lay it. /

(194) Sun dance structures / the / all / sun / it rises / the / towards / they have for doorway. /

(195) Then / they will dance / the / their properties / the / afterwards / there / they are brought for them. / (196) Right at that instant / accompanists / the / there / they come / and / rawhide / buffalo skin without fur / as aforesaid / that / they spread out / and / that / they use for drum. / (197) And / song / first / thrice in succession / beating very rapidly / they sing / and / during that while / sundancers / the / crying for enemy / they stand / and / fourth time / the / there / they beat (drum) for dancing / when / then / they dance. / (198) In that manner / night / entire / they are caused to dance. / (199) They continue till dawn / the / then / dawn /

heha'n a'pao' owa*steca wahe'han wiwa'yakwac'i it'a*c'a ki he c'a-wa'k'a ki el i'caya na'zi na t'ok'o'wec'eye'e.

(200) T'ima' hiyu'pi ki heta'ha wo'tapi sni na m.niya'tkapi sni, tk'a wik'o'skalaka wazi'kzi to'na naha'hcj wic'a'yuzapi sni tk'a owi'c'ak'iyapi na i'c'iyokip'ipi ki he'c'a c'a a'pao' heha'n ope'hataha naha'ma'la m.ni na c'aha' paslo'ha iye'wic'ak'iyapi¹. (201) Wa'gac'a ki he'c'a c'a m.ni' el ica'hiyapi na t'awi'c'asa ki wic'a'kaipi¹. (202) He wo'witak'iyapi s'e le'c'eca'^a. (203) Is k'o'ska'laka ki li'la ic'a'lwaštepi na uma'pi ki op g.latka'pi¹.

(204) Ape'tu nu'pa na hahe'pi num heha'ya wac'i'pi na hena' el wo'tapi sni na aki'h'ajc'iyapi¹.

(205) H'ok'a'pi ki eta'ha wic'a'sa k'eya' wic'a'kahni'gapi c'a hena' m.ni' hiyo'ya wic'a'kah oma'nipi na naku' wik'o'skalaka wašte*pi ece' c'a'c'ega ica*bu o'skawic'asi oma'nipi¹. (206) Hena' oya's'i wic'a'yustapi ki heha'n iyu'ha wiwa'yakwac'it'ipi ki t'ima' otu'h'a-hipi¹. (207) M.ni na wo'yute k'o ahi'pi¹. (208) Ica'bu o'skawic'a-sipi k'u hena' naku' otu'h'ahipi¹. (209) Ica'bu ki hena' h'ok'a' ki el wic'a'kic'upi na is eya' m.ni na wo'yute ko'ya wic'a'kaipi¹. (210) Na wiwa'yakwac'i oya's'i hi'hani heha'n ahwa'yela yaka' hiye'ye'e.

(211) Ic'u'ha wiwa'yakwac'i wak'a'kaga it'a*c'a ki he owa'ka wa-k'a* ka'ga c'a mak'a' ki t'aya' kab.lu' na mi'la na nazu'specik'ala hena'os u owa'kkage'e. (212) Tk'a ta'ku ec'u' ki oya's'i ya'm.ni e*pazo na ici'topa ki el oyu't'a na ka'ge'e. (213) Owa'kc'okaya mak'a' ki el c'ai'c'ipawega² wa ka'gi na el wase' k'eya' ec'e'hcj aka'la na naku' c'ali' ica'hit'upi ec'e'hcj aka'la'^a.

(214) Heha'n hab.lo'g.laka c'a le'c'el eye''e:

(215) "Wiyo'hpeyata t'ate' ou'ye ekta' tuwa' wahu'pakoza ewi'-c'ak'iyapi na ihu'k'uya tuwe' wab.li' ewi'c'ak'iyapi ki, hoksi'la wašte* wahe'hatu wa he'kta c'ali' oni'cig.nakikta keye' c'u wana' ec'u'kta c'e. (216) Ape'tu wa t'owa'zica, ok'a'ta wani'l iyo'lilita c'a el kic'i' ite'-c'okaya ite' waye'c'ilakikta c'e, eya''^a. (217) Mii'tokahwap'aya t'a-t'a'ka na t'awi'cu, c'ica'la o'p'ep'eya oe'g.lepi mi'ciyuha yo. Yu-

pleasant / about then / sundance / leader / the / that / sacred tree / the / there / leaning against / he stands / and / weeps for the enemy. /

(200) Inside / they entered / the / from that time / they eat / not / they drink water / not, / but / young women / one here and there / what ones / not as yet / they are married / not / but / they are being courted / and / they are pleased with each other / the / that sort / such / dawn / then / from the rear of the structure / secretly / water / and / tree bark / sliding by pushing / they slide or push to them. / (201) Cotton wood / the / that sort / such / water / in / they mix with it / and / their men / the / they give to them. / (202) That / they consider something to be proud of, / it seems like. / (203) As for them, / young men / the / very / they are pleased over it / and / others / the / with / they drink their own. /

(204) Days / two / and nights / two / that long / they dance / and / those / during / they eat / not / and / cause themselves to fast. /

(205) Accompanists / the / from their number / men / some / they are elected / such / those / water / "goers for" / appointing them / they walk about / and / also / young women / good they are / only / drum (beaters) sticks / asking them to embroider with porcupine quills / they walk about. / (206) Those / all / they finish them / the / then / all / sun dance lodge / the / inside / to give away, then come. / (207) Water / and / food / also / they bring. / (208) Beaters / they are asked to embroider / as aforesaid / those / also / to give away, they come. / (209) Beaters / the / those / accompanists / the / there / they give them back theirs / and / they also / water / and / food / too / they take to them. / (210) And / sun dancers / all / morning / then / quietly / they are found. /

(211) Meantime / sun dance / mystery making / leader / the / that / area / holy / he is preparing / so / dirt / the / thoroughly / he pulverizes / and / knife / and / hatchet / those two / by means of / he makes altar. / (212) But / what thing / he takes / the / all / reaching towards thrice / and / fourth time / the / there / he touches / and makes. / (213) In the center of the area / dirt / the / there / cross / a / he makes / and / there / vermilion paint / some / exactly over it / he sprinkles / and / also / tobacco / mixed (with kinikinick bark) / exactly over it / he sprinkles. /

(214) Then / he tells his vision / then / this he says: /

(215) "To the west / wind / source / over there / what ones / wing flapping beings / they are called, / and / underneath / what ones / eagles / they are called / the, / youth / good / suitable age / a / a while back / tobacco / he would put in for you, / he said, / as aforesaid, / now / he will do it. / (216) Day / a / blue all over / heat / without / warmth / (repetition indicates an intermittent pleasant warmth, coming and going with the breeze that blows gently) / such / during / with / full in the face / face / you will see each other, / he says. / (217) 'Somewhat to the south of me / buffalo-bull / and wife / little ones in among / pasture / keep thou for me, /

¹ Wood at right angles to each other, i. e., in the form of a cross.

k'a' hena' u oya'te op wani'kta c'e, eya' c'e. (218) T'ate'sica, mak'o'-sica hiya'ya yuk'a' mit'a'hoc'oka el iwa'steg.la ao'mahom.niya i'yaya yuk'a' hena' u oya'te op wani'kta c'e, eya' c'e." (219) T'atu'ye to'pa ki iyo'hila e'tkiya he'c'el eye'e. (220) Na waka'l "Wak'at'aka" eyi' na ak'e' iye'c'el eye'e. (221) "Uci", nishna'la wawi'c'ahyaya c'a" eyi' na mak'a'takiya ak'e' iye'c'el eye'e.

(222) Heha'n t'at'a'ka p'a ki he owa'a. (223) Mak'a'wase u saya' ica'gogo na ista' na p'o'gohloka ki hena' p'ezi'hota ape' blaska'ska k'u he'c'a yup'su'p'su opu'hli na heha'n olo'wa ki le ahi'yaye'e:

(224) "Ta'ku sito'm.niya k'ola' le mak'u' k'u,

"Ta'ku sito'm.niya k'ola' le mak'u' k'u,

(225) "T'at'a'ka ki sina' mak'u keye' lo,

(226) "Wašte' keyi' na mak'u' k'u."

(227) Wo'ec'u lena' el tukte'ktel lowa'pi tk'a lena' e c'a ak'e' ahi'-yayapi'l:

(228) "K'ola', mit'a'suke o'ta wala'ke lo.

"K'ola', mit'a'suke o'ta wala'ke lo.

(229) "Oya'te ki hena' mit'a'suke waya'kape lo.

(230) "K'ola', mit'a'suke o'ta wala'ke lo."

(231) Hena' ka'gapi ic'u'ha oya'te ki to'na wiwa'yakwac'it'ipi t'a'ka el u'pi ki wa'hwakiya u'pi na t'io'pa el it'a'kal tuwe'ni o'pta iya'ye sni wasu'yapi'l.

(232) Heha'n wiwa'yakwac'i ki oya's'i "wak'a' owi'c'awapi" eci'yapi ki ec'a'wic'akicupi'l. (233) I'yak'iyec'el owi'c'awapi sni tk'a ki'tala ayu't'okecaya owi'c'awapi'l. (234) Eha'ta owi'c'awapi ki he le'c'etu": (235) Ite' a'taya mak'a'wase u saya'pi na ite' oka'wih wic'a'nape kip'i'ya i'yat'o u ica'zopi na p'ahte' eta' kahu'k'utakiya p'a'hu'te ik'i'yela ica'zo ahi'g.lepi na t'ap'u' anu'k'ata is eya' iye'c'el ica'zo ahi'g.lepi na iha'huk'uta ki eta' ik'u' ki huk'u'tkiya ica'zo ahi'g.lepi'l. (236) Na t'ac'a' a'taya saya'pi na i'yat'o u hiye'te ki ou'ya wic'a'nape kip'i'ya ica'zopi'l. (237) Nape' o'k'ihe ki is iye'c'el, na napc'o'ka o'p'a sni, he ec'u'pi sni'l. (238) P'ezi'hota yupe'ha nati'yuskitapi na si'yot'aka wa wab.li' hupa'hu el hohu' u ka'gapi c'a yap'a'pi na toha' wac'i'pi

and so / those / by means of / people / with / I shall live,' / he says so.
(218) 'Bad winds, / pestilences / were going by, / and, lo, / my tribal
circle / there / gently / circling around me / they went and, lo, / those /
on that account / tribe / with I shall live'' / he says so." / (219) Wind
sources / four / the / each of them / towards / that way / he says. /
(220) And / upward / "Mystery-Great" / he says; / and / again / that
same way / he says. / (221) "Grand mother, / you alone / you cause
growth / so," / he says, / and / towards the earth / again / that same
way, / he says. /

(222) Then buffalo-bull / skull / the / that / he paints. / (223) Vermillion/
by means of / redly / he marks it in streaks / and / eyes / and / nostrils /
the / those / sage / leaves / flat / as aforesaid / that sort / crushed into
shape / he stuffs / and / then / song / the / this / he sings: /

(224) "Things / of all sorts, / friend / this, / he gave me, / as aforesaid./

"Things / of all sorts, / friend / this, / he gave me, / as aforesaid./

(225) "Buffalo bull / the / robe / he gives me, / he says so. /

(226) It is good, / he said, / and / he gave it to me, / as aforesaid."

(227) Ceremonies / these / in them / at certain points / they sing / but /
these / they are / that / again / they sing: /

(228) "Friend, / horses of mine / many / you see, /

"Friend, / horses of mine / many / you see, /

(229) "People / the, / those / horses of mine / they see, /

(230) "Friend, / horses of mine / many / you see." /

(231) Those / they make / during / people / the / as many as / sun dance
lodge / big / the / there / they are / the / quietly / they are / and / doorway
there / outside of / nobody / past / goes not / they decree. /

(232) Then / sun dancers / the / all / "ceremonial painting" (holy they are
marked) / it is called / the / they do unto them. / (233) Exactly alike / they
are painted / not / but / slightly / made different / they are painted. /
(234) Original / painting / the / that / it is thus: / (235) All over the face /
vermillion / with / they are made red / and / around the face / a human
finger / fitting (width as a measure) / blue stone / with / they make a line /
and / forehead / from / downward / bridge of nose / near / marking a line /
they place it / and / cheeks / both sides / they also / likewise / marking
a line / they place it / and / lower lips / the / from / chin / the / downward /
marking a line / they place it. / (236) And / body / entire / they redden /
and / blue stone / with / shoulder / the / along / human finger / fitting it /
they mark a line. / (237) Hand / joints / the / they also / in the same way /
and / palms / it is included / not / that / they do / not. / (238) Sage
twisted / they wear tied about the head / and / whistle / a / eagle / wing /
there / bone / out of / it is made / such / they carry in the mouth / and /

c'a heha' hena' yazo'zo naki'htakapi¹. Ši'yot'aka ki hena' oya'p'e ki p'ezi'hota ope'm.nipi na i'kpa el wabli' wa'c'ih'i wa suta'ya kape'-m.nišniya iya'yuskitapi¹.

(239) T'aha'saka wa hoksi'cala nata' i'skoya mime'ya wašpa'pi na waški'skitapi na c'oka'ya oi'yakaške el wab.li'g.leška situ*pi suka'za waži'la iya'kaškapi¹. (240) Oya'ya to'pa ki ec'e'l mašti'ska ha wa-sle'slel iya'kaškapi nai's hee' šni c'a ptehi'pahpe yupe'hapi c'a u'pi¹. (241) P'ezi'hota eta' yuha'skeya yukca'ya ka'gapi na napsa'ni yuha'pi¹. (242) T'ahca ha šla kpa'ya'pi num mi'yapeheyapi¹. (243) P'ec'o'ka kisup'i ki el ao'p'eya p'eyo'zapaza o'skapi top p'esle'te el u'pi¹. (244) Na wa'paha, nai's waha'c'aka nai's wahu'k'eza, he'c'ekc'e yuha' wac'i'-hapi¹.

(245) Wana' wiwa'yakwac'i ki oya's'i taya' wac'i'pikta c'a t'aha'-saka yub.la'yapi na h'ok'a' ki oya's'i el yaka'pi¹.

(246) Wic'a'sa wa kahni'gapi c'a he ica'bu o'skapi ki oya's'i k'u'pi c'a yuha' ina'zi na wic'a'sa ohi'tika num iwi'c'acu na ica'bu ki ki-nu'k'a wic'a'k'u'u. (247) C'a hena' yuha' wakto'g.lakapi¹. (248) Na h'ok'a' ki ica'bu ki wic'a'kic'upi c'a heha'n wiwa'yakwac'i ki oya's'i ec'e'l ig.lu'zapi na ošpa'yet'ut'uya e'wic'ag.lepi¹.

(249) H'ok'a' ki olo'wa t'oka'he wa ahi'yayapi¹. Ya'm.ni iyu*swupi na ici'topa el i'wac'iap'api¹. (250) Ya'm.ni iyu*swupi ki ic'u'ha wi-wa'yakwac'i ki tuwa' c'i c'a t'ok'o'wec'eya na'zi, p'ezi'hota op'a'hte yuha' k'u he ite' el g.lu'zi na he'c'el c'e'ye'e. (251) "Wašicu k'eya" nai's "Wak'a'pi k'eya' canu'pa wic'a'wakiyuza c'a t'o'ka waži' ta'ku wo'wahtani wani'l wakte'kte," eyi' nai's "Mit'a'suke yuk'i'kte."

(252) Heya'yapi ki e'g.laštapi c'a heha'n olo'wa wa yawa'kal e'ya-yapi c'a ic'u'ha ši'yot'aka ki i og.na' e'kig.lepi na c'a'c'ega iya'p'api ki ec'e'l oni'yahškeya yazo'pi¹. (253) Heha'n ak'e' ši'yot'aka ki kpa'kpa'yela yazo'pi¹.

(254) Wac'i'pi ki oya's'i p'ehi' kab.le'l yeya'pi¹.

(255) Heha'n wic'a'sa wa wab.li' situ'pi suka'za waži'la ao'paza na t'awi'cu na t'i'takuye to'na oki'hipi c'a šu'kak'a'. wašte* hca wa nai's

as long as / they dance / then / so long / those / causing them to whistle repeatedly / they kick theirs (they dance). / Whistles / the / those / mouthpiece / sage / they wrap around / and / tip / there / eagle / feather / a / tightly / not suspended / they wrap together. / (239) Rawhide / a / baby / head / same size / circularly / they cut with a knife / and / notch it / and / centre / tying place / there / eagle / spotted / tailfeathers / piece / single / they tie it on. / (240) Limbs / four / the / about / jack rabbit / skin / cut into strips / they tie / or else / that is it / not / then / fur hairs that came off buffalo-hide in tanning / twisted into long ropelike piece / such / they use. / (241) Sage / some / in longish shape / loosely / they form it / and / in one hand / they carry it. / (242) Deer / hide / cleaned of hair / tanned / two / they use for skirts. / (243) Crown of head / they braid their hair / the / there / included / hair-parters (hair ornaments) embroidered in quills / four / on the crown of the head / there / they wear. / (244) And / standards, / or else / shields, / or else / spears, / such-like things / carrying / they would be dancing. /

(245) Now / sun dancers / the / all / correctly / they are about to dance; / then / rawhide / they spread out / and / accompanists / the / all / there / they sit. /

(246) Man / a / is chosen / so / that / drum-beaters / embroidered / the / all / they hand him; / then / carrying / he stands up / and / men / brave / two / he singles out / and / beaters / the / equally / he gives them. / (247) So / those / holding / they relate their prowess. / (248) And / accompanists / the / beaters / the / they give back to them; / then / at that point / sun dancers / the / all / properly / they are dressed / and / in groups / they are placed. /

(249) Accompanists / the / song / first / a / they sing it. / Three times / they beat rapidly / and / fourth time / there / they beat a dance tempo. / (250) Thrice they beat rapidly / the / meantime / sun dancers / the / what one / cares to / then / crying for enemy / he stands / sage / bundle / he carries / as aforesaid / that / face / there / he holds his own / and / thus / he weeps. / (251) "Fetishes / certain ones" / or else / "Mysterious ones / certain ones / pipe / I held for them / so / enemy / a / anything / troubling (for me) / lacking / I shall kill," / he says / or else / "Horses / to me / there shall be." /

(252) Saying such things / the / they finish / then / at that point / song / a / taking it up / they go; / then / meantime / whistles / the / mouth / in / they place theirs / and / drums / they strike / the / just as (or in time with) / in long breaths or notes / they cause to sound. / (253) Then / again / whistles / the / in tiny bits ("staccato") / they cause to sound. /

(254) Dancers / the / all / hair / they wear loosely. /

(255) Then / man / a / eagle / tail-feathers / parts / single one / he wears upright in hair / and / his wife / and / relatives / as many as / they can; / then / horse / fine / very / a, / or else / when / they can, / then / horses /

toha'n oki'hipi c'a šu'kak'a' to'pa nai's ya'm.ni¹ ec'e'l wic'a'k'upi¹.
(256) K'oha' wo'yute špa'ya'pi na h'ok'a' ki wic'a'k'upi¹.

(257) Nai's hoksi'cala nu'ge wic'a'kipahlokapikta u hena' iyu'skiya wic'a'k'upi¹. (258) Hoksi'cala ki is taya' wak'o'yakkicat'upi na ite' ki sa' nai's gi' he'c'el kic'u'k'iyapi¹. (259) Na he nu'ge pahlo'kikta u p'ehi'la ki yug.mi'g.ma waka'l p'aki'cihtapi¹. (260) Heha'n wic'a'sa k'u he' t'oke'ya u' na iha'kab t'aš'u'ke k'u na to'na op u k'u hena' u'pi¹. (261) Wi'ya ki hena' lowa'pi na leya'pi¹:

(262) "Owa'k'ie T'a'wa²,

(263) "T'o'ka wa paha' na'zi c'a t'aya'kpi na el hiyu'niya tk'a yakte' k'u;

(264) "Eha'ni nit'e' k'u, yani' ye;

(265) "B.lihe'ic'iya ye."

(266) Eya'lowa u'pi na aya'stapi c'a ug.na'gicala hotu*pi¹. (267) Wi-wa'yakwac'it'iyopa ki og.na' t'ima' hiyu'pi heha'n h'ok'a' ya'ka'pi ki hena' c'a'c'ega kabu'bupi na (268) "He iya'ye lo", eya'pi¹. "T'aš'u'ke otu'h'akte." (269) Hena' k'a'pi ki yuo'nihaya hina'zi na wic'a'sa wa šu'kak'a' it'a*c'a ki he t'a'wa ki he to'na t'ao*pi iya'waya wea'haha ka*gi na to'na t'oka* kte ki hena' ec'e'l owa' na tuwa' c'i ki otu'kih'a³. (270) Ow'i'za wa ta'ku wašte' u ka'gapi c'a hoksi'cala ki oki'wizapi na el e'upapi na wic'a'sa wa otu'kih'api ki he el hina'zi na wakto'g.lak mi'la p'e*stola wa yuha' na'zi na e'g.lašt'a c'a hoksi'cala ki nu'geo-hloka ohla't'eya owi'kit'upi ki hel c'ap'e'⁴. (271) Naku' nu'ge waka'tkiya yuk'sa* ki hel c'ap'e'⁴. (272) Hoksi'cala atku'ku ki iye' he'c'el c'i ha'tahaš.

(273) Hoksi'cala ki "ate'" na "ina'" eya'c'eya esa' nah'u' c'i'pi šni¹. (274) He'c'a el wi'ya waži'kzi c'ica' c'e'yapi ki o'wic'akiyapi tk'a li'la c'e'yapi šni, nahma' c'e*yapi¹. (275) He'c'el wic'a'sa nu'ge c'awi'c'ap'a g.lušt'a* c'a hoksi'cala ta'ku wašte' owi'ze k'u he yuha' na šuk'i't'ac'a k'u he k'o yuha' na naku' wo'yuha o'ta. Hel šu'kak'a' to'na awi'c'ahipi ki hena' a'beya otu'h'api na e'cela k'ina'p'api¹.

¹ Four or else three. In Dakota the higher number is always placed first.

² A proper name used merely as an illustration.

four / or else / three / about, / they give away. / (256) Meantime / food / they cook / and / accompanists / the / they give to them. /

(257) Or else / child / ears / they will pierce for them, / therefore / those / happily / they give. / (258) Child / the / as for it / beautifully / they dress him up / and / face / the / red / or else / brown / that way / they cause him to wear on himself. / (259) And / that / ear / he will pierce; / therefore / his little / hair / the / twisted into a knot / up / they tie for him. / (260) Then / man / as aforesaid / that one / first / he comes / and / after him / his horse, / as aforesaid, / and / as many as / with / he comes / the aforesaid, / those / they come. / (261) Women / the / those / they sing / and / they say this: /

(262) "His servant (or faithful companion) / His own: /

(263) "Enemy / an / aiming / stood; / then / you attacked him / and / into you / he sent it (shot), / but / you killed him, / as aforesaid; /

(264) "Long since / you were dead, / you are alive. /

(265) "Take heart anew." /

(266) Saying singing / they come / and / they stop (with their mouths, i. e., stop singing) / then / screech owl / they cry. / (267) Sun dance doorway / the / through / inside / they come; / then / accompanists / they sit / the / those / drum / they beat repeatedly, / and / (268) "That / he goes forth," / they say. / "His horse / he will give away." / (269) Then / they mean him / the / with dignity / coming he stands / and / man / a / horse / chief / the / that / it is his / the / that / as many as / he was wounded / corresponding to / blood trickling down / he represents / and / as many as / enemies / he has killed / the / those / accordingly / he paints / and / whom / he wishes / the / he gives away to. / (270) Mattress (robe or quilt that serves this purpose) / a / things / fine / out of / it is made / such / child / the / they lay down for him / and / there / they lay him / and / man / a / they give away to him / the / that / there / coming he stands / and / relating his prowess / knife / sharp pointed / a / holding / he stands / and / he finishes his own, / then child / the / ear-opening / under / they wear earrings / the / there / he pierces. / (271) Also / ear / upward / it is curved / the / there / he pierces. / (272) Child / his father / the / himself / that way / he wishes / if... then. /

(273) Child / the / "father" / and / "mother" / saying he cries / even so / to hear / they wish / not. / (274) That sort of thing / during / women / occasionally / their children / they cry / the / they help them, / but / very / they cry / not / secretly / they cry. / (275) In that manner / man / ears / piercing for them / he finishes / then / child / what things / beautiful / lies on as mattress, / as aforesaid, / that / he keeps / and / chief horse / as aforesaid / that / also / he keeps / and / also / possessions / many / and / there / horses / as many as / they brought them there / the / those / in all directions / they give away / and / alone (carrying nothing away) / they go back out. /

(276) Wiwa'yakwac'i kǐ wǎzi' c'ǎte'pahlokiḱta¹ c'a wic'a'sa tuwa' eha'ni c'ǎte'pahloka wǎ el c'anu'pa opa'ḱipi wǎ yuha' yǐ nǎ opa'ḱi k'u tk'a wǎzi'kzi t'e'ha wica*la šni ku*zapi naha'hcǐ ta'ku c'ǐ'pi kǐ he wic'a'kupi šni heha'yǎ wica'lapi šni¹. (277) Wana' wǎzi' iyo'wiyǐ nǎ c'anu'pa opa'ḱi k'u'pi k'u iya'hpeya c'a heha'n wana' c'ǎte'pahlo*-kiḱta c'a c'awa'k'a kǐ el wi'k'a su*pi ha'ska num wǎka'l iya'kaškapi nǎ ik'i'yela c'ǎte'kpahlokiḱte c'u he ina'zi nǎ is wic'a'sa wǎ ki'cipahlokiḱte kǐ el u nǎ uma' kǐ p'ago'pta yus yuwa'kal icu' nǎ yui'tuḱap yuu'k e'upi nǎ aze' ic'o*kap oyu'spi nǎ yuzi'kzilya icu'^u. (278) Wi wǎ'yakwac'i kǐ yuwa'k e' upapi kǐ heha' c'e'ya hpa'ye^e. (279) He t'ok'o'wec'e'ya eci'yapi¹. Yuzi'kzil yu'zi nǎ heha'n mi'la p'e*stola kǐ u c'oni'c'a ha ica'htakya g.laki'yǎ c'ap'a' c'a he c'aka'p'estopi wǎ el iye'yǐ nǎ ak'e' aze' uma* eci'yataha is heha'n iye'c'el ec'u'^u.

(280) Heha'n yuna'zik'iya c'a t'ok'o'wec'eye k'u he aya'sta nǎ we kǐ aha'haya k'u'tkiya u'^u. (281) T'i'takuye kǐ hena' wǎya'k na'zipi nǎ o'ta ot'e'hi ak'i'p'api nai's t'awi'c'icala naha'hcǐ yu'ze šni kǐ he li'la c'ǎte' š'i'ca na*zi nǎ nahma' c'e*ye^e.

(282) Heha'n c'ǎte' pahlo*ka wic'a'sa kǐ u nǎ isto' el oyu'spi nǎ wi'k'a su*pi ha'ska num wi'yeya iya'kaška otka' c'a el au' nǎ c'aka'p'estopi k'u wi'k'a kǐ el ahi'ik'oyakya suta'ya iye'ye^e. (283) Heha'n wi'k'a kǐ el oyu'spi nǎ yuti'ktita icu' nǎ heha'n c'awa'k'a kǐ el kaška' e'g.le^e.

(284) Wiwa'yakwac'i lowa*pi c'a c'ǎte' pahlo*kapi kǐ iyu'hci iye'-yiktehcǐ li'la yuti'ktit awac'i'¹. (285) C'ok'u' nǎ ha kǐ hena' li'la yuzi'kzil e'yaya iyu'hci icu'wac'ǐ wac'i' tk'a oki'hi šni u g.laki'kiya ihu'ni wac'i'ci hiya'yǐ nǎ tukte' el li'la hcǐ yuti'ta nǎ kai'tuḱap iye'ic'iya c'a heha'n ha c'oni'c'a kǐ iyu'hci icu'wac'ǐ tk'a oki'hi šni¹.

(286) Heha'n t'i'takuye kǐ wǎzi' hiyu' nǎ c'a wǎ k'u'^u. He šu'kak'a' c'a kah'o'l iye'yesi¹. C'ǎte' pahlo*ke k'u c'a kǐ he icu' nǎ wic'o'ta na'zipi

¹ Literally: will pierce "the heart", but meaning "the chest".

(276) Sun dancers / the / one / he will have his chest pierced ; / then / man / what one / previously / he pierced his own chest / a / to him / pipe / filled / a / having / he goes / and / filled / gives him / but / some here and there / long time / they consent not / they pretend / not as yet / what thing / they desire / the / that / they have not given them, / that long / they consent not. / (277) Now / one / he is willing / and / pipe / filled / they give him / as aforesaid / he presents ceremonially / then / at that point / now / he will pierce the chest, / therefore / sacred tree / the / to it / rope / braided / long / two / up / they tie / and / nearby / he will have his heart pierced / as aforesaid / that one / he stands / and / for his part / man / a / he will pierce for him / the / there / comes / and / other / the / holding about the waist / lifting up / he takes him / and / holding him with his chest uppermost / he lays him down / and / breast / to the inside of / he holds / and / in a way stretching it a few times / he takes it. /

(278) Sun dancer / the / they have laid him down / the / ever since / crying / he lies. / (279) That / "weeping for enemy" / it is called. Stretching it again and again / he holds / and / then / knife / sharp-pointed / the / by means of / flesh / skin / touching / horizontally / he pierces / then / that / stick / sharpened / a / there / he runs it through / and / again / breast / other one / on that side / for its part / then / in the same manner / he does. /

(280) Then / he causes him to stand up / and / his crying for the enemy / as aforesaid / that / he stops / and / blood / the / trickling down / downwards / it comes. / (281) Relatives / the / those / seeing / they stand / and / many / something insufferable / they meet with (a manner of speaking to indicate taking a thing very hard) ; / or else / his girl / not as yet / he takes her to wife / not / the / that / very / heart / bads / he stands, / and / quietly / she weeps. /

(282) Then / breast / piercer-man / the / comes / and / arm / there / holds him / and / ropes / braided / long / two / in readiness / tied / they hang / so / there / he brings him / and / sticks / they are sharpened / as aforesaid / ropes / the / to them / bring there he fastens / securely / he causes them to go. / (283) Then / ropes / the / there / he holds / and / jerks occasionally / he gives / and / then / sacred pole / the / to it / made fast / he sets him. /

(284) Sun dance / they sing / then / breast / he has been pierced / the / tear out / causing it / would fain / very / jerking at it / he dances. /

(285) Flesh / and / skin / the / those / very / stretched / it goes / tear out / taking / aiming / he dances / but / he is unable / not / for which reason / from side to side / reaching / dancing the while / he goes by / and / what times / in / very very / he pulls / and / pulling back with chest uppermost / he puts himself / then / at that point / skin / flesh / the / tear out / take / he aims / but / can not. /

(286) Then / relatives / the / one / comes / and / stick / a / gives him. That / horse / such / tells him to throw away. / Heart / pierced / as aforesaid / stick / the / that / he takes / and / crowd / they are standing /

kĩ e'gna kah'o'li ye'ya c'a li'la wi'ya u'sika nai's hoksi'la u'sika ki hena' ak'i'nignil hiya'yapi¹. (287) H'ok'a' eta' he tuwa' t'oke'ya icu' ki ki'ciyasupi na t'a'wak'yapi¹. (288) O'ta šuk'o'tuh'api¹.

(289) Heha'n c'ate' wic'a'kicipahloke c'u he c'i ha'tahš el u na c'ate' pahlo*ke k'u he yuti'ta waci' g.laki'kiya hiya'ye^e. Ak'e' ila'zata hiyu' na hiye'te anu'k yu'zi na yuha' kai'tukap g.lihpa'ya c'a kipa'hlokapi k'u he iyu'hci¹. (290) He'c'el ak'i'yuha icu'pi na ona'zi t'a*wa ekta' ak'i'upapi¹. (291) T'oke'ya yuti'ta ki kic'i' ihpa'yi na heha'ya c'ate' pahlo*ke ki t'a g.lihpa'ye^e. (292) Hoga' iye'c'el ica'pcapi na heha'ya škaška'sni t'a hpa'ye^e.

(293) Naku' a't'ok'aya is waži' oka'ska na'žikta u tuwa' ec'u'si na c'anupa opa'gi k'u^u. (294) Is eya' iye'c'el c'a swu'la top pasla'tapi na wiwa'yakwaci ki hel oka'ska na'žikta u. (295) Ak'e' c'apa'slatapi el wiwa'yakwaci ki ina'zi na tuwa' ec'u'si k'u he el u' na p'ago'pta yus yuu'k e'upi na yui'tukap yu'zi na to'k'el ob.la'ke k'u he'c'el ec'a'kicu'¹. (296) Heha'n yuki'kta na ag.la'p'suqa e'upi na ab.lo' ohla't'eya kipa'hloke^e. (297) He'c'el a'taya to'pakiya c'a c'a-wa'k'a ci*k'ala ki oto'iyohila wi'k'a ik'o'yaka c'a el ai'yakaškapi c'a is eya' yuti'ktita waci'¹. (298) He ki'tala t'e*ha ik'o'yak na-žj¹. Iya'kaškapi ki li'la yaza'a^a.

(299) Waci' ki wažik'zi i'puzat'api u t'a hpa'ye ku*zapi tk'a to'hani waži'ni he'c'ena t'e' šni¹. (300) Watu'k'api k'e'yaš "oki't'api" eci'yapi¹.

(301) Wiwa'yakwaci wa t'aš'ke kic'i' waci'kta ha'tahš ape'tu waži' a'taya šu'kak'a' ki he t'ima' kaška' kig.le' na ape'tu ki he el is eya' m.niya'kte šni na wo'te šni na'zi na wi' iya'ya heha'n kiyu'škapi¹. (302) He t'a'wa ki kic'i' waci' i' ki u wic'a'sa ki hiye'te el kipa'hlokapi, c'oni'c'a el. Na šu'kak'a' ik'a' ki el iya'kaškapi¹. (303) Naku' t'aš'ke g.luha' pahlo'kapi šni k'eš waci'pi¹.

(304) Naku' t'ape'to c'ehpi* el pahlo'kapi na t'at'a'ka p'aše'ca top ki waci'pi¹.

(305) Wiwa'yakwaci wa oka'ska otki'kta c'a napco' k'el nu'pakiya kipa'hlokapi na wi'k'a ik'a'ya maki'cahtakešniya ik'o'yakyapi¹.

the / amongst / he tosses it; / then / very / women / poor / or else / boys / poor / the / those / fighting over it / they go along. / (287) Accompanists / from (their number) / that / what one / first / took it / the / they determine for him / and / cause him to own it. / (288) Many / give away horses. /

(289) Then / heart / he pierced for them (heart-piercer) / as aforesaid / that / he wishes / if... then / to that place / he comes / and / heart / pierced / as aforesaid / that / pulling on / he dancing / from side to side / he goes along. / Again / behind him / he comes / and / shoulders / on each side of / he holds / and / holding him / backward in a prone position / he falls / then / he was pierced / the / that / it tears out. / (290) On that account / holding sharing the load / they take him / and / standing place / his own / back there / taking him there they lay him. / (291) First / he pulled with jerks / the / with / he fell / and / then / heart / pierced / the / dead he falls. / (292) Fish / in the manner of / he gasps over and over again / and / from then on / without stirring / dead / he lies. /

(293) Also / at a place apart / as for him / one / corralled / he will stand / so / someone / he asks him to perform (pierce him) / and / pipe / filled / he gives him. / (294) That also / in like manner / saplings / four / they are erected / and / sun dancers / the / there / corralled / he will stand / that is why. / (295) Again / poles erected / the / there / sun dancer / the / takes his place / and / what one / he asks him to do / as aforesaid / that / there / comes / and / about the waist / holding / in a prone position / he lays him / and / held backwards (with chest uppermost) / he holds him / and / what manner / I related / as aforesaid / that way / he does to him. / (296) Then / he causes him to sit up / and / on his stomach (face down) / he lays him / and / shoulder blades / under / he pierces for him. / (297) Thus all together / four places / so / sacred poles / little / the / every one of them / rope / it is fastened to; / so / there / he is tied fast to; / then / he also / pulling on it from time to time / dances. / (298) That / slightly / long time / fast / stands. / He is tied / the / very / they hurt him. /

(299) Dancers / the / occasionally / they die of thirst; / therefore / dead / they lie / they appear; / yet / never / not a one / actually / he dies / not. / (300) They are tired, / yet / "they are exhausted," / it is called. /

(301) Sun dancer / a / his horse / with / will dance / if... then / day / one / entire / horse / the / that / indoors (i. e., this corral place) / tied / he places his own / and / day / the / that / during / he also / water / he drinks / not / and / food / he eats / not / he stands / and / sun / it goes / then / they untie him. / (302) That / owner / the / with / he dances / the / therefore / man / the / shoulders / there / they pierce him / flesh / through. / And / horse / reins / the / there / they are tied. / (303) Also / horse / having their own / though not pierced / yet / they dance. /

(304) Also / shoulder blade / flesh / there / they pierce / and / buffalo skull / four / packing on the back / they dance. /

(305) Sundancer / a / tied / he will hang / then / long muscle of back / on / by two places / they pierce him / and / rope / fastened to it as reins /

(306) Kipa'hlok yušta'pi na yuwa'kal icu'pi na otke'yapi¹. (307) Si-ha' ki na t'ac'a' ki ma'k'icahtakešni na wiwa'yakwac'i lowa*pi c'a ic'u'ha kipa'hloke k'u he el u na ho'hotela u'pi s'e paha' iye'ya c'a oka'kos yeya' c'a p'a' ki kahu'k'ul iya'yikta kec'i' na si ki li'la nag.wa'-g.wake^o. Lak'o'tapi tk'a Hu'kpap'aya ewi'c'akiyapi he wic'o'h'a t'a*wapi šni¹.

(308) Wiwa'yakwac'i waži' c'ehpi' waki'cišpapi c'a he'ya t'a*ka i'skoya wašpa'pi¹. Hena' yawa'pi na wau'yapi na t'i'takuye wi'yapi ki iš eya' o'wic'akiyapi na hiye'te ali*ya to'nana wawi'c'ašpapi¹. (309) Hena' wau'yapi eci'yapi¹.

FREE TRANSLATION.

1. Men only may take the part of leader in the sun dance; women are never allowed to do so. 2. Those who take part in the sun dance are those who, at some previous time, before going to war, prayed for success, promising, in return, to dance in the sun dance, and so, "declaring themselves"¹. 3. The very first man to so declare himself becomes auto-

¹ Each war-party and each group of men included at least one "wak'a'" man. In times of stress a man, if his request were granted, would promise to dance the sun dance; to offer himself by piercing two or four places, to hang or stand corralled, to dance with his horse, to be cut into bits (the size of a large louse, as in 308, q. v.) or to give away one, two or three horses to the poor. He might want to kill an enemy; to steal a horse; to recover from a mortal wound; to a dear one's life to be spared; or to the raging pestilence to cease. Sometimes they asked in a lonely place for the help of the wak'a', speaking in an audible voice. If they were fortunate enough to have a holy man nearby, they asked him to call privately in their behalf. Several weeks before the sundance month, in the spring, each sun dancer-to-be asked some holy man to sponsor him. As only certain holy men were deemed able to officiate, they were in demand. From time to time, different candidates came to one and asked him to render this service. He would accept five or six, or even a dozen, but not many more. In a small sun dance, there might be from six to ten groups of candidates, each controlled by a holy man. In the Wiwa'yak-wac'ipit'aka, the Great Sun Dance, held fifty-odd years ago, when the Rosebud and Pine Ridge Og.la'la held a joined ceremony, there were over forty such groups each led by a holy man. The diameter of the encampment was four miles, so large and so crowded that it was difficult to see the ceremony. The sun dance lodge in the centre was far away from the camp circle. Each holy man would assemble his group and publicly declare its members as candidates, as they had already in various places and on various occasions declared themselves privately.

in a without-touching-the-ground manner / they fasten him. / (306) Piercing him / they finish / and / raising up / they take him / and / they hang him. / (307) Feet / the / and / body / the / they touch the ground / not / and / sun dance / they sing / then / during / piercer / as aforesaid / that / there / he comes / and / swing / they use / like / he pushes him / then / swinging suspended / he sends him; / then / head / the / pulled downward / might go / he thinks / and / feet / the / very / he kicks over and over. / They are Dakota / but / Huk'pap'aya / they are called / the / that / custom / it is theirs / not. /

(308) Sundancer / one / flesh / it is cut in bits for him / then / lice / large / the same size as / they cut out. / Those / they count / and / use for sacrificial elements / and / relatives / women / the / they also / help them (to wit, their male relatives getting so cut) / and / shoulders / along the ridge of / several places / they cut out (bits). / (309) Those / sacrifices / they are called.

matically the leader or principal, and he has the privilege of selecting his assistant from among the others who enter the group of dancers. 4. No matter how many men take part in a sun dance, there are never more than these two leaders. 5. This is the rule.

6. Or else, one may pray for deliverance for himself or another from threatening danger, and declare his intention to dance the sun dance in return. 7. Such a one does not have to go to war. 8. The ones who declare themselves and then go to war, ask that no evil shall befall them, but that they shall be the ones to bring evil to the foe.

9. When the time comes for the united public declaration of all who are to dance the sun dance, they disrobe, and stand side by side, facing the sunrise. 10. And the man whom they have selected to make the declaration for them because he represents himself as a holy man, also disrobes and takes his place behind them. If he is able to do so, he sings his own individual holy songs.

11. "Well," he says four times in succession, and then immediately he speaks mysteriously to the gods and says:

12. "O Day's Light-giver, listen kindly to me. When these sprouting grasses change their appearance, these youths of proper age promise to meet you face to face. It is so¹. 13. But also, they say, they would meet face to face with the animals of the land. 14. And in the next battle,

¹ This next sentence I never had clearly in my mind till my experiment with the Indian women, of having them restate it to me. It means "But also they would like to meet the animals face to face." Part of their request is not only to meet with the gods, but also with the animals, "they would like the animals to be easily accessible so that they may have the necessities of life, like food, clothing, and so on."

whatever brings annoyance shall be easy for them to control, and, in fact, all annoyance and trouble shall go out from them, they say. 15. 'But as for me', they say, 'let me return to my people without meeting with any mishap'¹. 16. Then those Winged Beings who live at the starting points of the Four Winds; and beneath these, all animals; and fowls, the eagle, the hawk, the crane, the loon: To all of you, these youths promise to present the pipe.

17. A day with blue sky unmarred by clouds; a warm, calm day without heat; on such a day, they will meet you face to face. So they promise."² 18. After this speech to the supernatural beings, the Holy Man sings this song:

19. I make the people good,

20. I make the people good,

21. When my friend makes these for me.

22. That ends this particular ceremony. If it should happen now that those who pledged themselves in return for a favor in war do not get an answer in exactly the way they wished, they are still bound by oath to carry out their promise and dance the sun dance at the proper time, and so fulfill their vow.

23. After this ceremony, each prospective dancer of the sun dance is set apart, and consecrated, and must therefore constantly consider himself holy, and not indulge in any pleasures nor live as he pleases³.

24. There are many holy men but only some are qualified to dance in the sun dance⁴.

25. The time comes in due course, when the properties needed in the sun dance are provided and held in readiness. 26. These are:

27. A very choice hide from a healthy, fat, fine buffalo-calf. This is carefully removed and cured and tanned skillfully. The fur is not removed. The hide, when finished, is folded reverently and laid away where nothing can touch it to defile it.

¹ They adjourn from these special preliminary ceremonies, and those warriors who have asked for special things and who have promised to dance the sun dance must keep their vow, even though their requests have not been granted in full.

² Last summer, at the fair on the Rosebud, the old dancers asked for a clear day. The next morning, it was not warm and there were swift-moving clouds in the sky, and it looked as though before long a rain might follow. An old crier went around the circle, denouncing the evil ways of the young people and their disregard of the tribal beliefs, saying that on their account everything was changing, and the request for a blue day was denied. The demonstration was therefore postponed till the next day when the sky was perfect.

³ Whoever has declared his intentions must remain in a consecrated state. He must refrain from all worldly pleasures and practise continence, living apart from his wife.

⁴ Explains why certain holy men are in such demand, because they are qualified to act as spokesmen to the sun dancers. Not every holy man is so impowered.

28. A piece of buffalo fat from the loin. The fat must be the size of a man's hand.
29. The fat which covers a ruminant's heart.
30. An ornamented bag.
31. A pair of moccasins.
32. Some vermillion face paint.
33. Some tobacco.
34. A hatchet.
35. A knife.
36. Sweet grass for incense¹.

37. Next come the wearing apparel of the individual dancer which he must procure:

38. Four hair-ornaments decorated with porcupine quills which he wears on top of his head, parting his hair.²

39. A pendant of rawhide cut in the form of a disk and notched around the rim. This is painted blue, and in its centre a single eagle feather is attached. The pendant is strung on a small string of braided hide and worn about the neck so that it hangs directly in front, over the heart.

40. A rabbit skin slashed into four strips which are tied, one around each wrist and ankle.³

41. Two soft, tanned deer skins worn about the hips like a skirt.

42. A figure of a man to represent the enemy, and a figure of a buffalo bull, cut out of rawhide, are tied to the sacred pole at the top, before it is raised up and planted.

43. A long braided rawhide rope is also provided.

44. Two sharpened sticks which will be used to pierce the dancer's flesh, either in the chest, if he is to hang, or below his shoulders, if he is to stand tied.

45. And paints of all colors with which the dancer is to paint himself ceremonially; also some blue-stone.

46. All these things are procured and held in readiness. Then comes the moon known as the Moon-when-animals-fatten (June), at which time, permission is obtained from the Gentle Speech Society through the chiefs who are members.

¹ Add also the image, etc., under 42.

² The four sticks were ornamented with braided porcupine quill in bright colors and dyed horse hair clusters. The hair was always dressed with a small lock on the crown, braided. To this were fastened the four sticks just mentioned, one straight upright, one downward, one each pointing horizontally to the right and to the left.

³ This means that one rabbit skin is slashed into four strips and one strip is wrapped around each ankle and each wrist of the dancer. No war-bonnets and fancy things were used at all.

47. Then comes a day when the leader of the sun dance begins to get ready. 48. His assistant whom he himself selected, also begins to get ready. A tent, dedicated to the work of preparation, is pitched at a distance away from the camp circle, but facing it; and here the men who have been loaned by the Gentle Speech Society to the leaders to see that everything is done decently and in order, busy themselves with preparations. 49. All around, inside the tent, a carpet of sage branches is spread, and at the place of honor the ground is carefully prepared. 50. That place so prepared is called an "Altar". On the right hand side inside the tipi, a "buffalo hide without hair" as it is called, is laid.

51. The two leaders of the sun dance are now made ready. They are disrobed and they wear their hair hanging loosely. Only one of them carries the pipe which is filled with tobacco, and both wear buffalo robes with the fur on the outside. 52. Those men who were loaned by the Gentle Speech Society are there to accompany them.

53. While they are getting ready, they abstain from all food and water. They make themselves suffer by fasting.

54. The two leaders start out now to walk to the tipi where the holy man who is the spokesman to the gods abides; and the men from the Gentle Speech Society follow them at some distance. 55. The people so walking go softly, stopping occasionally¹. 56. All the holy men sit in one tent and are dressed alike. They are naked but for their buffalo-hide robes which they wear with the fur outside, and on their heads they have perched a stuffed red woodpecker². 57. At the place of honor where an altar had been prepared, they have placed an unbroken buffalo dung.³

58. All those people who accompany the two sun dance leaders now enter and go to the right of the tipi. 59. At their entrance, the holy man rises and takes his place a little to the centre of the rest, with his palms open. 60. The pipe is filled. 61. Holding the pipe so that the bowl will come into his right hand, they now give it to him. 62. The holy man closes his palms over the pipe to receive it. 63. When this takes place,

¹ Oya'te here does not mean the entire tribe, but the certain ones from the Gentle Speech Society who are in attendance; some have no duties, but go following the sun dance leaders as a mark of respect. They stop three times before arriving at the holy man's tent, where they make their fourth and final stop. Though there are several holy men, each responsible for sponsoring his group of dancers, there is one principal holy man who is going to be the spokesman to the gods for the entire undertaking, a special guardian for the sun dance leader. He is the one they are going to see now, and on the occasion of their coming, all the other holy men sit in the tent with him, waiting for the pipe to be brought by the leaders.

² The holy man flayed this bird carefully; stuffed it, and perched it on top of the head, as part of his sun dance dress,

³ This same substance is used in the buffalo ceremony, the final part of the Wana'gi Yuha'pi ceremony, and in other rites.

all present give thanks and say audibly, "Hayé." 64. Then the holy man takes sweet grass in his hand and burns it at the altar. 65. He reaches for the sweet grass three times, and the fourth time he actually takes it and burns it. 66. Then he takes the filled pipe, and rests the bowl on the buffalo manure with the stem pointing towards the sky. In that position, he holds the pipe while he speaks mystically to his vision:

67. "Great Mystery, turn your eyes earthward and look on me pityingly and aid me. 68. And you, Winged Beings who abide in the four cardinal points, and you birds of all species, who abide below: Those youths of goodly age who sometime in the past vowed to offer themselves as sacrifices, and so sent word to you, have now reached the time when their vow shall be fulfilled. For that purpose all things are in readiness, but a good day with a blue sky unmarred, a day warm and calm, but without heat, they would have in which to meet you, each of them separately to meet you, face to face. That is what they say. 69. Without any mishap or accident they would complete their ceremony, so they say. 70. And therefore, they will ceremonially present this pipe to you, they say."

71. Once more all present say, "Hayé." 72. Then the holy man lights and draws the smoke, and then he holds the stem, and allows them all to smoke in turn, beginning with the sun dance leader. That act closes this particular ceremony. 73. The pipe is now left with the man to whom it was presented, and those who came to him depart to their own homes.

74. It is the holy man's turn to go, and he walks to that tent already referred to, which was pitched at some distance from the camp circle and ceremonially prepared for him by the members of the Gentle Speech. 75. When the sun has completely set, one kettleful of boiled tongue is brought to the ceremonial tent, and all men connected with the sundance go to that central place. 76. The holy man now enters, and approaching the altar where a filled pipe is laid, he reaches for it three times without taking it. The fourth time he takes it, with the bowl in his right hand. 77. He also reaches for the incense three times, and then the fourth time actually takes it and burns it. 78. Then the holy man sits down, and rests the pipe's bowl on the buffalo dung, and holds the mouthpiece towards the sky. And the people sit in silence.

79. "Great Mystery, look down to earth in pity and aid me. 80. The time has now come for the fulfillment of that vow which these goodly youths of the proper age vowed to you. 81. But they say it is a clear day, with a blue sky unmarred, without heat, just gently warm, that they would have in which to meet you face to face. 82. And they say, 'With my people I would live without misfortune. 83. Prepare for me a pasture for the buffalo bull, his wife and young, at some distance to the south of me, so that by means of them, I and my people may keep alive,' they say."

84. After each pause in this prayer all the people say, "Hayé." And then they sing:¹

85. So saying, I am arrived,

So saying, I am arrived,

So saying, I am arrived,

86. I am related to all spirits the world over.

87. Then they present the pipe ceremonially, and then all smoke. 88. The sun dancers all disrobe now, and put on fur robes with the fur on the outside, and they stand in the place of honor, side by side, facing the doorway. In their hands, they each carry a special type of whistle, used only in the sun dance, and made from the largest bone in the eagle's wing.

89. Skilled singers now enter and seat themselves around the rawhide mentioned before, and as they sing and shout, these who are to dance in the sun dance wail aloud. 90. This is called "Crying for the enemy", i. e., crying because they want an enemy to kill. 91. They sing the first sundance song, and three times through they beat the time rapidly with light, quick beats. The fourth time, they slow down to a dance tempo. 92. And then the sun dancers all dance. 93. They sing many songs. 94. Then from the kettle containing the boiled ruminants' tongues, the holy man takes a small piece of meat and eats it. 95. After that all those people who are present also eat. 96. Four separate groups of songs are sung through and then the group adjourns.

97. This part is repeated four times, i. e., once through on each of four different occasions. But if for any reason, there is need for hurry, then they go through with it at two gatherings twice through at each gathering.

98. Then the whole tribe breaks camp, reverently, and they journey to a site already selected as suitable for the occasion. 99. The reason is that there they will dance the sun dance.

100. The magistrates seat themselves in a row on the open prairie to await the time to start the moving of camp. The leader of the sun dance approaches now, again wearing only the fur robe with the fur outside, and carrying a filled pipe on his arm, and seats himself in front of the magistrates, with his back to them. 101. When the people are all ready and the magistrates are to lead them, the leader of the sun dance makes the first move to start and then the magistrates get up. They go in this order: The sun dance leader first, the magistrates side by side. 102. And then the people.

103. On this journey to the new site, they halt three times and unload their equipment as though they had arrived. Their fourth stop is the

¹ Oe'yašta, pauses at the end of sentences or statements. The people say "Hayé" after each sentence.

final one and then the people are instructed how to pitch their tents in a circle, according to a plan.¹ 104. Those who do this directing of the camp are the ones from the Gentle Speech Society.

105. Then a buffalo skull is brought to camp for the purpose of consecrating it.

106. And now comes the time to send scouts out for the sacred tree. For this purpose certain men who are to have charge of sending them out, carrying their drum, walk together towards the site where the sun dance lodge is to be erected. And here they seat themselves. 107. And the ones who are to go scouting are brought in, being escorted and held on the arm. 108. These men are placed in line, and the singers come and also stand nearby, side by side. 109. This is the song that is used here, naming the one first who is first in line, and so on, till a verse is sung for each.

110. Once again ne goeth forth,

111. Horned Wolf goeth forth,

112. Back home that is what they say!

113. Now when they have named them all, they go forth in a single file formation (they ride) while the men shout and the women give the screech-owl call.²

114. And if a woman has a relative who has gone out with the scouting party, she sings his praise thus: (115. It is because he has been brave in the past and everyone knows it that may she sing for him.)

116. Horned Wolf who has always been brave
Once again goeth forth!

117. They never go straight up to the tree, but act cautiously as if in the proximity of the enemy. They go stealthily around and locate it from a distance³. 118. And from there they return in single file formation.

¹ They would take down the tent poles and load of bedding and everything, just as though they were going to camp right there. Then at a signal they would load up again and continue the march. They say that the signal to halt was a blanket thrown over a walking stick, and held aloft by a police officer in the van of the march. The signal for proceeding is forgotten. My informants are inclined to think that the word only was given.

² This whole scene took place on horseback. They rode off, single file. The screech owl call is always given by women. A series of li-li-li-li-li-li-li (open i), in a high-pitched voice, given so rapidly that it sounds like a trill. It is an honoring cry, praising the warrior mentioned.

³ They pretended to be cautious, as though in the neighborhood of an enemy. They stole up within sight of the tree, and sneaked off without "letting him see them." The scene here is as follows: the scouts ride back in a bee-line towards camp and all the young men of the tribe ride out to meet them, bringing them home, but riding in circles around them as they come. Meantime someone has put up a cluster of boughs about the

119. The youth of the tribe meet them and bring them in, riding fast and circling around them as they advance. The scouts now break through and rush at top speed towards the singers where they are sitting. Meantime someone has planted a bunch of boughs in the ground near the singers. 120. There is a saying that whichever scout first arrives at that place will be the first to kill a foe. 121. On that account they vie with each other to arrive there first.

122. The scouts come in singing the song called "The Scouts' Return" and when they arrive they sit down before the singers who fill a pipe for them and cause them to smoke together. 123. Then a man questions them saying: 124. "If you observed in some way the manoeuvres of the wolf from the place where you stood, tell me truthfully. 125. See to it lest you deceive me!" 126. The spokesman for the returned scouts replies in like manner and says: 127. "Where the Mountain Ram River flows into the Rockies is a level land, a meadow. There I saw a host of Crow Indians encamped."¹ 128. All say: "Hayé." 129. Then the return scouts spend some time in give-away, and then the group disperses.²

130. The time for going out to hew down the sacred tree comes immediately after this. All the various societies, carrying their drums, walk quietly and in order. 131. The sun dance leaders and the holy men also go. 132. The dance leader wears again the robe with the fur outside, carries a filled pipe, and on his head is perched a stuffed red-headed woodpecker. 133. On arriving at the tree, the different societies sit in groups and beat their drums and sing and cheer. And then they dance. 134. When the holy man comes to offer up incense, he reaches for it, feigning to take it three times, but on the fourth he takes it and burns it. 135. Then he takes the pipe in his hands, and holding it, he says:

136. "You living things, who roam the hillsides of the clouds, give height of a man, near the place where the accompanists are seated. This is another effigy of the enemy. As soon as possible, the scouts break through the circling riders and charge towards the figure of boughs. The one first to arrive, strikes it from where he sits on his horse, with his whip, as he dashes by. That is called "a'tayela kte, to kill directly," the first to count coup. The second, third and fourth would also be counted. After that, those arriving and striking the boughs get no honors. And it is believed that the first four will be able to count coup in that order on the next warpath. For this reason they rush forth to arrive first.

¹ These questions and answers are a part of the acting; they are given as examples.

² To give freely was considered proper and honorable; to give to the poor was fine, for they needed it; but sometimes they also gave to the rich, and later these repaid in similar style. Often, on the occasion of a visit from some other tribe, during a truce, the Dakota would give horses and goods in great quantities. Then their recipients praised them and sang for them. A man who gave freely was respected in the tribe; a man who did not, was looked on with contempt, as stingy, little, not really a man.

ear to me. 137. You whom they call the red woodpecker; the one called the flicker, the one called the robin, the one called the pileated woodpecker: This is your tree and on it you rear your offspring well. A comely youth offers himself a sacrifice. 138. 'I am borrowing your tree, but it is only so that my people may learn to raise their young as you do with tender care,' he says. 139. 'So shall my people thrive and live without misfortune', he says." 140. Then this song is sung: (the tree speaking)

141. "Here at high noon stood I, holy;¹

142. Stood I, holy, recognizing people here and there;

143. In the center, stood I, holy²."

144. The pipe is then offered ceremonially. 145. Just as that site is completed, the eight chosen to cut the tree are now led up. 146. Four men and four women are chosen for this. 147. Only good men and women are chosen (valiant men, and chaste women). 148. The young men are first led up in line and they relate their war achievements. The first one relates his prowess and then taking the ax he pretends three times to strike the tree. The fourth time he does strike it as deeply as he can, and leaves the ax there³. 149. That little act is called, "Cutting the sacred tree." 150. Then his women relatives give the screech-owl call in his praise and give away much property in his name. 151. Each of the men goes through the same act in the same way. 152. Then the women also who were mentioned before, take turns striking the tree⁴. 153. When then have cut a gash in the tree, they also give away gifts freely. 154. The societies now beat their drums and sing for dancing.

155. When the sacred tree is finally cut down, the men cut and trim saplings and slip them under the tree. Then they take hold of the saplings at each end, and so raise and carry the tree while other men who are free gather boughs and branches and carry them. 156. On the return

¹ This song is sung for the Sacred Tree and the holy man uses words that the Tree might use for himself, as a person.

There was a time when I stood, holy, in the midst of the day.

There was a time when I stood, holy, recognizing people here and there.

There was a time, when I stood, holy, in the centre of the camp circle in the tribe.

² The tree expresses with some regret his breaking with the past, when he stood as a holy thing in the centre of the forest. The little word, *k'u*, gives the words a retrospective force. E. C. D.

³ They tell about their prowess, not in exact details, but they say something like this: "An enemy was aiming at me around a tree. There was no place to hide but I met him head on and though he wounded me his scalp is here. That is who I am, who now strike this Tree," etc.

⁴ My informants agree that women, — generally young women, — could never fell the tree. The four honorary tree fellers only cut into it for the ceremony, after which it was hewn down by the men in charge. The trees used were about 30 inches at the base, sometimes larger. It is unlikely that eight strokes would fell it.

march with the tree, the procession makes three false stops, the fourth stop being the final one. 157. On the last stretch homeward all the young men turn towards camp and give the wolf howl. 158. Then they all rush forth, running so hard that here and there they run into one another and knock each other down. Those so knocked down sometimes appear to be dead, but they recover in time, as a rule. 159. When the tree is finally brought home, the men put up a shelter from the sun, all about the tree, and the societies sing and dance. 160. When this is taking place, the relatives of the society members bring food to them, so that all, even non-members, feast.

161. Then the holy man, in company with the leader of the sun dance, starts towards the centre of the circle, where all this is going on. 162. The people who had been dancing and singing now become very still. 163. They come, carrying the properties in this manner: 164. The leader of the sun dance, wearing the robe with the fur outside, walks first, with a filled pipe in his hand. Directly behind him walks the holy man, followed by the servers, carrying the necessary properties. 165. The fine skin of a buffalo calf, described before; the moccasins, and the cherry-wood sticks; the rawhide images of the enemy and the buffalo bull; the loin fat, the fat covering from the ruminant's heart rolled in vermillion clay, — these they bring, as they follow.

166. On arriving at the tree, they select a good man, and gentle, to dig the hole into which the tree is to be set when erected. 167. That is one of the honors that people attend for, each hoping he may be the one chosen. 168. Once again the holy man stands with the pipe in his hand which he offers ceremonially, and then he speaks mystically to his vision.

169. Then they tie the calf skin to the top of the tree, where a cluster of leaves has purposely been left on. 170. From that point, they stretch the skin out by pinning sticks to the limbs in the form of a cross. 171. It is then flat and spread out. 172. The tree was forked, but one prong of the fork has been partly cut. In the crotch they tie a bundle containing the bag with the moccasins inside. This bag is rolled over choke-cherry sticks into a narrow bundle which is fastened crosswise, at right angles, to the tree. 173. The rawhide images of the enemy and the buffalo bull are also tied there so that they swing, suspended. 174. That fat from the covering of a ruminant's heart already referred to, which is rolled in red clay paint, is now used to paint the sacred tree. 175. And that piece of buffalo loin fat, the size of a man's hand, is buried at the base of the hole in which the tree is to be planted.

176. Just before he gives the red ceremonial painting to the tree, the holy man sings this song:

177. "With voice sounding forth, I appear;
With voice sounding forth, I appear;
With face showing, I appear;
I cause the buffalo bull to roam over your land.

178. With voice sounding forth, I appear,
I cause the buffalo bull to roam over your land,
Those I give to you."

179. When these things are finished, the societies stand, and some tie the long braided rawhide ropes to the pole, and others hold onto the pole itself to push it up into an erect position while the first group pull it up with the ropes. When it is at last in place, the drums are beaten with repeated, rapid beats, and many cheers fill the air. 180. Then the men plant forked poles in the ground in a great circle. Then they go out and bring in the longest tipi poles in the tribe. With these they build the frame-work over which they throw boughs for a shelter. 181. When this wall is completed all around, the singers enter with their drum and sing the songs for the "Smoothing out the floor with their feet" dance. Then men alone, dressed in gala dress, and carrying standards, shields, and spears, start out from the camp, in single file formation towards the lodge. They come running, and they circle around the newly built structure before they enter it. If they carry guns, they perform the "missing aim" dance, and shoot repeatedly at the enemy image of raw hide¹.

182. Then they place in the centre about eight men who are being trained to become brave fighters. 183. Some stand by, hoping they may be taken for this honor, but when they find that they are overlooked, then they pout, and dance angrily, shooting their guns more frequently than is necessary.

184. When they are about to disperse, someone who while scouting in the past, has killed an enemy, carries a scalp tied to a long stick, and taking his place in front of the line of dancers, he starts dancing towards the doorway, swinging his stick with the scalp on it, and the row of dancers follows behind him in rank formation. But at the doorway, instead of going out, the leader strikes the scalp to the ground, and starts dancing backward towards the place of honor, and the dancers, still facing the door, immediately dance backward too. As they begin dancing backwards, many guns are shot into the air. 186. They dance forward only to go back three times in this manner, and the fourth time they actually make their exit. 186. Those who had been placed in the centre, as warriors in training, now give away much property.

187. At this time, those who are taking part in the sun dance proper, are preparing themselves to assemble at the lodge. 188. As they start out, the sun dance leader goes ahead, carrying a buffalo skull in front of him, each hand grasping a horn, and the skull facing forward. 189. The other dancers come after and stand side by side, facing the dance lodge.

¹ They miss on purpose because they must not hit it and bring it down, for it is there for the ceremony; on the other hand, they shoot at it because it is an enemy, i. e., the man-figure in rawhide, and also, the buffalo-figure in rawhide.

190. As they walk towards the lodge, they wail. 191. Again that which is called "Crying for the enemy". 192. They all circle around the sun dance lodge, and then they enter, and advance towards the place of honor where they are to sit. 193. The skull is taken to the centre of the place of honor and laid so that it faces towards the doorway.

194. (All sun dance lodges are built to have their opening towards the sunrise.)

195. The properties for the dancers are brought to them later. Immediately the singers enter, and spreading out the rawhide robe without fur, they beat on it for a drum. 197. The singers sing the first song through three times rapidly, during which time, the dancers stand weeping for the enemy. The fourth song they sing is drummed in dance tempo, and then the sun dancers dance. 198. The dancers are caused to continue the dancing all night long. 199. At dawn when the world is beautifully still, the sun dance leader stands leaning against the sacred tree, crying for the enemy.

200. From the time they enter the lodge they have no food nor water but at daybreak young maidens who are not yet married to the ones who are courting them but who feel they care come up to the rear of the lodge and secretly bring water and tree bark which they push in towards their young men. 201. It is cotton-wood bark which they mix with water and bring to their men². 202. That service seems to be something that they are proud of. 203. And the young men are made very happy by it and share the water with their friends.

204. They dance for two days and two nights, and during that time they fast.

205. From among the singers two men are appointed to go about the tribe conveying the post of water carrier to certain ones, and also requesting certain virtuous young women to embroider the drum sticks with porcupine quills². 206. When these have all been appointed, they

¹ The bark of the cottonwood is peeled off; the soft inner layer moist with sap is scraped off with a sharp knife; the resulting fluid is mixed half and half with water and given to very thirsty dancers secretly. Water is never given pure.

² This happens very early in the season, long before the sun dance. The young women, skillful in porcupine work, are selected early, for it takes time to ornament the drumsticks with quills. Also those to carry water to the accompanists during a given sun dance are appointed long beforehand.

A man is selected from among the accompanists to take up all the drumsticks. He calls out two brave men whom the people want to honor, and gives each one half of the sticks. These they hold in their hands while they relate their war prowess, after which they give away quite generously. Eight such sticks was a usual number, though there might be quite a chorus of singers in the group. So each man would stand up with four of these drumsticks in his hand as he related his prowess.

(From this point on, Sword repeats himself, and the narrative is lacking in sequence.)

come into the sun dance lodge and give away much property. 207. They also bring food and water. 208. Those maidens who have been chosen to decorate the drumsticks also give away gifts. 209. They bring back the completed drumsticks and return them to the singers, and they too bring food and water. 210. The next morning all the dancers are seen sitting quiet. 211. As they sit, the holy man of the sun dance prepares the sacred area or altar pulverizing the soil carefully with a knife and hatchet. 212. Whatever he touches in this work, he feigns to take three times, and only on the fourth time does he actually touch and take it up. 213. In the centre of the area, he makes a cross, and over it he sprinkles red paint and tobacco (blended with kinnikinick.)¹

214. Then he relates his vision and says:

215. "You Winged Beings of the West, and you eagles who soar below: A comely youth of the right age, promised to put tobacco in for you, as you know. The time for that vow is here, and he is about to keep it. 216. It is a day with blue sky unmarred by clouds, with heat absent, agreeably warm, — such a day it is that he wants, in which to meet you face to face, he says. 217. 'To the south of me', he says, 'keep for me a pasture for the buffalo bull, his wife, and his young. For then, by means of them, I and my people shall live. 218. Evil winds and pestilence went by, and lo! when they neared my tribal circle, they gently went around it and passed on. And thus it comes, that I and my people shall live' he says." 219. Towards the other three cardinal points the holy man repeats this speech. 220. Then he says, looking upwards, "Great Mystery!" and again he repeats the speech. 221. The earth he addresses thus: "Thou alone, Grand Mother, who causes growth!" and to the earth he addresses the speech.

222. Then the holy man paints the buffalo skull. 223. With the red paint he makes streaks on it, and stuffs crushed sage leaves into the eye and nostril openings. And then he sings this song:

224. All manner of things did this my friend give to me.
All manner of things did this my friend give to me.
225. The buffalo gave me a robe, he said.
226. He said he gave it to me because it was good.
227. They sing at various points in the ceremony, but
these are the songs they sing over again.
228. Friend, you see my many horses,
Friend, you see my many horses,
229. The people see my horses,
230. Friend, you see my many horses.

¹ The ground was prepared and over it sweet grass and tobacco were sprinkled before the rite of painting the buffalo skull.

231. While these mysteries are being made, all people who are in the sundance lodge proper are very quiet, and nobody must go past the door on the outside.

232. Then comes the ceremonial painting of all the sun dancers.

233. They are not all painted alike, but each one is painted with minor differences. 234. The traditional painting was like this: 235. The entire face was given a vermillion base. Then a blue line, the breadth of a man's finger, was made around the face, complete. A straight line of the same width and color was made down the center of the forehead ending at the bridge of the nose. On each cheek, a similar line ran down; and also one down the chin, from the centre of the lower lip to the bottom of the chin. 236. The whole body is always given a red base. And down the shoulders and outer arm, a blue line made. 237. The line divides down the back of the hand and extends along each finger, but the palm is left untouched¹. 238. Clusters of sage are tied into the band around the head, and each man has a special sundance whistle, made from the largest bone in an eagle's wing. Whenever they dance, they hold these whistles in their mouths, and blow them continuously as they dance. These whistles have some sage leaves tied around the mouth piece, and a single eagle feather tip is tied tightly to the other end in such a way that it can not dangle.

239. A piece of rawhide cut into a disk and notched around the rim is prepared. It is the size of a baby's head. To the center of the disk they tie a single tailfeather from the spotted eagle. 240. About the wrists and ankles of each dancer are tied strips from a jack rabbit skin, or failing that, ropes made by twisting the hair that comes off a buffalo hide in tanning. 241. In one hand they carry long loose branches of sage². 242. Two tanned deerskins, cleaned of the fur, are worn about the loins, skirt-fashion. 243. Four hair ornaments, decorated with porcupine quills, are pinned into the base of the scalp lock, at the crown of the head. 244. Such instruments as standards, shields and spears are carried in the hand.

¹ The time-honored way of putting on the sacred painting of the sun dancers was this (although they deviated from it in some particulars with various individuals): Red, or brownish red all over the face and the exposed body; a line the width of one finger down the forehead from the edge of the hair to the bridge of the nose; two similar lines of about the same length down the cheeks; one down the chin from the centre of the lower lip to the edge of the chin. A broad line clear around the face. The line also ran over the shoulder, down the arm to the hand where it seems to have separated and run along each finger on the hand; the palm side was left clean. All these lines were made with bluestone.

² This sage bouquet was held like a large spray of flowers, and carried about in one hand by the dancer. Whenever he wept for the enemy he held it over his face.

245. Whenever the dancers are going to dance, the singers spread out the rawhide drum and take their seats about it.

246. Then a man is selected who takes up all the drum sticks from the singers and calls out into the center two brave men of prominence and wealth. He then divides the sticks evenly and gives them to these two men. 247. Holding these in their hands, the two men tell about their war deeds. 248. Then they return the drum sticks to the singers. At that time, all the dancers are placed about in groups, being now properly garbed and painted.

249. The singers sing the first song. Three times they hurry through it, while the ones among the dancers who are so inclined cry aloud for the enemy, holding the cluster of sage branches in front of their faces. 251. They say: "For certain fetishes (or mysterious beings) I have held the pipe; so, in return, I shall kill an enemy without misfortune to myself," or, "so, in return, I shall have horses."

252. When each one has had his say, along these lines, the singers start a song again, and the dancers, who now place their whistles in their mouths, blow them with long breaths, keeping time with the beat of the drum. 253. Then again, they blow their whistles with short notes at short intervals.

254. All who dance wear their hair loose and hanging.

255. Then a man, wearing upright a single eagle feather in his hair, comes forward, followed by his wife and as many of his relatives as are able to come. They give away a very fine horse, or when possible, four or three horses, and also they provide cooked food for the singers.

257. Or, if a family is having its child's ears pierced, they give away gifts gladly¹. 258. The child is dressed in beautiful clothes, and its face

¹ This piercing of a child's ears was a great honor. One of the meanest things one can say of another whose ears are not pierced is, "T'ehi'lapi šni c'a nu'gek i skaye'la u wešā'." (It is patent nobody loved him for look at his white ears.) White in this sense means clean and whole, not cut. One informant says she has seen the babies and children of a year or two, crying in pain with blood all over their faces. On those occasions, the father must give away lavishly. Some parents want only one hole on the lobe of each ear. Others want two on each ear, one on the lobe, the other on the helix. The man invited to pierce the ears received the principal horse, the one ornamented with paint, showing the wounds of his brave owner. He also received the robe of beautiful material on which the child lay. Others were given the remaining gifts and the parents came out of the dance lodge empty-handed, with only their child in their arms. This was considered a mark of great love for the child.

Some parents (as my father's parents) can not bear to have their children mutilated. So they order the man to go through the motions, holding the knife for a moment on the point where the hole is made. Then the goods are given away just the same, and the parents may at leisure pound out some lead into a pin-like shape and bend it on to the lobe like a clamp. Every morning they tighten it a bit till it works though the ear and makes the hole without shedding blood.

is painted with red or brown paint. 259. And because its ears are to be pierced, they tie its hair in a knot on top of the head. 260. Then they approach the sun dance lodge, the man coming first, leading the horse (or horses) to be given away, and after him come those who accompany him. 261. The women sing and say:

262. Companion¹,

263. An enemy stood aiming at you, so you attacked him,
and when he fired at you, you killed him, — that is you.

264. You who were as good as dead in the past, you yet live.

265. Take heart!

266. So saying, they approach, and on finishing the song, they give the screech owl cry. 267. Just as they enter the lodge, the singers beat the drum rapidly to attract attention and 268. "Here he comes!" they call out, "He will give his horse away!" 269. The one they refer to enters and stands with dignity, leading his horse, which is painted to show how his owner was wounded, and how many enemies he killed. His owner gives this horse to whom he chooses.

270. A beautiful robe is spread on the ground and the child is laid on it. Then the man to whom the principal horse was given stands with a sharp knife in his hand and tells about his war deeds. When he concludes that speech, he pierces the child's ears below the ear opening in the part of the ear where earrings are generally worn. 271. He may also make a hole in the helix of each ear. 272. This is only if the father of the child so wishes.

273. Even if the child cries, calling its father and mother, they do not want to hear it. 274. At such times some women cry too when their children cry, but they do so secretly, not aloud. 275. When the man has thus finished piercing the child's ears, he receives the beautiful robes on which the child lay, and he also gets the principal horse. Much other property, and the rest of the horses, are given away here and there, and the parents leave emptyhanded.

276. A sun dancer who must have his chest pierced, (according to his vow) goes to someone who on a previous occasion has himself been pierced. He presents a filled pipe to him. But at such times, now and then such a man will refuse the pipe for some time pretending he dreads to perform the act until the thing he wants is offered in return for the service. 277. When he finally accepts, and in token receives the filled pipe, and offers it ceremonially, then for the piercing, two long braided ropes are tied to the tree, and the one to be pierced stands near by. Then the one who is to perform the cutting steps up, and, grasping the dancer by the waist, he lays him prone, face upward, and grasps the flesh on one side of his chest. 278. From the time he is laid down, the sundancer lies

¹ A proper name.

crying. 279. That is called "Crying for the enemy". Holding the flesh stretched out far, the piercer pierces the chest down to the quick through the muscle under the skin, and runs a sharpened stick through the holes like a pin. Immediately he repeats the process at a point on the chest somewhat to the opposite side.

280. Then the sundancer is helped to his feet, and instantly he stops crying. The blood trickles down from his wounds. 281. His relatives stand by watching and suffer at the sight, while his girl, if he is yet unmarried, stands by weeping silently in great sorrow¹.

282. Then the piercer steps up to the one pierced and taking him by the arm, leads him to the tree, and ties the ends of the two braided ropes mentioned above to the wooden skewers which are pinned through the wounds. 283. But first, he takes hold of those sticks and pulls on them a few times, and then ties him to the tree.

284. When the sundance songs are being sung, the man dances, pulling hard on the wounds, trying to break away. 285. He pulls hard on the skin and on the muscles, trying to pull himself free, but failing, he dances from side to side, pulling away backwards, with a mighty effort, hoping thus to tear himself free. But still he is not able to do so.

286. At this point a relative may step up and hand him a stick. That stick represents a horse, and he is to throw it away. The one with the pierced chest, takes the stick and hurls it into the crowd, and at once the women and boys of the tribe who are poor scramble for it and sometimes they fight over it². 287. So great is the confusion over these sticks that it is never clear just who picks it up first, and the members of the singing group have to decide just whose it is. Their decision is final. 288. Many people give away horses.

¹ "His girl whom he has not yet married stands by crying secretly." When I read that, the women laughed and said that was a fact; that sometimes a man, when he could not make an impression on the girl he wanted, might go into the sun dance, secretly praying for her affections; and when she saw him near death, so mutilated and suffering, she would be touched so by pity that she would weep and decide she loved him. It is a fact, they said, that after each sun dance there were many elopements.

² When the sufferer tried painfully to be free, and pulled in vain on the pierced places and yet could not tear out the ropes, a relative, generally a woman but sometimes an old father, not being able to stand the sight, and caring more for the victim than for his possession, gave him a stick and told him to throw it into the crowd. He did so, and the poor women, and the boys scrambled for it. The one who, according to the accompanists' decision, got it first, received a horse from the relative. After parting with so valuable a thing as a horse, the relative had the right to go to the one who pierced the victim, and ask him to free him. The piercer would then either go up and swing him a few times strenuously to free him, or else, he would take his knife and cut out the wounds, taking out the sticks with which he was pinned and to which the ropes holding him to the sacred pole were attached.

289. Then, if he so chooses, the piercer comes to his victim, and dances from side to side with him, pulling on the wounds. Again, he may come behind the victim and taking him by the shoulders, pull back with him, throwing himself backward until the wounds are torn loose from the ropes. 290. Then men come and take him up and carry him to his special place. 291. At first, the one who pulled him free falls down with him, and then the pierced one lies as one dead. 292. Like a fish, he gasps several times and then he lies motionless as death.

293. One who is to stand tied also offers a pipe in the same manner to the one whom he selects to pierce him³⁰. 294. In the same way, for him, four saplings are erected. They are erected for a place in which the sundancer is to stand pierced. 295. Again, the victim stands in the center of the four posts, and the one he asked to perform the cutting, comes and taking him around the waist, he lays him down face upwards, and does for him as I have explained in the case of the other. 296. He then brings him to a sitting position, and turning him over on his face, he pierces him in two more places, below his shoulder blades. 297. He thus has four wounds in his body. Now to each wound a rope is fastened to the wooden pin that pierces it. And this rope is tied to one of the posts. So tied, the man dances, trying, as the other did, to tear out the pins and free himself. 298. This manner of piercing is harder for it takes longer for the victim to free himself, and the wounds are very painful.

299. Some of the dancers will at times lie as if dead from thirst. To all appearances they are dead. But actually, they are not. 300. They are merely tired. 300. It is called exhaustion.

¹ Here is one who promised long ago that if he had a certain answer to his prayer, he would stand corralled. Then, at the proper time, to one side of the pole, but inside the sun dance lodge, his workers brought in four small poles, about nine feet high (called here little sacred poles). They were placed in a square, about six feet apart. The piercer came and pierced the man in four places, two in front and two in the back under the lowest point of the scapula. To each hole he tied a rope, by means of the sharpened wooden skewer, and tied the other ends to the four poles. Then the dancer had to pull in all four directions to get loose from the four poles. This took longer and was even more painful than being tied only to the main sacred pole.

The text says, "they pretended to be dead of thirst". It sounds all right in Dakota but not so well in English. They were too sick and worn out to pretend anything. "They were, to all external appearances, dead," is a better rendition of the meaning.

301. In instances where a sundancer would have his horse accompany him, his horse is brought into the sundance lodge, and tied there to one of the posts. All day he stands there, without drinking water or eating hay. He is then said to be dancing with his owner. At sun down, they untie him and lead him away to water¹. 302. When a man pierced in four places would dance with his horse, the reins of the horse are tied to the two wounds on his owner's back by means of the wooden pins. 303. Sometimes a man who does not have to be pierced will still have his horse dance with him.

304. Sometimes, too, the flesh on the shoulders may be pierced, and buffalo skulls to the number of four may be attached to the pins, by means of the wooden pins, and suspended that way. And the man will dance with them.

305. When a sundancer must hang by his wounds, two places in the small of his back are pierced deeply and ropes are tied to them, and fastened to the tree in such manner that his feet clear the ground. 306. Having so pierced him they lift him up and hang him suspended. 307. No part of his body not even his feet, touch the ground, and during the singing of the sundance songs, the one who pierced him, comes and swings him by pushing him from behind, at which times, fearing that he will go over head-first, he kicks about with his feet to hold his balance. It is Dakotas who practise this, but the *Hųk'papaya* alone do not have it.

308. If a sun dancer is to have his flesh cut, small bits, "the size of a large louse" are cut out. These are then counted and used for sacrifice. If he has female relatives, they share his suffering by also having small pieces of their flesh cut along the shoulders and down the outer arm².

309. These are called sacrificial elements.

¹ A dancer who would dance with his horse beside him, had the horse brought into the sun dance lodge and tied to one of his four poles. Here the horse stood one whole day without water or food till sundown, and the two wounds on his master's back were for his sake; but the horse was not harmed. These two stood so till the sun disappeared when the horse was untied and led away to water and food.

² I saw an old Indian woman with a row of scars running down the ridge of her shoulder and arm to her elbow. She said that fifty pieces had been cut off her and buried at the foot of the sacred pole when her brother was dancing the sun dance. She had this done because she wanted to suffer with him, and the bits of flesh were buried as a sacrifice.

FURTHER NOTES ON THE SUNDANCE¹.

1. Wiwa'yakwac'ipi c'a c'a k'eya' p'ahí' o'skapi c'a p'e ao'pazayapi¹.

2. Hena' wic'a'sa kǐ wak'a'ic'ilaya ece' u'pi c'ake' napiyu ig.lu'k'e'gapi
šni c'a to-ha'n wac'i'pi na tukte'l yašpu'yayapi c'a c'a kǐ le waži'
iki'kcupi na u ikpa'k'e'gapi¹.

3. Wana' wac'i'pi kǐ e'tkiya t'oka' u*pi c'a heha'n p'ezi'hota nape'
ogna' yuha'pi c'a hena' u ite'nakihma c'e'ya ma'ni u'pi¹.

4. Ipa'hlaya u'pi¹.

5. Le'c'el lowa'pi na ak'e'sna c'e'yapi¹.

“Wak'a't'aka u'simalaye',

“Wo'wahtani wani'l-ya mit'a'suke yuk'i'kte”

naš

“Wo'wahtani wani'lya t'o'ka wakte'kte.”

6. Wac'i' hina*žipi c'a wana' tuwa' kipa'hlokapikte kǐ he oi'yekiye-
wašte'e. Ka'kel u he'c'etu^u.

7. He tuwe' kǐ wi'k'a sayapi c'a kakša' yuha' hina'žǐ na t'oka'wa-
c'i*pi c'a he yuha' wac'i'¹. He'c'el tuwa' he'c'u s'e na'žǐ c'a “eh! ka
kipa'hlokapikta huše'”, eya'pi¹.

8. He wi'k'a kǐ t'a-hu'kawik'a su'pi kǐ he'c'a^a.

9. Tehi'hiya ma-k'u' kǐ pahlo'k wac'i'pi na toha'ya iyu'hci pi šni kǐ
heha'ya wac'i'pi k'e'yaš to'huweni ahū'wipi naš iši'capi šni¹.

10. Wa'calaš wic'a'sa wa Išna'la Wic'a' eci'yapi c'a mak'u' el
nu'pakiya wahlo'kapi kǐ iyu'hci na mak'u' kǐ c'oka'ya mime'yela
c'oni'c'a kǐ yuh.la'ya icu'^u.

11. He'c'etu c'ake' wazi'cahli kakpa'pi el oka'lapi na u asni'yapi¹.

12. He'c'el ece' u asni'wic'ayapi¹.

13. Išna'la Wic'a' eci'yapi k'e'yaš ikce'c'aze kǐ iš Wi'skeha eci'yapi¹.

14. K'e'yaš leha'n o'mak'ic'azeyalyapi c'a “Wi'skeha mak'u' yuhla'ye
k'u heha'”, eya'pi s-a^a.

15. Ptep'a' yuslo'hapi eya'pi kǐ he o'ta waḅ.lake k'e'yaš tuwa' o'tahci
k'i kǐ he šako'wi k'i'i. Naku' ša'kpe naš za'pta na top hena'kelkeca
k'i'pi s-a^a.

¹ These notes were taken down in the summer of 1929 from Little Moon
of the Standing Rock Tetons, Wakpala, South Dakota. E. C. D.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

1. They dance the sun-gazing dance / when / sticks / some / porcupine-quills / they weave around them / such / head / they wear in head for ornaments.

2. Those / men / the / considering themselves holy / all the time / they are / so / with the bare hand / they scratch themselves / not / so / whenever / they are dancing / and / somewhere / they itch / then / sticks / the / this / one / they take out theirs / and / with it / they scratch themselves.

3. Now / dancing / the / towards / first time / they approach / then / at that time / sage brush / hand / in / they carry / so / those / with / they hide their faces / weeping / walking / they come.

4. In rank formation, shoulder to shoulder / they come.

5. Thus / they sing / and / every so often / they weep.

“Great Spirit / take pity on me,

“Trouble / without / horses of mine / there shall be.”

or

“Trouble / without / enemy / I shall kill.”

6. They come and take their stand to dance / then / now / someone / he will have his body pierced / the / that one / it is easy to recognize. / In the following manner / by means of / it is so.

7. That one / who he is / the / rope / it is painted white / such / coiled / holding / he stands / and / the first time / they dance / then / that / carrying / he dances. / Thus / who / doing so / as it were / he stands / then / “Ah! / there is one / he will be pierced / apparently!” / people say. /

8. That / rope / the / rawhide rope / braided / the / it is that sort.

9. In dreadful ways / chest / the / pierced / they dance / and / as long as / they do not tear it out / the / that long / they dance / but / never / it poisons on them / or else / they suffer ill effects from it / not.

10. Only once indeed / man / a / Alone / Man / he was named / such / chest / there / in two places / he was pierced / the / it was torn off / and chest / the / in the midst of / in a circular form / flesh / the / torn off, as hide is taken off a cow; flayed(?) / it took.

11. It was so / therefore / pine charcoal / pulverized / there / they sprinkled it in / and / by that / they healed him.

12. That way / always / by that means / they heal them.

13. He alone / Man is / they named him / but / his nickname / the / as for it / Wi'-ske-ha / they called him.

14. But / now-a-days / they use it to name a year / then / “Wi'-ske-ha chest / it flayed off / the (past) / at that time” / they say / regularly.

15. Buffalo skulls / they drag / it is called / the / that / often / I saw. / But / who / largest number / he carried / the / that / seven / he carried. Also / six / or else / five / and / four / about that many / they carried behind them / regularly.

16. Hena' k'i'pi na howo'kawih c'e'ya ahi'yayi na tukte'ktel mak'a' ki skiški'ti nai's i'ya nai's wapa'm.na esa' ptep'a' ki ik'o'yaka c'a pahlo'kapi k'u i'yuzilyela iyu'hei nus'e iyu'k'ap ahi'yupi s'a'a.

17. Tuwa' kipa'hlokapi ci c'a eha'ni iseya' he'c'akic'upi ki he'c'a c'a c'anup'a wa opa'gi kai'¹.

18. Yuha' it'o'kap na'zi c'a he tuwe' c'anup'a kai'pi ki ec'a'kicukta t'awa't'elyesni c'a akta'sni ipa'weh e'tuwa yake'^e.

19. Tk'a wazi' ug.na' t'a-wa't'elya ha'taha's nape' ki nup'i' c'a-nup'a ki napa'yug.mus nape'o'ka ki hena' k'u'takiya yu'za c'a kai'pi ki he nape'nup'i' c'anup'a ai' ki p'a ki apu't'aki na heta' huk'u'takiya hiye'te ou'ya isto' nup'i' ou'ya nape' ki nup'i' ekta' e'huni na he'ha'n c'anup'a ki icu'^u.

20. Ho, na wana' yagu' c'a he'ha'n c'anup'a ai' k'u is he'ha'n iki'kcukta c'a iye'c'ehci nape' nup'i' c'anup'a kai'pi k'u he c'anup'a ki g.laki'ya yuha' yaka' c'a p'e ki el apu't'aki na heta' k'u'takiya anu'k yusto' na hiye'te na isto' ki ou'ya au' na ec'e'l c'anup'a ki ekta' e'huni na iki'kcukta tk'a suta'ya yus yaka' c'ake' ak'e' nape' ki p'e ekta' apu't'aki na yusto' na c'anup'a ki ak'e' ekta' e'huni tk'a ak'e' suta' c'a ic'u' oki'hi shi'¹.

21. Ici'yam.ni ak'e' ec'e'l ec'u' tk'a ak'e' oki'hi shi' na ici'topa ki el nake's canup'a ki ohla'hyela yu'za c'ake' to'k'asniya iki'kcu'^u.

22. He wo'op'e c'ake' tu-we'ni tu'weni aca'k'si iya'ya oki'hi shi'¹.

23. Toksa' ak'e' taku'n we'k'suye cija' oc'i'ciyakikte'^e.

FREE TRANSLATION.

1. The sun dancers all wear hair-ornaments stuck into their scalp lock, which are decorated by wrapping and weaving colored porcupine quills around them.

2. The men who are set apart to dance the sun dance consider themselves holy till they have performed their vow. Because they are holy

16. Those / they dragged behind / and / around the circle / weeping / they went along / and / at times / ground / the / it is rough / or else / stone / or else / cluster of brush or growth / perhaps / skull / the / it catches on / then / pierced places / the-(past) / stretching on it / tearing it out / nearly / pulling it loose with a spring (the skull) / they would bring it forth / regularly.

17. Who / to be pierced / he wants / then / in the past / he also / had that done to him / the / that sort / such / pipe / a / filled / he takes to him.

18. Holding it / in front of him / he stands / then / that one / who / they have taken the pipe to him / the / to do it for him / he dreads it / then / he rejects it / to one side / looking / he sits.

19. But / one / by chance / he is willing / if-then / hand / the / both / pipe / the / hands grasping it / palms / the / those / downward / he holds / then / the one to whom it is taken / the / that / both hands / pipe / bringer / the / head / the / he places on it / and / from there / downward / shoulders / along / arms / both / along / hands / the / both / to / he reaches / and / then / pipe / the / he takes.

20. Now, / and / by the time / he has smoked it till it is out / then / at that time / pipe / bringer / the-(past) / he in turn / he will take back his own / so / in an identical way / hands / both / pipe / it was taken to him / the (past) / that one / pipe / the / horizontally / holding it / he sits / so / head / the / there / he places his hands on / and / thence / downward / on each side / he strokes / and / shoulders / and / arms / the / along / he brings them / and / so / pipe / the / to / he reaches / and / he would take his own / but / tightly / holding it / he sits / so / again / hands / the / head / there / he places them on / and / strokes / and / pipe / the / again / there / he reaches / but / again / it is fast / so / to take it / he is able not.

21. Third time / again / that same manner / he does / but / again / he is not able / and / fourth time / the / then / and not till then / pipe / the / loosely / he holds it / so / without any trouble / he takes back his own.

22. That / it is a rule / so / nobody / never / to step over it / to go / he is able not.

23. Later / again / something / I recall / if-then / I shall tell you.

they must not scratch themselves anywhere with the bare hand. Therefore, while they are dancing, if they feel like scratching anywhere they reach for one of these sticks and scratch with it and put it back in place again when they are through.

3. When they are ready to dance and are approaching the dance place

they carry large sprays of sage which they hold in front of their faces as they approach, crying. 4. They come in flank formation, that is, abreast.

5. This is how they sing, and then they wail between times:

Great Spirit, take thou pity on me,

I would have horses without undergoing any trouble.

or else

I would kill an enemy without myself being harmed.

6. As they step into place to dance, it is easy to pick out the men who are to undergo torture, and this is how: 7. Whoever is going to be pierced carries on his arm a rope which has been painted with white clay. This is held in coils in one hand. So whoever steps into place with a rope like that, then people looking on recognize him at once. "Ah! there's one who is going to undergo torture!" they say among themselves.

8. That rope is made out of rawhide cut into strips and braided into a rope.

9. In terrible ways they dance with their chests pierced. And so long as they don't tear themselves away they continue to dance. But nobody ever got infected from the wounds nor were they permanently injured by the cuts. 10. Only once a man by the name of Lone Man who had his chest pierced in two places pulled out not only the pegs from their pinings, but the whole flesh off his chest, leaving a hideous, red circular wound. 11. When that happened they took some pine charcoal and pulverized it and dusted the wound with it and healed it. 12. Always that was what was used to heal a wound of that sort.

13. This man's name was Lone Man, that was his real, serious name. But everyone called him by his nickname, Wiskeha. 14. But to this day, when that experience of his is used in wintercounting, they always say, "When Wiskeha's whole chest was torn off."

15. I have many times seen what they call dragging around the buffalo skulls. The most I ever saw dragged at one time was seven. Often I have seen them take six or five. Four is the least they ever drag that way. 16. Fastening them on to the wound in the back, and dragging them on the ground behind in that manner, they would walk around the circle weeping, and whenever a skull caught in uneven ground or in a cluster of weeds or other growth and the man had to pull to free it, it would pull on the wounded places where the sticks were pinned and be very painful.

17. Whoever wanted to have his chest or back pierced must hunt out another who has himself sometime in the past been tortured in that way, and take a filled pipe to him. 18. Holding the pipe in both hands, he stands facing the man and the one who is thus sought out may accept the offer, or if he dreads doing it, he will turn his head to one side and sit, not moving or attempting in any way to accept the pipe.

19. But in case the one thus sought out is willing to perform the duty, he reaches up with both hands and lays them on the head of the man

with the pipe. Then he slowly runs his hands down on either side of his head, over his shoulders and arms to his hands which are holding the pipe. He places his hands also on the pipe, palms downward, just as the pipe bringer holds it, and takes it from him that way.

20. When he finishes smoking, he takes the pipe in both hands, holding it horizontally, with his palms down just as the other did. The pipe bringer now goes to take his pipe back, but first he puts both hands on the recent smoker's head and repeats what he did before he got the pipe. But in this case, the pipe bringer finds that the smoker holds the pipe firmly in both hands so he can not recover it. He puts his hands on the man's head three times and runs his hands down till he grasps the pipe, but each time the man holding it has it firm. The fourth time, when he brings his hands to the pipe, the man releases it easily. And so the man gets his pipe back after three unsuccessful attempts. 22. Since that is one of the rites, nobody ever thinks of disregarding it. That is impossible.

23. Later, as other things occur to me I will tell you about them.

BOOK REVIEWS.

HANDWÖRTERBUCH DES DEUTSCHEN ABERGLAUBENS. — Herausgegeben unter besonderer Mitwirkung von E. Hoffmann-Krayer und Mitarbeit zahlreicher Fachgenossen von Hanns Bächtold-Stäubli. Berlin-Leipzig, Walter de Gruyter & Co. 1927 seq. Vol. I (nrs. 1—11); vol. II (nrs. 1—7; still in course of publication). Numbers of 180 columns each, lexicon-format, published at Mk. 4.—.

The need for an Encyclopedia of the nature and the scope of the present work has long since been felt by students of folklore and kindred subjects. The last fifty years a tremendous amount of facts and data have been collected, and the activity of German scholars has been as conspicuous here as in so many other fields of science. Unfortunately, most of this work has been done by local Folklore Societies, and the results were published in their yearbooks or in other publications that are not readily available, and at best, the bulk of the material lies scattered about in hundreds of volumes very difficult of access.

With the rapid changes which even the most remote and secluded communities of Europe are undergoing, and with the vast amount of material collected and published, the time seemed to have come to incorporate the whole in an Encyclopedia of vast scope. That the direction of such an enterprise has been confided to such eminent authorities in the field of European folklore as Professors H. Bächtold-Stäubli and E. Hoffmann-Krayer, the latter the able compiler of the annual bibliography of European folklore, vouches for the value and the success of this publication. The directors have called upon some eighty collaborators, all specialists in their restricted fields, and have handed to them the collected data, numbering about 600,000 items; these have been considerably increased and have been finally worked out into some 2,500 special articles. After the completion of the work the whole of this research material will be collected and will go towards the foundation of an Archives of German Folklore.

Even a cursory perusal of this monument of learning, impresses the reader by the amazing bulk of facts presented with a scientific approach which is rarely equalled, and which could not have been surpassed. Not a statement, not a datum is given, not a custom or belief referred to, without the exact bibliographic reference being given. Such articles e. g. as Dieb (Thief), Alp (Nightmare), Backen (to bake), Ei (Egg), Brot (Bread), to quote only these, are supported respectively by 398, 395, 311, 591 and 737 references. Many of the articles present the first synthesis ever given of the particular subject or problem they discuss. Scores of the articles are not only of interest to folklorists, in the narrow sense, but also anthropologists, generally speaking, will find a great many comparative data gleaned from the germanic cultures, and that have never before been so readily available.

Some theoretic articles of great value in this respect are (quoting at random): Animismus, Animatismus, Ahnenglaube (ancestor worship), Eid

(Oath), Ehebruch (Adultery), Blutschande (Incest), Anthropogonie, Elementargedanke (Independent Invention), Empfängnis (Conception, Pregnancy), Ernte (Harvest), Ersatzopfer (Substituted Offer), Etymologie, Euhemerismus, Euphemismus, Donnerkeil (Thunderbolt, Prehistoric implements), etc.

So as to give an adequate idea of the uses to which this Encyclopedia may be put, we will here succinctly analyze an article taken at random, e. g. the one treating of *Bread*, and the part it plays in German folklore. In a short introduction the etymology of the word is given, together with a survey of the history of bread and bread-making, and a description of its different kinds. Then, with the supporting references as an appendix, we have sections on: bread in popular belief and tradition; the sanctity of bread, the punishment meted out to those that insult it, as well as to those who miserly refuse to give it to the poor; the many folktales containing these motifs, together with their geographic distribution over the German-speaking areas of Europe are given. Next the use of bread in "superstition" and magic is described and discussed in great detail: its use in the Christmas and New Year's festivities, in the agricultural ceremonies, as offering to the Fire, to Water-, Wind- and Weather-demons; to recover the floating corpse of a drowned person, etc.; its use, often in conjunction with salt, as apotropaion; the different kinds of magic ceremonies in which it is held to be indispensable: in love-magic, to harm enemies, to use as a never-missing gun-bullet to kill witches, etc.; its use, finally in folk-medicine and in divination. Concluding sections are devoted to the connection of bread with birth and baptism, wedding, death and funeral. The different beliefs and customs that are still held and practised with reference to the making of bread, its keeping and cutting, giving or accepting it as a gift, the different properties inherent to certain parts of it (the first slice, the crust, etc.) close the article.

From the bibliography and from many of the articles we had hoped that the term *deutsch* ("Handwörterbuch des *deutschen* Aberglaubens") was here taken, as had been done many times before in similar publications, in its widest sense, so as to include any and all branches of the germanic family of peoples. In this we have however been disappointed. The folklore that has been brought to the New World by Old World settlers and immigrants is hardly drawn upon, and Fogel is practically the only authority quoted from. Also the Netherlandish (Dutch and Flemish) folklore is rather conspicuously neglected, some of the capital works not even being listed in the bibliography, as e. g. Dodoens' "Cruydt-Boeck", Schrijnen's "Nederlandsche Volkskunde" (II vol., 1915), Teirlinck's "Plantenkultus" (III vol.) etc.

The article on Folk-Etymology, e. g. (II 1064 seq.), which cites the kinds of diseases that are alleged to be cured by certain saints, this ability of theirs being based on a similarity of sound between the name of the saint and that of the disease, could have been increased by quite a few interesting Flemish examples:

- St. *Rosa* curing a disease called "roos" (erysipelas);
- St. *Clara* is invoked to obtain *klaar* (i. e. "clear") eyesight;
- St. *Lendrick* cures pains in the *lenden* (small of the back).

Likewise saints that are invoked in certain villages, are held to be efficient in curing certain diseases, because there is a phonetic analogy between the names of the locality and of the disease: people take their children to Ha(a)-

ren, to have them cured of the "*Haarworm*", an infection of the scalp; or to Mazel (a contraction of Maxenzeel) to have them cured of *mazelen* (measles).

It is to be regretted that the article on the Elementargedanke has been written with complete disregard of the modern literature on the subject. This would not matter so much if the author intended to give us merely the views and controversies on this subject of Bastian, Ratzel and their contemporaries. Since however he set himself the task to write the history of the "Diffusion versus Independent Invention"-controversy, the latest developments in this discussion should not have been omitted. Graebner, Schmidt, Frobenius and their views are not even mentioned, and although the writer states that "it looks as if we were witnessing in contemporary science the decline of the reign of the diffusionists and at the same time the recognition of the rights of the Independent Invention-theory," he fails to say a word about the reaction against the extreme diffusionists by Boas, Goldenweiser, Lowie, Wissler, and the American school generally. The theories of the English School diffusionists are likewise completely ignored.

I wonder if the editors are not considering the possibility of publishing, upon the completion of the work, an index in, say, English and French. For in this huge storehouse of facts, many readers, even if they have a fair reading knowledge of German, would not readily be able to find their way. This is easily explained: many popular expressions in German folklore are not listed in German-English or in German French dictionaries, and a foreign reader, even though he reads German, would never think of looking up "*Aelterlein*", if he wants to find out something about the popular views on rickets (I 345); nor "*Beter*", if he wants some information on medicine-men (I 1177); nor "*Allermannsharnisch*", if he is interested in Plant-lore and desires some data on *Allium Victorialis*. This difficulty is enhanced by the fact that the editors have, — justly too, — included many subjects for which a term only exists in one of the numerous germanic dialects (e. g. "*Anwaht*", I 509, an Alemannic name for a specific kind of headache). I do not know whether the editors intend to add, as a final volume, an extensive German Index, such as e. g. the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, *Hasting's Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics*, and other similar publications carry. Such an Index would partly solve the problem, but would not do away with all the difficulties for which the peculiar folkloristic terminology referred to above, is responsible.

Since we will very soon have an opportunity to announce the subsequent volumes of this work, we will not go into any further details at present. But we could not think of closing this first review without complimenting the Editors and their collaborators on this remarkable piece of work, and commending it wholeheartedly to all that take an interest in the subject matter to which it is devoted.

New York.

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FOLKLORE IN THE ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH BALLADS. Lowry Charles Wimberly.
University of Chicago Press.

Dr. Wimberly in his Introduction hopefully expresses the possibility that he may "do service to the theme of folksong by piecing together that rich

mosaic of thought which is the ballad's, a philosophy of life which, viewed as a whole, is seen to reflect in no fragmentary manner the culture of an earlier day." The Introduction proceeds then to muster a solemn array of witnesses to the prevalence of pagan elements in the English and Scottish ballads. This in itself is at once disturbing to the reader. Why assemble authority to establish a point obvious in the most casual of the ballads themselves? It reminds one of the classic dissertation which proved laboriously that Shirley, being a late Elizabethan dramatist, was influenced by his predecessors. Chapter headings look promising: *The Otherworld Journey*, *The Ballad Fairy*, *The Ballad Witch*, *Modes of Enchantment*. But as the reader goes on he soon finds himself lost in the old familiar welter of "comparative" minutiae, snatched, after the eloquent but indiscriminating manner of Sir James Frazer, from all quarters of the world and time, from mediaeval Iceland and classic Greece to our own invaluable South Sea Islands. Without Frazer's charm, however. Without that curious lyric interpenetration which makes the great bulk of the *Golden Bough* an aesthetic experience, as exciting as the *Iliad* or a novel by Henry Fielding. On the other hand, one looks in vain for any such enlightening contribution to the subject as Andrew Lang's correlation of custom and folktale incident in his introduction to Grimm's *Household Tales*. In other words, the half promised philosophy never comes to the surface. The book remains a classified index. It also furnishes another deplorable instance of the tyranny of the dissertation habit once formed.

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